PICTORIAL REVIEW

JUNE 19

In This Issue

THE STORY OF
SARAH BERNHARDT
By her intimate friend
Charles Henry Meltzer

"TOWER OF SAND"
The best Wilbur Daniel Steele story
since "A Life"

Motion-Picture Celebrities
Intimate portraits by Samuel Goldwyn
in "Behind the Screen"

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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Let's Quit Spattering Around!

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

HAVE you ever stopped to think that everybody is a member of some society or other whose object is to reform somebody or other? According to a recent report there are over 1,500 national "anti societies" in the United States, all working excitedly to prevent somebody from doing something they are supposed to want to do.

Reforming is very fashionable. Everybody is doing it. The rich are busy reforming the poor and the poor are passionately pleading with the rich to mend their ways. A man may violate the Volstead Act daily and gaily and yet hold important office in a society the object of which is to enforce some other law. There are hundreds of organizations, employing thousands of people, campaigning loudly every day in the year for the enactment of some law or other. No sooner do we get the law enacted than we are importuned to organize to enforce it, and the day after the next we wake up to find that our neighbors have organized to repeal it!

In the Good Old Days

IN THE good old days reformation of the unregenerate was left entirely to the churches. But those times have passed. The church is not nearly so active now in gathering in the sinners as it is in keeping those within the fold contented and happy—and busy, for this is a busy age and we are a busy people, and we've got to keep keyed up or we slump.

Everybody remembers when every church had a revival at least once a year. But just as Spring house-cleaning has been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things with the introduction of modern labor-saving devices, so have the churches found it more expedient to keep their spiritual houses clean by doing something in the way of social service every day in the year. Billy Sunday and Gipsy Smith have practically a monopoly on the old-fashioned revival, and members of the "Y's" only smile when the celebrated phrase-slinger says fervently that you can't get into the kingdom of heaven by way of a bathtub or a swimming-pool. And it is interesting to note, too, that the organization germ has infected the Billy Sunday converts. In order to keep their moral ardor fanned up when they are no longer under the hypnotic personal influence of the great reformer, they have found it helpful to organize "Billy Sunday Clubs."

Lawmaking has become a national habit in this country, and therefore the quickest and surest way to organize is to propose the enactment of some kind of a law. The money spent in introducing and debating and amending and defeating and reintroducing bills that never get anywhere—and many of them are never intended to get anywhere—would clean up much of our war indebtedness and go far toward financing the next war, thereby relieving us of our burdensome taxes.

In New York State alone 2,000 bills were introduced in the first few weeks of the last session and only twenty-two of them were passed. Twenty-eight bills sponsored by women were rushed in at one time in the last days of the session. No wonder none of them went through and only four even received the slight consideration of hanging over.

And in Congress—well, if you are an intelligent citizen and are really interested in such things, make a little investigation on your own account. Find out from your Congressman or your Senator how many bills were introduced in the last Congress and how many were passed. Ask how much it costs to introduce a bill, and how much it costs even to call the roll on a vote. And when you find this out ask why nearly every other progressive country in the world has an electric voting device in its parliament, which saves much time and much money, while in the Congress of the United States the antiquated system of verbally calling the roll is still in use. And having found out all of these things you will probably be inspired to form one more reform organization.

Speaking of making laws one year and repealing them the next, there is the case of Utah. The good people of that State enjoyed themselves over the campaign against tobacco which culminated in the passage of the State anti-cigaret law less than two years ago. Now behold the banner of the "Party of Freedom" which has been flung to the breeze from Salt Lake City! A new campaign is on, a campaign just as emotional, just as entertaining, as the first one was. Utah has determined to reform its reformers. A big business man from New England, visiting that State recently, found himself under arrest for smoking in "an enclosed public place."

Really Utah is quite excited just now because big business men are saying that the great sums of money expended in setting forth the scenic and climatic advantages of the State are practically wasted because convention committees have put Salt Lake City on the black list. There are enough sane-minded men and women in Utah to straighten things out and no one doubts that things will be adjusted; but a little more thought in the first place and all the time and money they are now expending could be used in some other way.

Stampeded by hastily formed organizations, we make mistaken and absurd laws, and then think about them afterward. Just look how we worked for the laws protecting our little children from the curse of long hours and poor pay in the mills, fields, and factories, only to be told by the Supreme Court in the end that Congress has no right to pass such protective legislation! Until the Supreme Court handed down its decisions Congress thought, and everybody else thought, that that body was well within its rights. Now we have to do the whole thing over again and work for an amendment to the Constitution in order to invest Congress with the right to do the right thing for the children of America.

Forgotten—Those Brave Boys!

AND then how enthusiastically we supported the proposals for Federal work for the rehabilitation of our disabled veterans just after the War, and how indifferent we have been, as a people, to the method of administering that relief! We have expended in this great work $2,000,000,000—almost one-half the British debt to this country, an average of $2,400 a man; and yet countless numbers of worthy ex-service men are still suffering pitiably.

What more sacred duty could be laid upon us than that of intelligently caring for these men who fought that we might live? What better or more constructive thing could the organized women of America undertake than to take this matter up and thresh it out to the point where every disabled ex-service man in the United States has proper care?

There are reforms that are needed, Heaven knows. Pictorial Review has more than once put its shoulder to the wheel. To stop spattering around and concentrate on the great problems is the point. Anything more momentous in its moral and civic bearing than the Uniform Marriage and Divorce Bill would be difficult to conceive.

Can't we women find among our ranks a sort of legal "traffic cop" who will operate a stop-and-go signal for those of us who really mean to keep in the great procession but who want to avoid collisions and accidents?

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Peter Says:

"WOMAN CAN NEVER CREATE"

How About It?

BY HELEN RING ROBINSON

Cartoons by Cornelia Brownlee

PETER the Pumpkin Eater says women can never create. It's a nice, tidy world to Peter, where women are always thus and men so. And there's my nephew, a regular "he-man," a sophomore in an Eastern college, who assured me yesterday, "Women were never intended to create, but to inspire us men to creation."

Arnold Bennett, also in his recent book, "Our Women," while not denying women useful brains, quite shuts them out of the realm of creative power. Bang! goes the door on them while Mr. Bennett lights his pipe and protests he will not let his studies of women be interfered with by facts.

That remark of my nephew's is a common saying that has been repeated at frequent intervals by other "he-men" since ever our first more or less anthropoidal ancestors began "creating" flint arrow-heads. But the records of the creative faculty and its achievements have, thus far, been kept by men. It is men who have fixed creative values. As it happens, Mr. Bennett himself supplies an illustration of what is meant by men fixing creative values. He bows Jane Austen, very courteously, out of the realm of true creative power when he says "One may be enthusiastic for Jane Austen without putting 'Pride and Prejudice' in the same category as 'Anna Karenina' or 'The Woodlanders.'"

To be sure! Nor would we put a spoon in the same category as a steam-shovel. Yet both the spoon and the steam-shovel are the results of creative energy. And who shall say which of them has meant more in the progress of civilization, which has the greater creative value—even if a woman created the spoon—as is quite probable, and a man created the steam-shovel—as is certain?

What is creation, anyway? To many people it is a word reserved for artists. But there may have been as much creative ecstasy in the making of the first teakettle as in the painting of "Mona Lisa."

THE creative power has its being in material inventions and in abstract generalizations as well as in moonlight sonatas. It may be a passion of the brain quite as truly as a passion of the soul. It is as much concerned with human relations and adjustments as with poems or paint-brushes. Society itself is a collective creation. The plastic beauty of family life at its best is a creation—perhaps the most fruitful of all. The state itself is a creation—a collective creation. Many a great human achievement has been the creation not of one mind, but of many. The art of printing is a wonderful creation. But who can say, with any certainty, who first actually invented—or created—it?

But that is only by the way. And I am leaving women shivering on the door-step of the creative faculty. Can they ever get past all those signs, "No trespassing by females"? Maybe. At least it is plain enough that there is creation—and creation. I look over the names of great artists of the past—poets and painters and musicians—and find, alas! that facts seem to support Peter the Pumpkin Eater and Mr. Bennett—even after making due allowance for masculine records and valuations.

So far, at least, as the past is concerned, the list of women artists endowed with divinely free creative power is pitifully short. Sappho with vine-leaves in her hair, Vittoria Colonna, Emily Brontë, Jane Austen—in spite of Mr. Bennett's verdict—Rosa Bonheur, and Lady Butler. There are indeed fifty or more male poets, novelists, and painters walking ahead of almost every woman on that list.

And this is true in the region of creative inventions also. Tho a woman may have "created" the first rude teakettle, and tho a woman designed the fastest British destroyer engaged in the Great War, most of the inventions with steam in the years between were made by men.

Like all true feminists, I gloat over the fame of Madame Curie, but I have fumbled in vain through my memory for the names of other women to place beside her. Where are the women who have made abstract creative generalizations of any kind?

There remains, however, that other wide province where men and women think creatively—the realm of social intercourse. But that is another story. And before considering it one naturally will ask, "Why are women so few in all the other provinces?"

Is biology the scapegoat? Or have women been held back by conditions which are changing or will change? Of late years there has been a woman's invasion of the metal trades and the polling-booth. May we hope for—or fear—a similar invasion of the creative heights? Arnold Bennett says "No." And Peter the Pumpkin Eater dribbles something about human nature never changing. But that is pish-posh.

Human nature is constantly changing. Slowly, very slowly, tho there have been occasional periods where it seems to change with such rapidity that it outgrows its clothes.

All of which does not prevent women stumbling over their sex when they attempt creative work. They are constantly catching their feet in it. What I may call the "overhead charges" of the creative imagination press very heavily on women.

Creative genius is in itself the great exception. First and last it demands individuality. And the world, which has never been overhospitable to individuality in men, has sternly repressed it in women. Society has insisted on the standardization of its females. Through force of circumstances women have always been more docile than men, but docility and submissiveness have no part in genius. An element of revolt against things as they are—a certain discontent—must be the prolog to creation.

Even to-day many writers of fiction are scratching away with vigor to show in their sterile tales how dearly women love to be "dominated." And I agree with them to a certain extent. But I most respectfully submit that the common man likes to be dominated, too. How else explain the great mass of men who have through the generations submitted tamely to princes, potentates, and war-makers? Even to-day in our own country, made safe, we assume, for democracy, I can find no statistics to show that, proportionally, there are fewer wives who rebel against the domination of a husband than there are male voters who resent the domination of their party bosses.

But that, after all, is merely begging the question. The fact remains that through the ages women, as a sex, have been subject to men, as a sex. And willing adult subjection generally means uncreative brains.

A third reason why women have so generally failed as creators was given me by May Sinclair in her little villa at St. John's Wood. "A sense of duty, not neglected but fulfilled, is the most disastrous of all hindrances to creative energy," said she. "You must have a flame in place of a sense of duty in order to create. Women, because of their long training to self-sacrifice, have developed a more tender conscience than men in all matters of personal duty. A mother, a husband, or children naturally come first with them, and in such cases creative work must suffer."

That is a wise saying of Miss Sinclair's. Ruthlessness seems necessary to creation. A genius will often use up three or four ordinary people for a great creative achievement. To be sure there are women who have used up men in order to achieve material things. But whatever the reason, it is generally men, not women, who have used up their kinsfolk in order to write epics or create philosophies.

And yet, granting all these things, granting that women of true creative power make a lonely line in history, the fact remains that *the difference between men and women who have achieved in any field of creative energy is quantitative, not qualitative.* Those achievements may be greater or less, but they are all molded out of the same substance. Creation is still—creation.

THIS is a truth which has escaped the notice of Peter the Pumpkin Eater. It isn't a difference in creative power; it's a difference in range. Men have had and still have an infinitely wider range than women. That is why there is real hope for women as creators in this new day of wider range that has dawned for them.

I suspect, tho, that, however wide their range, women will still most gladly find the living springs of creation in that one province where in the past they have equaled men—the province of human relations and social adjustments. I even suspect they may eventually surpass men here, while men may always surpass women in the art of music.

The very hindrances that have impeded women's efforts in the other arts may be their guide-posts in the art of relating people justly to each other. It should prove the line of least resistance for women's creative genius. For human life has always been her chief concern.

Now, I do not mean that the bearing of children is women's real creative achievement. To bring a child into the world is a purely physical function that may be performed by a woman without brains or character quite as successfully as by a woman of the richest development. But to fashion a world which is a pleasant place, as well as a safe place, for children—that is a magnificent adventure in creation.

It is a common saying that woman created the home while man created the state—a fairly accurate statement. I make no comparisons here of greater or less, of better or worse. The one essential difference is the difference in purpose. The first purpose of the home, for all its failures, has been the well-being of its members. The first purpose of the state has always been business.

Women generally, while granting the importance of business, will not accept this valuation as the true one. Their leaders are everywhere protesting that the first purpose of the state should be the well-being of its citizens. In many places women office-holders have proved creative by making new traditions of municipal government. But human relations and inventions, the whole mechanism of the state, have grown involved and much faster than our ability to deal with them.

An Einstein who can create better ways and means of dealing with social problems is evidently needed—several Einsteins in fact—some of whom may be women. We need people to create collectively new social traditions, new traditions about the relations of labor and capital, new and better traditions about the meaning of patriotism, new traditions about education. What a field for women!

Can women create? Listen to the winds in the tops of the pine-trees.

"THE PLASTIC BEAUTY OF FAMILY LIFE AT ITS BEST IS A CREATION"

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If you bought only *one* new Victor Record a week

you would have such a treasury of music as could compare only with the great libraries and the great art galleries of the world. You would have a source of untold satisfaction for your every need. The musical genius of the world is graved on Victor Records—not the printed page of music, but the music itself.

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Victrola No. 300, electric, $290
Mahogany, oak or walnut
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Victrola

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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

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Does your soap keep its promise to your complexion?

Can soap contribute to the beauty of your complexion?

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But not by any magic powers it may claim to have. Soap contributes to your beauty by *cleansing your skin,* because cleanliness is a prerequisite of *all* beauty.

Our experience tells us that the minute a soap promises to do more for your complexion than cleanse, it steps out of its province. *It can no longer keep its promise.*

We have made soap for many generations. We are naturally familiar with the ingredients that go into soaps of all kinds, and there is no mystery about them.

We could, of course, therefore, make any kind of soap we pleased —colored soap, medicated soap, highly-perfumed and expensively wrapped soap. Instead, we make Ivory Soap—a white, pure, wholesome soap that promises to do for your complexion all that any soap can do, and to do it safely, gently, delightfully, and economically.

And Ivory Soap keeps that promise!

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the most widely known American dermatologist, says that the *only* care needed to keep a normal skin clean and to protect it is to *wash* it. He advocates the use of pure mild soap at least once a day.

When you use Ivory Soap, you are sure of having for your toilet uses as pure and mild a soap as you can buy at any price. You will have a soap that completely removes the film of oil and dust or powder which necessarily accumulates on your skin. Ivory's fine, pure ingredients assure you that this soil-film will be removed gently and safely. No manipulation or prolonged rubbing is necessary.

You know how generally physicians recommend Ivory Soap for babies. Hospitals use great quantities of Ivory. There can be no finer, safer soap for your skin.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

We can't quite make out the *words* of Mrs. Jollyco's lullaby song, but maybe, if we try *very* hard, we can write some words of our own to fit the tune. And if you're not quite sure of the *tune*, you try very hard and make up a tune to fit the *words*.

Ivory fragrant, Ivory white.
Drowsy baby, sleep tonight.
Ivory pure and Ivory mild,
Baby wake a happy child.
Ivory—lather, rinse and float!
Baby sail your Ivory boat.
Baby grow up clean and strong—
Ivory guard you all life long.

* * * * (The Law approaches stealthily.)

"! ! !" (The Law speaks.)

"Hey! Didn't you see that sign?" shouts The Law.

"Aw, we ain't swimmin'," replies brave Bobby Jollyco. "We're *bathing*. Looky."

Well, just see what that little rascal has done! There's a cake of Ivory floating on the water—as *bath proof!*

If you were The Law, what could you say to *that?*

C.E.P.

"Julia, do Mrs. Jollyco's blankets get all matted and harsh after they're washed, the way mine do?" ask Mrs. Folderol of Vanity Square.

"Oh, no, ma'am," replies Julia, the perfect maid, who has been delivering a present of some particularly fine kumquat marmalade. "Our blankets are always —why they're just as soft and fluffy—you'd hardly believe—."

"What do you wash them with?"

"Why, we take and put them in lukewarm water and make a thick suds of Ivory Soap, and squeeze and . . ."

But, of course, *you* know how beautifully Ivory washes blankets and woolens.

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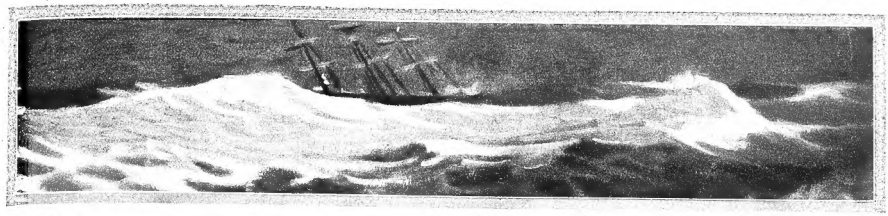

TOWER OF SAND

The Tale of Unearthly Heroism That the Wireless Sailorman Told

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

LANDLUBBERS—all to whom "wireless" is still a mystery—everybody—a rich reward awaits you in return for following the technical details of this magnificent story.

Thrills! You'd pay the theater dollars for a climax feeble in comparison with the scene which closes "Tower of Sand"—a picture of night and storm, of the mystery of the powers of the air, and of an unearthly triumph. This tale will go down to history as a classic of the sea.

"'THE BEDQUILT REARS UP AT THAT. THE DEAD HAS COME TO LIFE AND HELLION MAD. "SOULS OR NO SOULS!" HE YELL. "I'M NAVIGATIN'. STEADY AS SHE GOES!"'"

THIS is the story the wireless sailor told me. We had been talking of fixed ideas.

"Well, this old geezer I was tellin' you about at Tower of Sand, he had 'em. Bad. Here's what he used to do. Used to come down to the compass-house in the five-to-midnight watch, stand outside the window, cough one of them high, hackle coughs of his, and of course I look out and he sees me, and 'Want to know anything about them waters off yander?' he'd ask. Stick his old wiggle-tip of a nose against the pane and hypnotize me with his soapy eyes and wave a finger over the cliff. 'Want to know anything about them waters in your line of business, young fellah?'

"Laugh if you want to, but it used to get my goat. Give me a creep, almost. 'Specially a thick night, with a surf on the beach down there under the cliff and the foghorn wailin' blue bellyache and all outdoors goin' black and white, white and black, with that everlastin' merry-go-round of the light slicin' through the mist. There he'll stand, the damp drippin' off his beak and his old finger-bone wavin' into nothingness, absolute.

"'Want to know anything about them waters, young man?'

"'No, I don't!' I holler. 'What's more, Uncle Two Fathom,' I used to holler, 'you ought to be abed.'

"'How?' says he, cuppin' a hand over his ear. He's always hard of hearin' at that point. 'How? Did you say I was to come in?'

"He wasn't human, you understand. He's something they'd lost at sea in a storm; fantom, sort of, come draggin' its bones up the cliff a dirty night to let me know about 'them waters.' As if dry ground at Tower of Sand Station ain't bad enough. Honest to God, if you knew that place——"

I do know it. As it happens, I've stood there myself and on a thick night in Autumn, too, nor did I have to tell the marrow of my bones that they were forty-odd long, loud miles offshore, at the snapper-end, as it were, of a curling lash of sand. I've stood there more than once and watched the beams of the great lens overhead "slicin' through the mist," four greenish gigantic spokes of incandescent vapor, wheeling, wheeling, silently, inexorably, interminably wheeling in the high plane of the sky—till between two winks the flaming cross stood still and it was myself that was being swept, inversely—myself and the ghost-lit dome of Tower of Sand, the green-glimmering roofs of the station buildings, the mast with its web of aerials, the racing rails of the boundary-fence, the beginnings of outer darkness, moorlands, waste of dune, booming of hidden, almost subterranean, surf—all in one vertiginous sweep around the axis of the dim central cylinder of the light.

I have seen the "compass-watch" changing at midnight—without pomp—one solitary, infinitesimal biped creeping down through the systems of wheeling penumbræ, rubbing his eyes with microscopic fists, his bell-mouth "gob" pants flapping about his chill ankles, his immortal fraction still back in the bunkhouse, dreaming of the merry lights of Newark or the jolly racket of Omaha.

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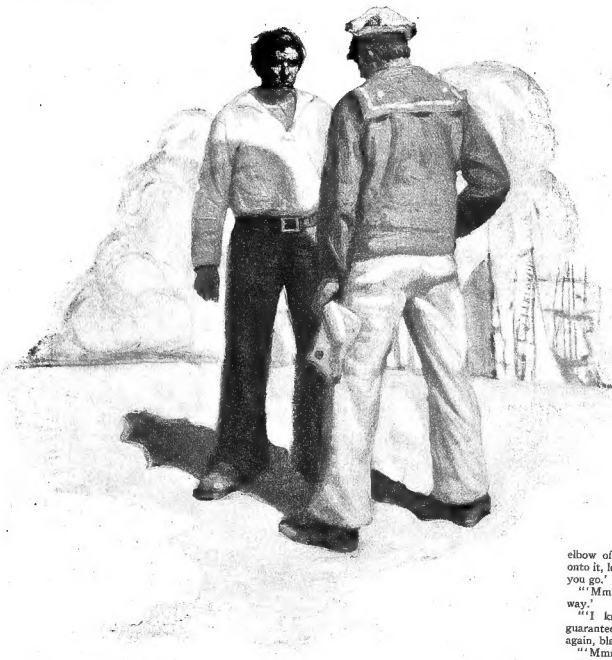

"I CAN HEAR NATHAN CRYING AT HIS COMRADE: 'COME OUT OF IT! FORGET ALL THIS TWO-FOR-A-NICKEL FISHING-GROUND SMALL STUFF, MY BOY!'"

There is light enough at Tower of Sand, peripatetic, blinding; but its sum is darkness. There is noise, complex, brazen, exanimate, the siren's "blue bellyache," the drone of the bars, the wind sometimes, sometimes the moan of passing ships afraid of one another, sometimes the leaping snap of sparks in the sending-house; but of it all the sum resultant is silence. Months of Winter nights of it——

My blue-eyed Nebraskan was getting on with his tale.

"Once let the old geezer into the house and there's no gettin' rid of him—unless I want to chance a run up to the light (his son-in-law's the keeper) and tell him come take him away. He'd get into the corner behind the Arco, like a rat, and watch me with his wet eyes.

"I'd no time for him. If there's nothing comin' in on M from the navy ships, or on eight hundred (that's the length for ships wantin' their bearin's), why, a man can always turn her down to six hundred and copy commercial, for the practise of the thing. Copy, copy; that's the game.

"'Sic there and warm yourself,' I says. 'I'm busy.'

"Don't worry, he can't hold his lip long. First I'll hear him scrapin' his feet, then I'll hear him scrapin' his stubble beard, then before many minutes I'll hear his voice tunin' up, like a bad needle on a record gettin' ready to sing.

"'What ye harkin' to, young fellah?'

"'Ship.'

"'Square-rigged fellah?'

"'Don't know.'

"'Don't know? Not even what she look like? And you tryin' to stuff me you can tell her 'xactly where she sets on the sea—just with your ears to that riggin' there!'

"I show him one night. There's a ship callin' for her bearin's.

"'Listen here,' says I, puttin' the piece to his ear.

"'Don't make nothin' o' that,' says he. 'What's the spittin'?'

"'Code,' says I. 'QTE? What's my bearin'?'

"I swing the compass onto her and shoot the bearin' down coast on the land-wire for Chatham to relay—round forty-eight, if I remember. I lean over and plot it on the wall-chart with the plottin'-string out of Tower of Sand. 'And now,' I says, my ear cocked for Chatham's own—thirty-eight something—and pullin' out the Chatham string, 'this here's her bearin' from Chatham. And this,' says I, puttin' a finger on the intersection of the two, 'this is the position of said ship, precisely, nine-one-three P. M., ten-eleven, one-nine-two-O——'

"'Wonderful!' says Uncle Two Fathom. 'Wonderful!' He got back into his corner and study.

"'I guess that'll hold him a while,' says I to myself.

"Minute later BRI come in on eight hundred. That's the *Ar'tic*, Boston-bound; I know her without the book. The juice was snappin' that night; I get Nantucket as well as Chatham and our three bearin's on the big boat plot to a pin-point. It makes a guy feel good.

"'There, Uncle,' says I, leanin' back, 'there she is, hundreds of passengers aboard, all safe; position known to the fraction; captain can undress and go to bed. That's what we call science, that is!'

"'Wonderful!' says he. 'What kind of water's he in?'

"'Water?' says I. 'Salt water. What you s'pose?'

"'Mmmm,' says he, 'to be sure, salt water. How much, tho; that's the question. What depth's he got under his keel? What kind of bottom's he got, good holdin' ground or only tol'ble, happen he got to let his anchor go quick? What's he got for shoals in his lee, happen the wind come on to blow? How's the tide set, them parts? How's a hundred 'n' one things?'

"'Search me!' I give him a laugh. 'I should worry about such things!'

"'All right, all right, my son. Tho if *I* was master of that craft out there I warrant you *would* worry about them questions a mite—just a mite—before I should feel easy to turn in and leave you carry on my navigatin' for me, dry ashore here with a rubber ear-dingus and a finger-tapper and a wad o' gum. Wonderful!'

"'You dumb-bell!' says I. 'I guys ain't here for that. All we got to do is give their bearin's when they need 'em, in a fog, say, and all the captain's got to do is plot his position with a pin and find out all the rest of such things from his chart.'

"'*Chart!*' I wish you could've heard the way he says it!

"'Don't you know,' says I, 'that a ship carries *charts?*'

"'*Gov'ment* charts!'

"'Charts that'll tell him all them hundred 'n' one things you're so worried over—depth and bottom and tides——'

"'*If*,' says he, '*if only*,' says he with a snigger, 'they was *reliable!*'

"I wish you could've seen him then. Up he got on his feet, pointin' at me fierce with a kind of a dirty old mailin'-tube he used to drag around like a kid with a made-up spy-glass. Mad as the schoolma'am with the spitball in her back hair.

"'One instance; just one single instance, young man. Foggy night, black as a hat. Now say you and your mates, you Gov'ment boys, go to work and give a ship-master his bearin's by the coast, precise. Very well. Say he sticks his precious pin into his precious Gov'ment chart and finds the couple days of thick weather and a current that ain't in the book has set him quite a piece to the south'rd of his course.

"'All right; easy as she goes. Nearest figger to his pin tells him he's got a good twenty fathom of water where he lays. Easy as she goes. Nothin' to worry. Only now s'pose, on a chance, he has the bos'n heave the lead just once for luck, and lo 'n' behold, she mark a bare six fathom to mud, shoalin' to five next heave, and now come to think of it there's a sound like breakers on his port hand and something just as queer on his sta'board and God knows what on his lee quarter, and blacker'n a hat. And you Gov'ment lads settin' ashore here dry and comfortable, and ready to give him all the cheer there is in the fact that where he sets on his Gov'ment chart there can't be a mite of bother nowheres near. Easy as she goes! Wonderful!

"'S'posin',' says he, shrillin' up still higher, 's'posin', all unbeknownst to you Gov'ment lads and the almighty Coast 'n' Ge'detic Survey, this shipmaster finds himself afoul of Two Fathom Ledge and the tide goin'!'

"'From the way you put it he's out of luck. What kind of a place is that?'

"'Well, sir, that's all he's been waitin' for all Winter. You should've seen his thumb go into that mailin'-tube, and before I know boo he's got a dirty curl of a red-and-blue-ink map spread out all over my instruments.

"'Cracky!' says I, 'what ward in Chicago's that?' It's more like the maze in the park, tho, all cluttered with lost figgers and remarks and what-not. 'What street's this one?' says I to be funny, pointin' a finger.

"'This,' says he, wettin' his chops, 'this here is Finhaut Draw, same's you see. Westerin' breezes you're all right here, good water for twenty to thirty cable-lengths, keepin' them rips on Middle Bank close aboard your weather-hand. Come about any time, you can, fetch back into Gay Boy, ten fathom, and out East Channel all clear. Mindin' the elbow of the Footstone, tho. You'll see a cast of green onto it, least swell runnin'. Then you're all deep water as you go.'

"'Mmmm,' says I. 'Nice street. *If* you know your way.'

"'I know it,' says he. 'Don't worry there. I'll guarantee to take a vessel into Two Fathom and out again, blackest night, blindfold.'

"'Mmmm,' says I. 'Nice class o' fish live there?'

"Seem like nothin' could get his goat. He take me serious.

"'Upper end here,' he says, puddlin' with his thumb, 'say you got room in your ice for a couple thousand of prime halibut—and you want to resk it—along the middle of April, say—you lay into the upper end of Finback and leave your dories range inunder the rips on Middle Bank—couple hours, no more. Ain't a finer halibut ground in the North Atlantic Ocean.'

"'Wonderful!' says I. 'Wonderful! Where's this place to?'

"He stand there lookin' at me, and you wouldn't've said he was the same man. Chest beginnin' to swell out, elbows kind of cock.

"'Go down to Washington, D. C.,' he says, half sour and half sarcastic, 'and ask one of them Ge'detic fellahs. They're paid good sal'ries to know just precisely such things as that.'

"'Wonderful!' says I, rollin' up his map off my things. 'Well,' says I, bendin' an ear to the land-wire where Chatham's callin' me snappish to stand by, 'I'm busy now,' says I. 'Much obliged for the fun.'

"'What you mean by that?' says he. 'Fun!'

"'I mean bunk,' says I. 'I mean I wasn't born yesterday, and I don't string as easy as I look. There ain't no such fancy fish-village in the ocean. Absolutely no such place. All right,' I give Chatham, 'K.'

"I'm busy about five minutes then ranging a ship. I get it finally and shoot it to Chatham to relay (we can't 'send' from the compass-house at Tower of Sand that Winter, you understand), and, as I say, it must be five minutes before I have a chance to look at the old man again.

"Ever see a nice new oversize cord tire run out of the factory and onto a roofin'-mail? Flat? That's him. You'd think he'd lost his last friend and the cow dead and the mortgage due. Sittin' there pried into the corner, with his shoulders hung together and his chin sagged and almost tears in his eyes. If you could've seen him once——"

It was as if the wish, reiterated so often, were the father to my thought.

"Do you know, I shouldn't wonder if I had." Memory skipped back.

"Was this Uncle Two Fathom of yours a man with a reddish whisker three days old, very long upended feet, one or the other of his eyes given to squinting, and a sour taste in his mouth?"

"That's him! Well, I'll be! That's him!"

He used to sit in the relic of a deck-chair in a sunny angle between the light and the keeper's house that Winter I was in the neighborhood, a relic himself, not so much old as carelessly used. I had never noticed him with more than the corner of an eye; that's why I had forgotten him till now.

A man, as I say, not so much old as carelessly used; a rag, as it were; an honest, stout piece of goods, snatched up to wipe a gear in the engine of destiny and thrown away. A dreamer. If ever I saw the marks of that vice on any

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face they were on his. A dreamer dreaming to the end, yet conscious all the while of the figures of the waking about him, passing him by—his equals, even his subordinates, of other days, going forward confidently to their several goals, achievement, solid substance, moderate fame. The bitter dreamer of a discredited dream.

It was the tale of the wireless sailorman that put flesh on Memory's bones. As he went on to recollect the main facts of the old gentleman's biography, poured out in part from that corner of the compass-house and in part in other corners of Tower of Sand, in part petulantly, in part, as the mood took him, with shrill defiance and senile rage—as my lisp-urbed prairie princeling (to whom it must all have seemed the utterest moon-stuff) went on to regale me with the small bread of Two Fathom's epic, the outlines of the dream grew clear.

Like all really devastating obsessions, it had its feet and beginnings on the ground—or, literally, in the sea. What more logical than that, torn between the two impulses, on the one hand to keep it to himself for its prime and easy halibut, on the other to exploit it amongst the sea fraternity (with some credit in fame) as a menace to ships—what more inevitable, I say, than that this small chance-come-upon billowing of earth, felt out with anchor and lead-line beneath the blue plain of the sea, should have assumed from the very outset a certain dramatic, spirit-itching, top-heavy importance in the young schooner captain's mind?

It is to be inferred that he very early decided to take the credit and let the cash go. So we find him approaching with a fine humanitarian zest his Congressman. The Congressman, campaigning for reelection, fed him with words of promise. If returned he would take the matter up with the Coast and Geodetic authorities, "cross his heart and hope to die," as Two Fathom told the sailor.

Later, being returned, the lawgiver's tune had changed. "'Tain't as if it was so goldarn important,' says he. 'Tain't as if there was anybody 'ceptin' a few fishermen ever got into them waters—'ceptin' as you might say by accident.'

"'Yeh,' says I, 'by accident! Goin' to help a steamer cap'n any that he happen to come there by *accident?*'

"'Pshaw,' says he, 'tain't liable. You leave them matters to the Survey and go on back to your fishin'; that's my advice to you, my friend.'"

So "the iron entered into his soul." There's a lapse then of some ten years or so, Achilles sulking under the tent of the offshore sky, returning ever and ever more glumly and to the hurt of his fishing, in season and out, to plumb with lead and soap the familiar shallows, plot the submarine windings of shoal and channel, map out with the blue ink of verity and the red ink of passion the hidden terrain, brooding over this obscure and fatal ledge of his like one mother to a monstrous child.

Then there came, it seems, a rebellious *tour de force*. Packing his satchel, he went himself to Washington, bearded the lions of the Coast and Geodetic in their den, switched their very whiskers with the momentous chart. It must have been heart-breaking.

"'Tain't likely,' says one; 'Tain't fatal,' says another. 'Tain't scientific'ly drawed up,' says one; 'Tain't there at all,' says another, 'or else our charts'd have it. Them waters have been covered ac'rate and thoroughgoin' and proper. Good day!'"

I say it must have been heart-breaking. But the man's heart was not broken. There followed the years of decline; how many my sailor couldn't say. He had the general color of them from inquiries made among the old-timers in town.

"Oh, old Two Fathom,' says they. 'Got some bank or other workin' on his mind later years. Cracked, I figger. Used to be a smart fisherman, too. Come tho his men begin to leave him. Them men go on shares, you know; 'tain't anyways fair to keep 'em heavin' the lead half their time. Lead catches no cod. Come so finally he had to give up his vessel and go live with his son-in-law over to the light; old man before his time. Too bad.'"

But somewhere between his selling the schooner and his retirement to the light there happened, I gather dimly, the thumping event of his life—the breaking of his heart. It went to pieces on the one rock it had left to go on—friendship.

"Nathan!" There's something about the very name, as remembered by the sailor from the old man's lips. A casual "Nat" would have been another thing. The full dignity of the disyllable: "Nathan!" The friend of his manhood, his equal in the fleet, the one among all who had continued to stand up for him, fight for him, lend a patient ear to his "foolishness"—"jolly him along"—"Nathan!"

From the merest scaffolding of fact I feel certain I can rebuild the catastrophe. Nathan, in the early days of the War, when men capable of handling ships were demanded in seas deeper than the fishing-grounds—Nathan, emerging from his cod-scale chrysalis, preparing to try his wings in the outer and vaster world and his feet on the bridge of a transoceanic freighter—Nathan with his boxes packed to go——

Two Fathom, old before his time, long past such possibilities for his own career, come to the house to say good-by—bringing, as might a child its darlingest treasure, or the moribund wizard his sovereign amulet against ill, a new, true bright copy of his chart of Two Fathom Ledge. As tho by that act he had nullified for his friend nine-tenths of the prescriptive perils of the sea.

Can you imagine the look on Nathan's face? I can. I can imagine affection battling to hold back the tide of revolt, a revolt years pent, a rebellious hatred of this disease thing he had had to watch sapping day by day the life chances of his friend. It would have become at that instant a creature separate and personal, a devil to be cast out, a thing, an object, a paper chart in his hand. I can see Nathan staring at the chart, his eyes confused, his cheeks aflame. I can see him with a sudden malignant force wringing the paper shapeless, strangling it, tearing it—(but no, not tearing it, after all).

I can hear him crying at his comrade: "God Almighty, boy, come out of it! Forget all this two-for-a-nickel fishing-ground small stuff, my boy! You were meant for bigger things than worrying your head over one little sand-bar that's not worth a tinker to any one, and maybe isn't there at all. Be the man you were meant and come along with me. What do you say, boy? Brace up, and let's go!" I can hear the echo of a resounding slap on the back.

In the swift silence following, the silence of one man's world gone to wreck, I can hear the duller echo of another kind of blow—a fist on a mouth.

What happened then it is hard to hazard. Neither of them was accustomed to being struck. Those two friends!

That's how the fellow's heart was broken. That's how he came to be what he was, "an old man before his time," a two-legged survival teetering about the top of Tower of Sand like a senile schoolboy with a made-up spy-glass, perusing with his "soapy eyes" the beginnings of "them waters."

He would try to think of Nathan as dead. It is doubtful if in his four or five years of exile at the station he had heard the mention of Nathan's name. It would have been like the apparition of a *revenant*, a bitter-triumphal grave-delivery, that day——

"I seen this guy come into the reservation, spruce-lookin' middle-aged man he was—come with a party one Sunday afternoon in a twin-six painted blue, with no end of nickel and plate glass. No pikers.

"'Visitors allowed?' says one of the ladies, seein' me by the gate.

"'Pshaw!' says he. He shooes 'em in with a wink and a grin. 'When you're seein' the sights with me you ain't what you'd call visitors. Well, upon my word!' says he, catching sight of the light-keeper, 'if it ain't Joe Bangs, old boy! How goes it, Joe?'

"'How goes it, Cap'n?' says Bangs.

"'Must belong hereabouts,' I figger to myself. Still, that bus don't look like the Cape in Winter. However, it's not my conundrum, and I'm goin' off about my business when I come onto old Two Fathom layin' in his chair

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"A DREAMER. IF EVER I SAW THE MARKS OF THAT VICE ON ANY FACE THEY WERE ON HIS. A DREAMER DREAMING TO THE END, YET CONSCIOUS ALL THE WHILE OF THE FIGURES OF THE WAKING ABOUT HIM"

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"SUCH ASSEMBLY OF LIFE AS ONLY NOAH SAW, AND HE TAKING THE CREATURES OF THE WORLD ON BOARD HIS GREAT SHIP. IN A GREAT ORDERLY GATHERING THEY ARE THERE, PATIENT, SILENT"

THE PARLIAMENT AT THEBES

Sagely and with Rare Charm, the Good Angel Michael John Quiets the Animals in the Occult Night of Egypt

BY DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LAWSON

ROUND us, now, is the occult night of Egypt, and we sense that we are in a place we have known in dreams and desires, and perhaps seen a drawing of in some childhood's book. Before us we sense—we do not see, so little light does the moon behind the rolling clouds give us—an immensity of sand. In some places there are little hills, and in others billows as of the sea, and here a rude terrace, and there a minute cliff. Everywhere is the sand; live sand, not dead. And westward, we know, it rolls onward like the sea, through the width of Africa, through the Sahara; reaches Timbuktu, the secret city, and the jungle takes up the land, and rolls to the Gold Coast, where the Atlantic booms in great, curling surf.

And south of us is Africa, too, the crags of Abyssinia, the great belt of Rhodesia, and the plains where Kafirs dig for diamonds, and the great veldt the Boers have tamed, and Table Mountain, that old navigators know, and the cape they have called Good Hope. And southward and eastward is the pearly haze of Madagascar.

And north of us the desert slopes away to where Alexandria was, to where the still Mediterranean is, which has no tides; and Tyre and Sidon flourished, that now are dead; and Carthage of the Phenicians was, whence black Hannibal set forth against the eagles of Rome—and was conquered and yet lives, so great his name is. And here was the empire of the Moors, the slim bronze people who struck Spain in a great, shattering wave, and from whom Charlemagne got glory in battle.

All these are dead now, and the moon shines over dead cities, dead heroes, and great empires that are dead, and buried under shifting silver sands. But the land we are in is not dead; eternal Africa, eternal Egypt.

And where we are now it is old, the events of history being like the trivialities of a Summer day. We sense that Egypt is older than Mohammed, whose revelation is law there now, and older than the Little Lord who fled hither from Palestine with Joseph and Mary; older than the painted kings who sleep in pyramids; older than the pyramids themselves; older than the Hebrews who helped build them; older than Moses, who revolted and used black magic against the Pharaoh of his time; older than the tradition of yellow shaven priests; older than Isis and Osiris, whom they worshiped with polished ritual—older and younger than this; eternal.

Above our heads now there is an occasional beam of the moon, and in front of us the plain of sand that extends to the little hillocks and minute cliffs the wind has made. And back of us is the broad and shallow Nile, where we hear an occasional lap of a little wave, and a splash as of some small fish jumping. And here and there are isolated palm-trees.

And there are no men anywhere, but there is a sense of men. We know there are men in the cities to the north of us, men and women dancing in great blazing hotels, men on great liners going eastward through the canal De Lesseps made, men south of us at camp-fires in the jungle, men west of us on caravans to Timbuktu. But here, and near here, men there are none.

There is a pocket of clearness in the clouds for a second and the moon shines through, and we see on the plain before us such assembly of life as only Noah saw, and he taking the creatures of the world in seven by seven and two by two, on board his great ship. In a great orderly gathering they are there, patient, silent. The bears are there, the brown bear and the little black bear. And the moorland ponies and the deer are there; great elks with horns like sails, and the little deer of parks, and they of the cat tribe, with sleek furs and green eyes, and the fox with his brush, and the lanky, wide-eyed hare, and the rabbit children do be loving. They are all gathered there.

And the kine of the field are there, patient, stupid-looking. And the great monster of the river, the hippopotamus, and the armored creature that has the horn on its nose. And the last of the buffaloes. And the great springing thing of Australia that carries its young in a pouch—it is there. And the solemn sheep.

And back of that is an infinity of little creatures, the furry little creatures of the woods, who run when approached. They are there. All, all are silent, patient, a little puzzled, one fancies.

In front of this gathering, forward and a little apart, is a manner of deputation. The lion, who pads around a little, and in whose eyes there is anger. The great black-and-amber tiger, who is still, but for the significant movement of the immense tail, and the elephant, that seems like some gigantic carven thing. And the crocodile lies in the sand, like some black sea-beaten log. And the polar bear is there with black dots for eyes. And the horse is still as in a stall. And next to the elephant the dog sits.

And they are all there, gathered for some occult reason, in the night of Egypt, under the thin twilight of the clouded moon.

And another beam of moonlight comes, and we see that the Angel Michael John has appeared somewhence and stands before them.

As we see the benign face of the Angel one of the illusions of our childhood vanishes. He is not a shining figure armed with terror and majesty. True, he has wings and a sword and a white robe, and is of stature above mortal. But, on the other hand, he has a great red beard, and his fingers are gnarled. There is something shy in his appearance, and kindly. And about him there is something of disappointment. One gets the impression that once he was a very great angel indeed, but in latter centuries he has drifted into a sort of backwater.

If he were a man and not an angel, with his red beard and gnarled fingers and shy ways, he might be an old-fashioned farmer who cared more for his land than for the price of corn, and who would allow no tractors or mechanical appliances on his place, still having faith in the firm hands of workmen and the strength and canniness of horses. He is evidently embarrassed, and not quite at home, and it is easily seen that he is more accustomed to looking at the crack in a horse's frog, and tending sick ewes, and herding homeless dogs than facing emotional tension such as seems to be present.

He comes forward shyly, his brow wrinkling in an embarrassed smile. And the dog smiles back at him, opening a laughing mouth and wagging its tail. And the horse lets a little whinny. But the rest are silent, the elephant regarding him with a sort of kindly contempt, and the crocodile watching him with ophidian distrust. But the lion is warm with anger and the tiger dangerously cold with it. The great white bear is serious.

The kindly Angel speaks. His voice is soft and his speech halting. And we have a sudden chill of horror as we recognize his accent is Irish. Not quite Southern Irish, and not distinguishably Northern Irish—neutral Irish.

"Well, now, this is an unusual thing, an out-of-the-way thing, I might say—I—I hope I see you all well?"

There is a rustle of the little creatures back of the deputation. And in the circle before the Angel the dog is wagging his tail, and the horse throwing up his head. But, silence.

"I take it: there is something on all your minds, so! Well, let you speak up now, and let me hear what it is.

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It isn't the weather; that's elegant. And it can't be the crops. I was talking to the Angel of the Crops last night, and devil a better season has he seen since the night of the big wind."

He gets no answer.

"It's queer and shy you've got all of a sudden. And why should you be shy with me? Sure there's never anything come between us since I was put over you. And haven't I always been your friend? Let one of you speak up now. How about yourself?" He turns to the lion. "The king of beasts, they call you. Let you be speaking now for the crowd."

All around us now is the occult night of Egypt. Live sand and the little wind among the hillocks, and back of us the antique Nile. Here first was magic. And here first the half-gods were worshiped under the guise of beasts; of the cat and of the crocodile, and of others. And here is the monument of the half-god, the Sphinx, that is woman and animal, beauty and terror.

And as we listen the beasts speak, and to our human mechanics the deep vibrations are translated into human sounds, and the voice of the lion is as the voice of some great one of our race speaking in anger. And in the deep rumble we can hear thunder:

"In the place where I live by the great lake there is lately come a man." So the lion! "He is a trading man. His legs are bandy. He is rarely shaven. In the morning his eyes are bleary. He blinks at the green light of dawn.

"And in the green glade where he is come he has builded a house. He has littered the ground with mangled boughs of trees, with papers, with tin cans which are emptied of his food. And the winds can not clean that place, nor the rains wash the obscenity away.

"And all day long this man sits behind his counter in the little shop and barters with the black man, giving knives and beads and cloth for the skins of the animals whom it is allotted to the black man to kill. And giving him white man's liquor.

"And the white man drinks his own liquor, and when his heart is high with it, he takes his rifle and comes to seek me—for he has to seek me; I and all the clean things of the land avoid him, so little kin is he to us.

"And if he kills me for his sport, my lioness will come and he will kill her, too, and what shall become of our little tawny cubs?

"Why should this man come into our clean land, and make unbeautiful the dells, and stale me that he may boast to other drinking men: 'I have killed the king of beasts'?"

"Ay! Ay!" The Angel is disturbed. "He does make the place look bad. And true for you, he does go after you. I understand. I understand fully, but——"

AND now the tiger has arisen, and his speech comes sibilant, with a little snarl:

"They who come up the Hugli are not unshaved but clean. They are precise, languid men. They come for gain in the country. They do not barter in shops, but gain comes to them. They govern, and for being governed the brown men of India pay tribute and tax.

"And when the languid men from over the sea grow tired of governing, they go out to seek adventure. They send out the brown Indian men on foot to rouse me from the jungle sleep. And they follow with guns on our brother the elephant, and when I am driven into the open, and stand there dazed with the sun, they shoot at me from the back of our brother the elephant.

"And was it for this I was made, given great emerald eyes, given amber skin with great black stripes, given silken muscles, and claws like knives, to be driven out of my warm green jungle into the blinding sun, and be killed by languid men?"

"Well, now, you know what they say: if they didn't kill you you'd kill them."

"How many have I killed, except in defense? Is it sport for me to leave the cool, moonlit glades, and come to the hot cities to kill men? If I want fighting, is there not the wild boar and my brother the elephant? And if I want food, is man as succulent as the young kid?"

"Ay, there's a lot in that! And what is your complaint?" He turned to the great carven elephant.

"I am the wisest, the strongest, the most dignified of all. I live on the shoots of young trees, and sometimes raid the crops, but I kill nothing except in terror or defense. And once they sought me out in the secret places for great ivory teeth, and there was great danger. And it was either kill or be killed.

"And now they trap me with cunning. Now there are helot elephants trained to decoy the brethren of the warm woods, and traps to hold us. And when they have us fast they starve us cruelly. And they bring us across waters and exhibit us, and the clown and the yokel pay their copper pennies to gaze at the wise and strong in captivity. And some greasy man pockets the wages of our prison. Was it for this we were made wise and kindly and strong?"

The Angel is embarrassed. He looks right and left. He turns in relief to the great white bear.

"Sure, now, what complaint can you have? There's nobody going to shoot at you from the back of the elephant. And there's no man going to open a shop where you are. Begor, 'tis few customers he'd have, barring the sea-gulls. And whenever you get killed, 'tis your own fault. It's your curiosity brings you to where they can get a shot at you. If you'd stick around your icebergs you'd be better off. Sure, you lead the life of a lord's lady. What brings you here at all?"

"I come for the little seals, and our sister the whale. They can not walk. And they are in great trouble."

"I know. I know. Sure, my heart's just in chains for them."

"The seals huddle on the rocks with their young. They huddle and tremble, and each sinister boat in the Arctic seas is a menace. And the seas are wide, and the patrols are few."

"I know. I know."

"The black boats come, and the men with rifles."

"Ah, now, don't be talking! Don't I know!"

"And our sister the whale skulks in black seas, she who once greeted the sun in the morning. And now seldom appears, who once loved to bask like a cat. She is hunted in her own ocean until she can not show her steaming fountains. And as a people, she is a slender people, and will soon die."

"A great and terrible loss surely. Sure, I'm trying to forget and you're reminding me. And you?"

"I have no complaint," uttered the crocodile. "They rarely kill me with guns. They seldom capture me. And there are always small black children bathing in the Nile. And boats get upset often. I have no complaint," he leered. "Do you know," the Angel is severe, "I never liked you. And what use you are on this earth is more than I can see. Do you know," he said, "I've half a mind to hoof you back into the river. I have so. Now, here's one has a complaint." He turned to the horse. But the horse shook its head.

"No complaint, and you the hardest-worked of them all. And the rest of these lazy devils doing nothing but lolling around in the sun. And you, my darling?"

"'FROM THE QUIET RIVER I HAVE SEEN THE PAINTED BARGES OF THE PHARAOHS MOVE ALONG. COLOR AND MAJESTY AND DIGNITY'"

THE dog uttered a joyous bark.

"You have no complaints, either."

"Except," the dog pleaded, "that they shouldn't muzzle me in the heat of the day."

"Well, now, boys," the Angel was awkward with his hands, "I take it you've all got a complaint to make against man. You object, I infer, to his shooting at you with guns, except, as he is entitled to, in self-defense. And I take it our friend the elephant also objects to being exhibited. On the whole, you object to the present attitude of man. Now, what do you want me to do?"

"We want you," the lion asked, "to have God make man stop attacking us."

"Well, now," the Angel shifts from one foot to the other, "well, now, you've touched on a very delicate situation. On all subjects, of course, you'll find the Great Father kind to a degree. But the subject of man is just a wee bit touchy.

"He, you know, is very much interested in man. He thinks a lot of man, and He is very much inclined to let man have his own way.

"So whether He'd listen to a complaint against man or not, I don't rightly know. Personally, between I and you, I think it might be dangerous to put it that way.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wait until some fine day when they tell me He's in a good humor, when He's pleased about man having thought out some new fine scheme, or made a discovery, and then I'll tackle Him, nice and easy.

"Yes, I'll take it up some day, and I'll see what I can do. I'm sure if I can get Him in a good humor I can do something. Will that satisfy you?"

"It will not," said the animals.

"Well, then, what do you want me to do?"

"We want you," the tiger's sibilant purr came, "to go from us to Him, now, to-night."

"Och, have sense! You don't know what you're asking. I suppose you think I've only got to knock at the door and ask the Grand Man to come out and talk it over.

"Do you know this wee earth is only one of a million? Of course you can't comprehend that, being only animals and having no reason."

There is something like a snort from the elephant. The Angel Michael John ventures a timid glance in that direction, but says nothing. The Angel is rather in awe of the elephant, as a mother might be of a genius child. He switches to a different point.

"Besides, I suppose you think there are only a few angels of us in it—myself and the Angel of the Changing Seasons, and the Angel of the Growing Crops, and the Angel of the Rivers and Streams, and the Angel of the Five Oceans.

"Well, let me tell you at once, there's Archangels, and there's Powers and Dominions, and Cherubim and Seraphim, and goodness knows what else. And there's Angels you never heard of: there's the Angel of the Progress of Education, and there's the Angel of Economic Conditions, and the Angel of Atomic Energy.

"All very clever fellows they are, geniuses you might say. And there's the Angel of Arts and Crafts, a sloppy-looking lad I wouldn't be caught talking to.

"And there's English angels, all very superior, and Italian angels, slick as ye please, and Russian angels are always sighing and groaning and drinking tea, and American angels, brisk lads would convince a dying man he was the devil and all for strength and energy. And me nothing but a poor sort of fellow that knows nothing but animals, you see I'd better be keeping my mouth shut in that kind of assembly.

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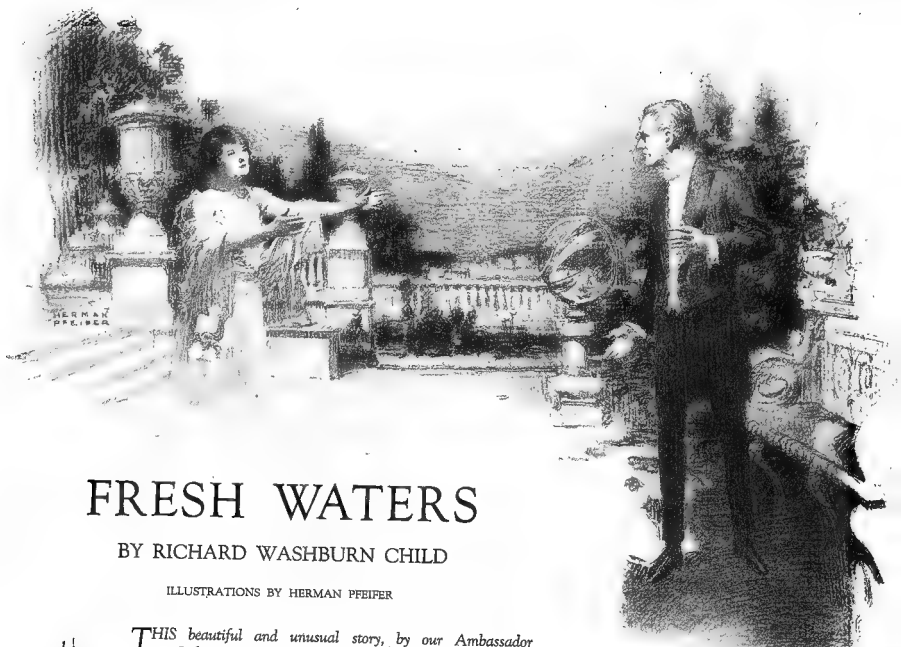

"BASCOM WAS AGHAST: SOMETHING WITHIN HIS SOUL SENT FORTH A THIN CURRENT OF POISON"

FRESH WATERS

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

THIS beautiful and unusual story, by our Ambassador to Italy, pictures the adventuring of a love-hungry heart

HIS daughter asked permission to go too.

She was a delicately molded child in whose face a trace of sadness was reminiscent of her mother, who had died long ago. Thirteen nearly—on the verge of womanhood.

He looked steadily at her. She was his own, like a piece of property, and he rejoiced in the ownership of such loveliness as he would have rejoiced, in lesser measure, in the perfection of a colt bred in his stables. She was an eyeful; she was his, warm, living, ripening. Kindness he knew how to give. He was always tender with her, particularly when he dismissed her in his indulgent, playful way and sent her to the eternal governess—a just and unimaginative woman—Miss Eritrea Carb.

"Oh, too wet!" Bascom told her, putting his arm about her little shoulders lovingly and playfully.

There had been a thunder-shower, booming and torrenting, so that the two hundred from the colony who had come over to see the dancing on the lawn between the cypresses, had scurried to their motors, leaving behind an afternoon for the benefit of some charity or other. Only the week-end party at Bascom's remained, and most of them were playing bridge in the library while the sun was forcing itself out again into a world made crystal-clear, bright blue and deep green, by the rain and wind.

"I'd like to swim with you," his daughter said.

LEANING back on the overstuffed couch in his big library he exchanged glances with Miss Muriel Hendricks. Anna Bascom, quick of blue, expectant eyes, saw, felt herself excluded from some unknown world, tenanted only by her father and this young American who had lived so long abroad, and who could look so desirably like a mixture of Cairo dancer and Russian noblewoman. She felt the red mounting her white, slender neck.

"I don't believe you'd want to do that, little A.," her father said. "Come on, now! Do you?"

"No," she said, and went away.

He put his brown, slender-fingered hand, palm upward, on the tapestried couch, and Muriel laid within it companionably and with understanding her own strong, long fingers, almost bony but alluring and expressive, agile and active, always.

"You are so good to her, Alfred Bascom," she said, using, as nearly always, his full name.

It was nice to hear this confirmation of his own belief, and he pressed the hand in his conclusively.

"So now come on for one dip," he said in a lively voice. It was a different voice, and yet there was a trace of the same indulgence he had used toward his daughter. Perhaps that was because the Hendricks girl might have been his daughter too. In spite of her mature allurements, the allurements of one who can be quite worldly and yet keep poised, in spite of her twenty-seven years, there remained something about her of untouched youth. There was nothing second-hand in the flavor of her highly colored, luminous personality. She might have been his daughter; he was well out of youth.

"What do you think the others will say?" she asked. It was an acceptance of his invitation, but gave to their little adventure the larky thrill of daring.

As they descended the stone steps leading to the sea, the girl looked back at the house, a great but a beautiful country-place on the shore, just the structure one would expect a man like him to build, with its stone quarried from the red-and-gray ledges of that coast, so that it appeared to rise like a part of the land's edge. "Graybles," he called it. And it was well done, like all things Bascom did—like the immense and lucrative mining industry he had built, like the Morgans and the Percherons in his stables, like the collections of jade and Dutch masters in his city house, like the immense contribution he had made in studies in the strength and the weaknesses of democracies and socialistic states.

In him was the essence of passion for self-expression; it found in him a man who had the character and brilliance not to endeavor to express himself either weakly or trivially or in vain. His fingers disclosed something of the artist and poet, his jaw and eyes the administrator and fighter. The one had complemented the other.

She knew it all vaguely. He was powerful.

He was even powerful physically, and of this he was conscious as he stood straight, lean and strong, running the fingers of both hands through his iron-gray hair as he stood gazing out from the spring-board on the bathing-platform, at the almost painful clearness of the sea and rose-fired clouds of the western horizon after the storm. He knew that she, in her bathing-tights, perfect as she was in her young, soft beauty, hard and muscular and yet sinuous and tender, was nevertheless gazing upon him with sudden approval.

He laughed like a boy, as they say, and suddenly with tautened sinews starting below the tanned skin of arms and legs, he shot out like an arrow and cut down into the green mystery of the depths. A moment later the girl, with full, joyous strokes, shaking the water from her bright-red rubber cap, had joined him, racing and romping, toward the float.

All the world seemed young and fresh now. The tinted sky, like a clear inverted bowl, covered a sea of bright, new color. The rocks had leaped into sharp outlines below the pines and cedars, and their mineral colors had suddenly grown bright as if to vie with the brilliance of green in trees and grass. Below the swimmers, the water, like a chameleon, changed from emerald in front to amethyst behind them. And a little girl from the balcony of the great house—a mere spot of white and blue—waved her hand.

When they climbed out, wet and gripping, up the slippery ladder of the float, there came a moment when both paused, drawing long breaths, as if the awe of moments of great joy was upon them.

Muriel snatched off her red cap, and her hair fell in loose array about her white, wet shoulders. Then she stood looking beyond the steam-yacht, a toy of which her master had tired, at the fires of the horizon. Something in that moment when the world seemed to have been created for them made her say: "Let us go there."

She pointed with one beautiful bare arm. "Let us go over the edge of the world. Let us take your yacht and go and go and go, forever and ever and ever!"

HE WAS tempted to draw her into the pressure of his strength. Why he hesitated he could not tell himself. Life had slowly gone toward these hesitations, these restraints. It was like him to act, not impulsively but decisively; it was like him to seize the great moments of life as one seizes quickly ripened fruit to squeeze forth the last drop of its juices. Now he suddenly heard himself laughing the laugh of one who feels his own power and can wait.

"You would have the luxury of the yacht?"

"Of course," she said. "One is tossed about so in smaller, smellier boats."

The moment had gone—a moment in which the wine of youth had tingled in his veins. It had gone, but now he knew, as he had always guessed, that she—this particular girl—whose skin was dark but enlivened with the rose-tints of flower-petals, in whose eyes dwelt the images not only of youth and innocence but those of the world's sophistication, whose body was lithe and sentient, and whose mind contained the whimsicality of a princess of the Greek isles—she was the one who could bring back to him romance and the fountain of youth.

In spite of his intellectual hungers, in spite of his metallic, industrial mind, Bascom had mused within him all his life the hunger of the senses. He never divorced them from his love of the rare and perfect and beautiful. His wife, tender and unselfish, living in the quiet, gray mist of her own gentleness, however, had never quite fed that yearning of his for fierceness of expression. Sometimes, as they had stood together in old ruins of mighty palaces in antique lands, he had watched the lizards scurry in the brazen sunlight and recalled in his imagination the women who danced to tempt a tired emperor,

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the sound of girls' wild voices in bacchanal song, reverberating through pagan temples where torches lit the way to abandon. And a wistfulness had come over him. He had felt himself suddenly a new member of a fraternity of passion, and had sighed, taken his wife's arm affectionately, and strolled away toward the reality of life.

Now there came moments, after all these years, when, with a shudder, he thought he could hear youth, a little wearily, bidding him farewell. The voice! Good-by? Good-by! The old thrill gone—the treasure of youth, love, romance, the drama of woman, of adventure undertaken with a laugh of scorn at any account to pay—gone? He denied it! All that deep store of unexpended youth? He denied it! He denied it with anger of soul.

Bascom would never become a libertine; the secret springs of desire in him would feed only some greater, more dignified love. He thought of this as he dressed for dinner. He thought of it when, for reasons he did not analyze, he reverted again and again to the conclusion that he could have Muriel Hendricks if he wanted her, if he wanted to marry her, and he clung to that token of his power as if it were a bastile of reassurance against some dread assault of inevitable destiny. The picture sprang into his mind of his own thirsty soul, eager for self-expression but weary, leaning down to drink long, refreshing drafts of youth at springs which would be fed by her personality. There was no reason why he should not have her; everybody was talking about it, speculating on whether or not they would be engaged this Spring.

Then suddenly, looking up into the mirror as he adjusted his white broadcloth waistcoat, he saw his own countenance. It appeared so crestfallen, so lacking in happiness, in that something which the portrait in the library, done when he was thirty, smiled confidently forth upon the world.

WHAT was this new thing in his face? Not the frame above of vigorous gray hair, not the hard, youthful contour, not the well-shaved, well-rubbed, smooth, youthful skin. It was only a vague, accused shadow—the damnable mask of life once lived, lived once, not to be lived again. It was the film of the downward years.

"I'll call it back!" he said aloud to his own image.

The portrait of his wife, cool in its light daintiness, looked down on him from above his desk, smiling in that gentleness of its immovable, eternal inscrutability—a loving and indulgent, caressing and a patient smile.

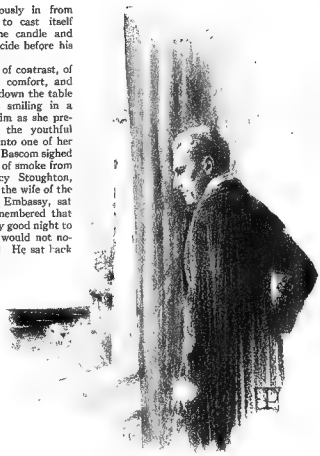
Bascom looked at it with a puzzled expression upon his long, grave face as he turned to go to the library, whence there drifted up the sound of laughter, a little boisterous, of the men over their empty cocktail-glasses.

"What are you trying to tell me?" he said, without sentiment in his voice. Then he shook his head. The portrait was so inexpressive of anything he could understand; he had wondered before what was in her mind as she had sat for it.

In the dining-room long French windows, opened to the soft, balmy air of the evening, welcomed the night perfumes from his garden. In a pause of the merry conversation of the women sitting straight and the men with heads leaning toward them, he could hear the distant whinny of some wakeful thoroughbred in his stables. A moth came precipitously in from the soft moonlight to cast itself into the flame of the candle and dropped in trivial suicide before his plate.

Filled with a sense of contrast, of well-being, of safety, comfort, and assurance, he looked down the table to Muriel, who was smiling in a friendly manner at him as she pretended to listen to the youthful Senator who talked onto one of her marvelous shoulders. Bascom sighed and took a long draft of smoke from the cigaret of Nancy Stoughton, who, because she was the wife of the British Counselor of Embassy, sat at his right. He remembered that he had promised to say good night to his daughter, but she would not notice. It was nothing! He sat back comfortably, contented, expectant.

He knew his power. No doubt part of it was due to his place in the world—rich, distinguished in two fields. Men skilled in money-making often are conferred honorary degrees for their bequests to universities, but few of them because they have taken place among learned men and true scholars. A devotion of a lifetime made some men true scholars and learned, but not many could write checks for millions without a twinge. If he really wanted Muriel, few competitors in power stood in his way; but there were other reasons too. He had charm. He had always had it, and this he knew, not with conceit but with experience.



"IN HIS NOSTRILS WAS THE FRESH AROMA OF THE OPEN WATERS"

Often women for whom he cared nothing showed in the fixity of their half-troubled, half-entranced, and steady gaze into his dark eyes that they faced something either to fear or to pray they might have for their own. They looked at him a little eagerly and hopefully, as Muriel looked at him. It was something perhaps of the same touch of springs of the spirit which he felt when Muriel projected herself toward him with her own eyes and her own languorous voice and the almost imperceptible inclination of her body. He had magnetism, it was often said.

He was confident that she would come to stroll with him, but he did not quite understand why, having promised to do so and having seen the beckoning moon-shadows on the paths between the trees, she lingered to hear a dull story told by old Mrs. Mortimer before the others had settled around their mad card-tables again. Perhaps she too felt that there was to be a reckoning on this night.

Once she had joined him, however, she went forth by his side with a brisk step and teetering in faint symbolism of the dance. At the Casino across the bay the band was playing, and the stimulus of the music came drifting romantically across the black waters as if the notes themselves came dancing down the silver path of the moon. He walked on, his jaw set firmly as if this were a grim business, but he leaned toward her once so that the touch of her hair would brush his cheek and he could breathe in her fragrance.

"It's nice to be alone with you," she said, emphasizing the niceness and him, with the skilful touches of charm characteristic of her.

"Why?"

"Because it is so comfortable, You give me the sense, Alfred—of—of permanence."

"Give you?" He meant that with any other than Muriel the matter was of no consequence.

Understanding him fully, she said, "Yes."

Bascom threw his cigaret away; it was a distraction, after all. Immediately she threw her own into the grass, where it burned red for a moment among the chaste lights of the fireflies skimming above the little stretch of lawn.

"Permanence?" he asked reflectively. "What do you want of permanence?"

SHE turned to stare at him in utter surprize; the moon was full upon her face. He could see every flutter of expression. More than ever the thing which shone from her countenance now was the essence of beautiful barbarism. He laughed as he considered that this young American had in her face the nymph of the deep forest, the Mona Lisa, the cruelty of a Theodosia, the playful tenderness he had once seen on the face of a low-caste girl squatting on a door-step in the sun of India, and yet something more rare and fine and worth preserving than all of these.

It was quite characteristic of her not to answer for many moments while they walked on. Then she said as they entered into the cloistered pine-grove:

"Don't you know that I hunger for permanence? Can't you believe that I am like a vessel having sailed through sunshine and tempest, I now turn toward a harbor?"

He stopped as one who sees a great hole suddenly open before the footsteps and stood thinking. He had not contemplated having pity for her. There had been conviction in her voice and a guaranty of sincere, deep meaning in the sudden tired droop of her head.

"Well?" he said.

This was an invitation to confession. She was making surrender, and he knew it.

"There is no real romance," she said bitterly. "I have sought for it. Sometimes I have sought for it desperately and wildly. But the fires are always of straw—quick ashes. Perhaps I have cheated myself by impatience, by haste, by seizing that which I could quickly and easily take in my fingers. I have been made love to enough. You know it, of course."

"That is nothing to me," he said, weaving his own interest with hers; "I am only concerned with your happiness."

He knew that was untrue; he was concerned with his own too. He felt with vague discomfort that he had come to the last landmark of his life. He must have her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

"'LET US GO OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD. LET US TAKE YOUR YACHT AND GO AND GO AND GO, FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER!'"

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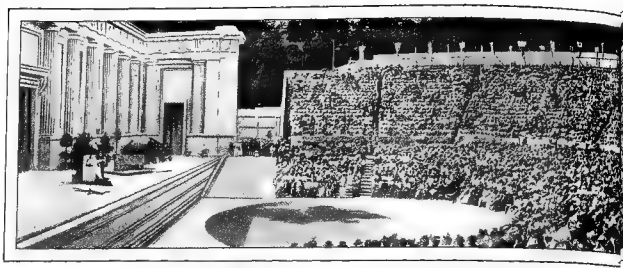
MUCHA'S POSTER OF BERNHARDT



THE SINGLE, MAJESTIC FIGURE OF SARAH BERNHARDT COMMANDING THE VAST STAGE AND

SARAH BERNHARDT,

Just as She Was, Her Extraordinary Personality Fascinatingly Revealed by a Personal Friend

BERNHARDT SOMETIMES SKETCHED HERSELF, AS IN THIS DRAWING OF 1891

SARAH BERNHARDT saw the light, for the first time on earth, in Paris, in the apartment of a certain Mme Guérard, who was later on, for many years, her housekeeper. Her birthplace was an unpretentious house at No. 265 in the old Rue St. Honoré. It stood within a stone's throw of the Halles, the central market place of Paris, and close to the historic Tour St. Jacques.

For reasons of her own, Mme. Sarah (as her friends all called her) was rather reticent about her parents. Her father was quite well-to-do; her mother, a Dutch Jewess, bore him fourteen children. Sarah was the eleventh of these children—the only one who was to conquer fame

According to the record of the Conservatoire, the date on which the predestined star of tragedy was born was October 22, 1844. The same record also holds that Sarah's birthplace was not—as she herself declared—the Rue St. Honoré, but 5 Rue de l'École de Médecine. As to the date I can not speak with certainty, for Sarah told me about twenty years ago that, to secure admission to the famous Paris school, she had to take liberties with facts. So, possibly, she gave a sister's birthplace and birth record as her own. As I recall her words, she put one year on to her age. And she was known then, not as Sarah, but Rosine. She made her début, after carrying off two second prizes—one for tragedy and one for comedy—in "Iphigénie" at the Théâtre-Français. This notable event occurred on August 11, 1862.

I do not know to what good fairy godmother she was indebted for the crowning gift of genius, nor can I tell much about her nursery days. She very seldom went out of her way to talk of them. Perhaps they were not altogether happy. I see her in her early girlhood years, not as a beautiful or even winsome tot, but as a rather wayward, pale, and scrawny child, with tawny eyes that hinted of the East, and a slight twist about one side of her thin lips. No, Sarah in her youth was not a beauty, but, to quote Victor Hugo, she "was worse."

We have all read of Sarah's stay at the Conservatoire and of the way in which she won the heart of Auber (then the despotic head of that academy) by her lovely reading of the fable "Les Deux Pigeons." It was by this she first won public notice. But it was not till some years later, at the Odéon, that she grew famous. She was predestined to the tragic parts in drama, tho, as some know, she was a mistress, too, of comedy. No one who ever watched her in the *Francillon* of the Younger Dumas is likely to forget how well she played the title part. It was not till she had reappeared at the Théâtre-Français as a full-fledged *sociétaire* of that great house that I saw Bernhardt.

I was then a newspaper correspondent, fresh from the Boul' Mich' and the Sorbonne lecture halls, and had been commissioned to interview her, I believe, about her pictures. I still recall her, as a pale, fragile wonder, with wide Eastern eyes, a gracious manner, and a distracting smile. Her thinness, which became her, was made doubly evident by the long lines of a loose, clinging gauzy tea-gown. Just then her name was being coupled rather pointedly with that of Richepin, who had run off from his good wife and child, appeared in the remote Sahara. The notoriety attaching to the adventure had not harmed the tragédienne. She courted gossip in those far-off days. Had she not set all Paris talking of the coffin which she used to sleep in? And had she not gone off on a balloon trip a few weeks before with a young painter?

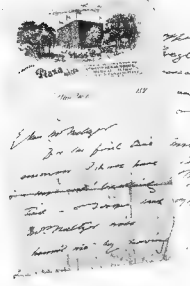
While we were talking of those pictures and of other things, she stopped from time to time and coughed—like a consumptive. And when she raised her handkerchief to her lips, I noticed with distress that it was blood-stained. But with a laugh, she told me not to be alarmed at what was surely a disturbing symptom. "It's nothing!" she exclaimed. It did not worry her.

A FEW months later I was again commissioned to report Sarah's journey to the steamer *L'Amérique*, which was to bear her to New York for her first tour of the United States. The incidents which led up to that tour are now historic.

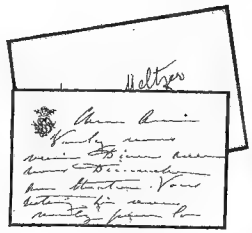
Sarah had quarreled with the director of the Français, M. Émile Perrin, who had insisted on her appearing as *Clorinde* in Augier's "L'Aventurière." The audacious star had asked him for another part, that of the heroine of a de Musset comedy. As M. Perrin had refused to yield to her, she simply left her theater and, in a hot mood, signed an American engagement. Her rupture with the Français caused an uproar on the Paris boulevards; and there were many who foretold for her the failure which had shocked Rachel when she went gadding. But nothing could turn Sarah from her purpose. She had cast the die which was to make or break her. In vain M. Perrin pleaded, and then threatened his unheeding star. She knew that she would have to pay an enormous fine for breach of contract. But she held firm. She mocked at prayers and laughed aloud at law. One Autumn afternoon she took a train for Havre, and next morning she was steaming for New York.

Her departure from the grim Gare St. Lazare might have been that of an imperial princess. Her friends had gathered at the station to acclaim her and heap flowers on their favorite. I saw her kissed and kissed before the train puffed off, and she was lifted by the crowd into her coupé with her son Maurice and a cousin, and her then all-devoted suitor, the young painter Clairin.

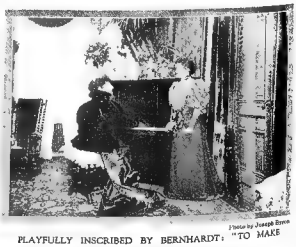
That evening I was one of a small party asked to dine with her—in her red villa on the heights of St. Adresse. She



SIR HENRY IRVING ASKS MR. MELTZER TO DINE WITH BERNHARDT AND ELLEN TERRY



MADAME ASKS MR. MELTZER TO DINE WITH HER AT THE THEATER



PLAYFULLY INSCRIBED BY BERNHARDT: "TO MAKE BELIEVE THAT I SING"

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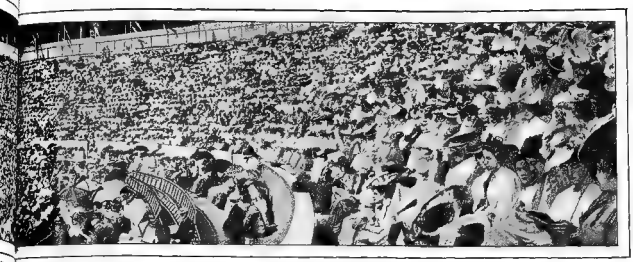


HUGE AUDIENCE IN THE GREEK THEATER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY

THE WONDER WOMAN

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Distinguished Dramatist and Critic

wore an unassuming, plain brown frock, with a fragrant bunch of wallflowers at her side. About her throat was a warm amber *fetiche* scarf, the final touch in an agreeable harmony. The dinner was served upside down. The soup came in the middle. The lobster and the roast and other trifles were brought on haphazard. But no one cared a straw what happened. Our eyes and ears that night were all for Sarah, and Sarah was the very soul of brightness. She sang to us—and sang delightfully. Her tones, the small, were exquisitely modulated. She told us anecdotes——

And thereby hangs a tale. She told us of a joke the Prince of Wales had played on her in London. The actress had arranged to give a reading for an English Duchess. And when the Prince dropped in to see her in her dressing-room that night, she asked him to suggest to her some civil phrase to address to the great lady. His Royal Highness gravely whispered a few words to her. "Say that; just that," said he. "You'll be all right." And when the Duchess welcomed the tragédienne, she was startled by a weird flood of profanity.

The strongest factor in the life of Sarah Bernhardt was her beloved son. Mme. Sarah, as I need not say, despised, or, if you will, ignored what most of us respect as the proprieties, the conventions, of society. Her Maurice was not born to her in wedlock, but this did not prevent her from presenting him, on her first trip to London, to those who were then paying her great honor. Whatever we may think of her bold theories, there was at least some cause to like her for her courage. She did not beat about the bush or hide her frailties. When I first met the then young Maurice at her table, he was a handsome lad, still in his teens, with bright eyes, clear-cut features, and a princely air. He is now over middle age and not so handsome. But till she passed away his mother loved him madly. He was her joy, her constant thought, her fixed idea. For him she flung away more than one fortune. For him she would have suffered death and torture. "If I should lose him," she once said to me, "I'd kill myself." Her Maurice was to her an earthly god.

When Maurice married I can still recall the radiant look of happiness which made his mother seem no older than the bride. The bride, indeed, tho an attractive woman, was far less charming than the wondrous Sarah. So it was not young Mme. Maurice—it was Sarah—who won most admiration at that wedding.

Advancing age had never caused distress to the heroic actress. She simply gloried in her achievement of grandmotherhood. Next to her son, she set her various grandchildren. And, next to them, her cousins, nieces, and her aunts, who all relied on her for help of many kinds. Not one of them—except her sister Jeanne, an erratic woman, like herself an actress—showed even feeble signs of her great gifts. Jeanne, after causing her much trouble by her escapades, sank out of sight. She was with her on her first tour in this country.

Mme. Sarah had made millions upon millions. Yet she was always loaded down with heavy debts. Much that she earned went to her grasping relatives, for she was faithful to her many family ties, and rarely counted what they cost her to support them. Indeed, for money in itself she cared but little. It was a mere means to the ends she had in view. She was the soul of reckless, tireless hospitality, and, as was natural, she had hosts of parasites. Cares fell from her like water from a duck.

She was a painter, a sculptor, and a playwright. She had written pamphlets and reviewed the Salon. She rose to no great heights in any field, of course, except her own—the stage. Stevens, the Belgian, helped her with her painting. And so, no doubt, did Bastien-Lepage, of whom, when she was on the fair line, she saw a great deal. From various artists she got hints as to her sculpture. She worked in her studio, not in the Avenue de Villiers, but in the house which was for many years her Paris home in the Boulevard Péreire—a few doors west of the broad, silent Place Wagram. It was not quite the sort of home one might have chosen for her. A narrow building, of the usual stone, four stories high; a plain, cold, rather stiff but solid house, with an inhospitable porte-cochère and narrow passage; an uninviting door, at which one rang; a gloomy hall, by which one reached a square salon, richly furnished, when I knew it, with rich red-velvet chairs and sofas. Beyond the salon, at the back, was Sarah's studio, in which the stranger was surprized, and sometimes startled, to find a cage, of which the inmates were two lion cubs. When it so pleased her, Sarah had a playful way of letting her pets prowl about the place. They were not big enough, maybe, to do much harm. But—well, they rather chilled you till you got used to them.

ALL the celebrities of Paris knew this home of the great actress. There one met actors, artists, statesmen, authors, critics. There many a playwright came to read the work which he aspired to see her act in. And there, for thirty or more years, she lived and toiled, the center of an obsequious court of friends. Rostand and Richepin, Zamacois and Mendès, Moreau and Armand Silvestre, and scores of others, passed in and out and kissed her dainty hands. I doubt if Sardou often called on Sarah. He had notions of his own as to the place an actress filled in the vast cosmos. His country house was twenty miles away—a low stone château on the Marly hills. And if she had occasion to confer with him, even Sarah often had to go to Marly. Few men but Sardou, I suppose, would have insisted on such deference. Yet, if he wished, she would do as he asked. That was her tribute to the famous writer who had helped her to her unparalleled popularity.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

Photo by Western Newspaper Union

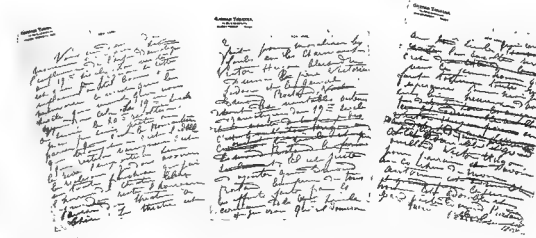
AS THE HEROINE OF RACINE'S PHÈDRE

CONCERNING MISS DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA

AT SEVENTY-TWO, AS MARGUERITE GAUTHIER

Photo by Jos. Byron

A PORTRAIT AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. MELTZER, 1896



BERNHARDT'S PENCILED ESSAY GIVING HER VIEWS ON THE ART OF THE STAGE

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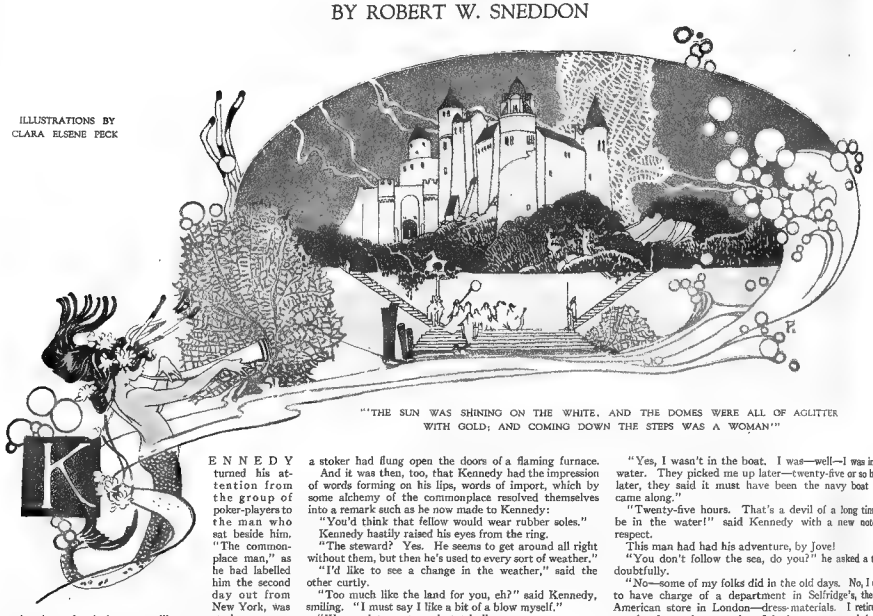
"THE WONDER OF IT"

The Enthralling Tale of What the Commonplace Man Saw in the Fog

BY ROBERT W. SNEDDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARA ELSENE PECK



"THE SUN WAS SHINING ON THE WHITE, AND THE DOMES WERE ALL OF AGLITTER WITH GOLD; AND COMING DOWN THE STEPS WAS A WOMAN"

KENNEDY turned his attention from the group of poker-players to the man who sat beside him. "The commonplace man," as he had labelled him the second day out from New York, was staring into the darkness set like a mysterious canvas in the framework of the smoking-room doorway, staring with a curious alert intentness as if above the muffled pounding of the engines, the swish of the sea, and the light footfalls on deck he expected to hear another and more familiar sound.

The steward entered with a tin tray under his arm and paused in front of them.

"Locking up the bar in five minutes, gentlemen. If you want anything I'll take your orders."

Kennedy shook his head, and with his bitten pipe-stem indicated the half-filled glass at his elbow.

His neighbor withdrew his gaze from the door with a start.

"Eh? No, thanks. How's the weather shaping, steward?"

"Standing fair, sir."

The other grunted uncertainly, and stretched out his hand to the table to thrust himself back into his chair, and for the first time Kennedy noticed upon the fore-finger of his right hand a ring so bizarre that he was startled. It was of tarnished silver, worked by hand, and set in it was a pearl so enormous as to be absurd. Its wearer surely, he thought to himself, could not imagine that any one could possibly assume it to be real. The sight of it, however, set his mind working in a new direction. The mere wearing of a bauble so fantastic seemed to argue that there might be some strain of the romantic behind the commonplace exterior of the man.

He looked and was dressed like a small storekeeper on a holiday, rather neatly in a blue suit with white pencil-stripes, a standing-up collar, and a washable tie. The only touch of daring was in the white canvas shoes and linen cap. He wore a stiff white shirt as tho expectant of having to remove his coat to serve a customer. His face, as Kennedy remembered it later, was like a thousand other faces, without any particular character but that of a patient moroseness, with the tan of a face usually pale; a clipped gray mustache over lips which rarely opened to emit anything but the most commonplace remark upon the quality of the food, the steadiness of the liner, the noise or the silence, the state of the weather.

He might, in his absence of comment, have come from nowhere and been nowhere; have been suddenly dropped from the moon upon an earth whose politics, statecraft, arts, and literature were unknown and without interest to him. He did not read: he did not play cards or join in the deck games. He made no advances in acquaintanceship in a society where friendships are formed in a day, but seemed content to sit in the smoking-room without attempting to smoke, silent, staring out of the door.

There were times, however, Kennedy noticed, when an inner fire suddenly became visible within his eyes, as tho a stoker had flung open the doors of a flaming furnace.

And it was then, too, that Kennedy had the impression of words forming on his lips, words of import, which by some alchemy of the commonplace resolved themselves into a remark such as he now made to Kennedy:

"You'd think that fellow would wear rubber soles."

Kennedy hastily raised his eyes from the ring.

"The steward? Yes. He seems to get around all right without them, but then he's used to every sort of weather."

"I'd like to see a change in the weather," said the other curtly.

"Too much like the land for you, eh?" said Kennedy, smiling. "I must say I like a bit of a blow myself."

"We ran into a storm last trip."

"Oh, you crossed last trip, from Southampton to New York, did you?"

"Yes, I went over, came back, and now I'm crossing again."

"Oh!" Kennedy dropped a little of his patronizing attitude. He wrinkled his eyes in a knowing smile.

"Keeping your eyes on things, eh? Looking out for the sharks, I suppose?"

A puzzled look crept into the other's face "There's no sharks this route, are there?"

"My mistake," Kennedy apologized. "I meant card-sharks. I thought you might be a ship's detective."

"No! Just traveling."

"Health? Doctor's orders, sea-voyage, and all that sort of thing. I suppose that's why you picked this slow old tub."

Kennedy suddenly felt that the commonplace had been transferred to his speech, that in some mysterious way perhaps the other was regarding him in turn as he had been regarded. He felt awkward, as a young man before one who had known wisdom in his time. He could not explain the reversal in their relationship.

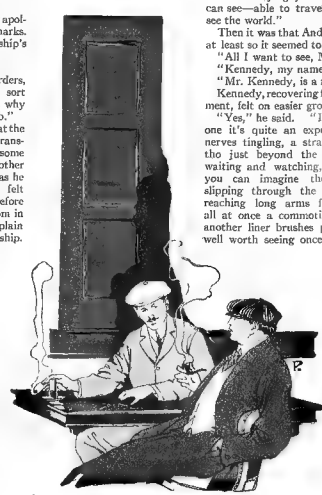
"No!" said the other abruptly. "My name's Andersen. I'm just traveling for—well—pleasure. I got a taste of it in 1916."

Kennedy echoed: "1916. You must have gone through the war-zone."

Andersen leaned forward. "Yes, sir. We was torpedoed. Only me and a boat-load was saved."

The lack of grammar made no impression on Kennedy, but rather something in the chosen arrangement of the last phrase.

"You and a boat-load, *I* don't understand—quite," he said uncertainly. "Was that what you said?"



"HE WAS DRESSED LIKE A SMALL STOREKEEPER"

"Yes, I wasn't in the boat. I was—well—I was in the water. They picked me up later—twenty-five or so hours later, they said it must have been the navy boat that came along."

"Twenty-five hours. That's a devil of a long time to be in the water!" said Kennedy with a new note of respect.

This man had had his adventure, by Jove!

"You don't follow the sea, do you?" he asked a trifle doubtfully.

"No—some of my folks did in the old days. No, I used to have charge of a department in Selfridge's, the big American store in London—dress-materials. I retired a couple of months ago when I had money enough in the bank to do what I wanted."

"So you began to travel, eh?" said Kennedy, the light of understanding in his eyes. "I envy you, Mr. Andersen. Now you're foot-loose and free to come and go as you please."

Andersen made no reply as he leaned forward, his eyes upon the oblong of darkness traversed breast-high by the white wired railing of the deck.

"You were saying?" Kennedy heard him ask.

"I was saying you were a free man—so far as I can see—able to travel about as you wanted and see the world."

Then it was that Andersen said something strange, at least so it seemed to Kennedy.

"All I want to see, Mr——"

"Kennedy, my name is."

"Mr. Kennedy, is a real fog."

Kennedy, recovering from his momentary astonishment, felt on easier ground.

"Yes," he said. "If you've never been through one it's quite an experience. Siren setting your nerves tingling, a strange hush all about you as tho just beyond the veil silent creatures were waiting and watching, the swish of the water—you can imagine the keel of the ship just slipping through the slimy fingers of sea-giants reaching long arms from the depths, and then all at once a commotion, a thrashing noise, and another liner brushes past like a ghost-ship. It's well worth seeing once in a life-time."

Andersen wrinkled his brow and nodded.

"We was torpedoed in a fog, a regular thick one too—at night. The crash came all of a sudden."

Kennedy was puzzled. "A pal of mine was shell-shocked," he said slowly. "To this day the backfire of an automobile makes him jump and grow sick inside. I should have thought you wouldn't be any too anxious to revive old memories of what you went through in the fog."

"Old memories!" said Andersen, a flush in his

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cheeks, a strange excitement in his voice. "That's just what I want, Mister. I want another fog. That's what I'm shuttling back and forward on this route for, on this slow old tub, as you call it."

Kennedy hesitated, then laughed with an awkwardness strange to him. "That's quite an idea, Mr. Andersen. Hoping for a fog to give you a thrill. It doesn't look as tho you'd meet one this trip so far."

"Crazy idea, I guess you're thinking?" asked Andersen with a quick look at him.

"Gracious, no! If you can get a thrill from fog, you're not the first one. Turner knew what he could get from haze and fog effects."

"Turner?" queried Andersen.

"Yes, the painter. He found beauty in a fog. More than I can. Mystery, maybe."

"Beauty in a fog," echoed Andersen as if to himself. Into his voice had crept a warmth. He looked up and smiled, and Kennedy was amazed to see the transfiguration of his features.

All at once he leaned forward with a suppressed eagerness.

"You kind of understand things," he said in a low voice, with a glance at the poker-players. "You ain't like them."

"Very kind of you to say so," said Kennedy politely, as he leaned forward, yet half apprehensive that he was laying himself open to some confidence that he might find it difficult to treat with the seriousness it deserved.

"YOU get to know something about people if you'd been in a store as long as I have—close on twenty-five years," Andersen continued, holding him with a steadfast gaze.

"The Ancient Mariner, by Jove!" thought Kennedy with a touch of amused ruefulness. "What's coming?"

"Yes, I should imagine so," he said aloud.

"You've got ideas and the way of putting things as if you felt them," Andersen resumed, then added with a note of challenge, "You've read a lot of books, no doubt, yet I warrant you have never read anything like this."

He stopped and stared out of the door. As the seconds ticked on Kennedy grew uneasy.

"Yes," he ejaculated sharply, as if to recall himself and Andersen to life from some trance into which they were slowly drifting.

Andersen brought his eyes to bear upon him once more. He seemed to take counsel with himself, then abruptly thrust forward his hand.

"See that ring?"

"Yes, I was admiring it."

"How much do you think it's worth?"

Kennedy shook his head.

"That's an expensive bit of jewelry for a dry-goods clerk—a draper's 'clark'—to be wearing. I had it valued in Bond Street. They said it was worth twenty thousand dollars. Lot of money for a salesman in a store."

He paused as tho expectant of a question.

"It was given to me by a woman," he went on as Kennedy made no comment, "by the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and I've seen a few fine ladies, society swells, in the store. A queen, Mr. Kennedy," his voice fluttered down to a whisper.

"You believe me, don't you?" he asked with almost childish eagerness.

"Why, yes. Surely," Kennedy assured him, impelled by an impulsive kindness to humor him. "Why not?"

Andersen brushed a match from the table as tho in that gesture he was brushing aside his last hesitancy.

"Thank you! I'm not one for many words. She was beautiful beyond any words I can say."

"How did you come to meet her?"

"It was after the fog, you see. I didn't know much about the torpedoing but the crash and the shudder the ship gave and the shouts. I ran up on deck from my cabin just as I was and some one flung a belt at me. I had hardly got the tapes tied—I guess I was handy at that from doing up parcels when I was a boy—when the deck gave a lurch. It tilted, and I was in the water and the fog all about us as thick as smoke. There was some shouts and cries, and they died away. All was quiet, and I was floating by myself. I yelled out, but no one answered

me, and then I shut up. No use wasting my strength. I was cold, and soon my legs got numbed. I kind of gave up hope, and then my senses went from me, like I was falling asleep. The first thing I knew I was feeling warm. I was all of a glow, and I opened my eyes and put out my hand to the marble steps."

"Marble steps!" Kennedy repeated and sat up with a jerk.

"Yes, great white marble steps that went up and up to a great white building. Maybe you've seen the White City in London where they had an exposition. It's an amusement-place now. All white buildings with domes and terraces, that's just what it looked like, with green lawns and flowering bushes. The sun was shining on the white, and the domes were all of aglitter with gold; and coming down the steps was a woman all in soft white silks with jewels that sparkled on her arms and neck. She wasn't alone. No! There was a lot of others, men and women in white and green—the green you see in the sea—all about her, and as it were guarding her.

"So I knew she was some great lady, and it made me ashamed she should see me the way I was. Funny thing—how it came about I don't know—I was naked as the day I was born, not even the life-belt to hide me, and I was taken all aback. It came into my mind to slip off the steps that ran away down into the water, but I hadn't time to do anything before a couple of big men came leaping down the stairs and dragged me out, and there I stood.

"She came down, stepping from step to step, stately—I never saw a woman carry herself the way she did. She was white and pink, and her hair, that was all coiled up, was red, and her eyes were bright and proud, yet I didn't have any fear.

"All at once she cried out something in a language that was strange to me, tho it seemed as I could get the sense of it somehow, and one of the two fellows put a long cloak round me. I felt more at my ease then, and as if this kind of a cloak that wrapped about me was the kind of clothes I was used to. Then she waved her hand for me to go up to her, and I did, and we stood there looking at each other, with all the rest standing round respectfully.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

"'IN A LITTLE THE HALL WAS FULL OF HER PEOPLE. WHEN THEY WERE ALL COME SHE SPOKE TO THEM, POINTING TO ME AND THERE WAS A HUSH. THEN THEY ALL BEGAN TO CHANT, AND BOWED BEFORE US'"

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TUT, tut! Can it be that home economics ideas and war economy habits and such like are reducing the dear men to semi-starvation? Write us, housewives, innkeepers, travelers—any one, who eats.

LET'S EAT!

Yes—But Let's Order Two Portions of Everything, or We Are Liable to Go Hungry

BY MONTANYE PERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STUART HAY

PSYCHOLOGY has a term for the thing, whatever it is, which makes the mind, once it has stumbled on a word, a phrase, or a fact, entirely new to it, keep running across it everywhere. I've forgotten what the scientific term is, but I know the thing itself isn't imaginary. It works out.

Recently the term "Charlie horse," hurtled itself at me from an innocent-looking page. I never saw it before; hadn't the remotest idea what it meant; didn't find it in my desk dictionary; couldn't ask my secretary because she was at lunch. So I asked my husband. A last resort. He eyed me with a mixture of gentle compassion and amused indulgence, meanwhile swelling visibly as every husband does when a wife appeals to him for enlightenment on any point. Bless 'em, how unselfish they are when it comes to sharing their vast stores of wisdom with us!

A "Charlie horse," I learned, is a sporting term for a lame leg. Well and good! This article isn't about Charlie horses. The point is that never before, so far as I knew, had I encountered that word. Yet before the week was over I had run into it no less than four times: once in a humorous weekly; once in the *Congressional Record;* once from the lips of my nephew, aged twelve; once on the tongue of a world-famous revivalist.

Now why, I ask you, did Charlie horses begin to pepper my path as soon as I knew what the word meant? Let psychology or some husband explain it. Let them also explain why, since I encountered the problem of the famished man, famished men are underfoot everywhere, talking loudly and fluently and most harmoniously about their pathetic problem.

Famished? Yes. Actually hungry all the time. It's true, because they say so. They don't all look it. Many of them are fat. Sometimes it almost seems the fatter the famisheder. The man in the restaurant was decidedly portly. He came in alone and sat down at a table next to the one where I was consuming toast and bacon.

"Two orders of hot cakes, two orders of ham and eggs, two orders of German fried, one pot of coffee," he told the waiter, and vanished behind his newspaper.

The waiter trotted off, came back, set up two places, trotted off again, returned with a trayful of food, looked at the back of the newspaper, the still vacant chair opposite it, and spoke doubtfully:

"Beg pardon, sir. Will you begin, or wait for the other gent'man?"

The portly one emerged, took in the situation, and smiled a sour, misanthropic smile.

"There's no other gentleman," he said. "That's my breakfast. You got to order two meals these days to get one!"

He was beginning on the second order of cakes when I left, and had just asked the waiter for another pat of butter and some more sirup. Probably I would have forgotten him before night if the train on which I started West right after breakfast hadn't missed a connection and so left me marooned at a junction with a dozen men and only one other woman. The other woman read a magazine. I was about to follow her example when I heard one of the men say:

"You can't get a man-sized meal in any restaurant these days. You got to order two portions to get one."

I glanced around. No, it wasn't my friend of the morning. It was a different man, saying the same thing. And the others were nodding solemn agreement.

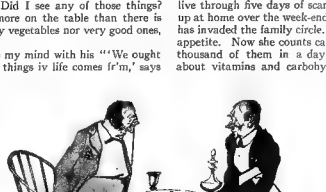
"I ordered lamb-chops for lunch," the speaker went on. "Eighty cents for just two good bites of meat. And the bone had a little fringed-paper frill on it. That fills up a lot! About a quarter as many French fried as I'd have liked and a couple of rolls. A fairly decent piece of pie and a slice of cheese you could see through. A dollar and seventy cents, and I got up from the table *hungry!*"

"And you used to go in a *hotel* and get a good meal of vittles for fifty cents," mourned a spare old gentleman. "Soup, and meat, and three, four vegetables, and pudding and pie both. I'm gen'ly hungry after a *hotel* meal now, myself. And it's not so much better eatin' in homes. I sell sewing-machines through the country, and I tell you the farm dinner ain't what it was once, nor the breakfast either."

"I agree with you," declared a crisp voice belonging to a well-dressed, professional-looking man. "I've just been up to a little place to see some farms I own. Twenty-five years ago I taught school in that district and boarded around. I expected to get the kind of meals I had then. Looked forward to chicken with dumplings, hot biscuits, mashed potatoes with slathers of chicken gravy, heaped-up dishes of fresh vegetables, whole pies and cakes in sight on the sideboard. Did I see any of those things? I did *not!* Wasn't any more on the table than there is in a city home. Not many vegetables nor very good ones, and *milk* for the coffee."

Mr. Dooley flashed into my mind with his "'We ought to live where all th' good things iv life comes fr'm,' says Hogan. 'No,' says I, 'th' place to live in is where all th' good things iv life goes to.'" By the time I returned from this mental excursion some one was asking, "Say, did any of you ever go to a threshing-dinner?"

"You bet!" Practically all of them nodded assent, their eyes brightening with memories. They began to babble, all at once. I caught luscious fragments of reminiscence here and there: "A sucking pig roasted . . . platters heaped with fried chickens . . whole ham baked . . . candied sweets made in a milk-pan . . deep-dish apple pie . . . six-layer cakes . . . Indian pudding . . ."



"'I'M SICK OF A DAB OF THIS AND A DAB OF THAT'"

Some one said Sunday-school picnic, and they were off again: "Frosted cookies, with a raisin in the middle . . . a row of big cakes down the center of the table . . . cold chicken till you couldn't eat any more . . . Aunt Somebody's pickled eggs—dozens of 'em . . . potato salad in huge yellow mixing-bowls . . . thick slabs of creamy cheese . . . "

SUDDENLY I remembered my father, a Civil War veteran, telling how the prisoners in Andersonville, going mad from starvation, used to cluster together and describe meals they had at home, before the war. *Were* these prosperous-looking gentlemen tottering on the brink of madness from undernourishment?

"They've got the matter of small portions down to a science," exploded a tubby little man. "D'you know they cut each *thirty-one slices* to every pound of bacon? D'you know those bird-baths they give you vegetables in are shallower than they used to be? Everything thin, and spread out to give an impression of size. I like something *to* things. I want a good hunk of cheese, not a big, flat piece about as thick as tissue-paper. I want to be able to *see* my bacon and my roast beef. I'm sick of a dab of this and a dab of that. Honest, I had half a slice of tomato and two pieces of cucumber on a lettuce-leaf last night, and they called it a mixed salad!

"You used to go in and say to the waiter, 'Bring me some good-sized portions of whatever's the best to-night, George,' and he'd do it. Leave it to him to heap up your dishes if you looked good for a fat tip. But now you write your order and he assembles it on a tray and it's checked up by an inspector before he can get out of the kitchen with it. Much as his job is worth to give you three slices of cucumber instead of two."

"I'd like to ask how you-all fare *at home,*" suddenly plunged a man who had been keeping silent. "I used to live through five days of scant meals knowing I'd get fed up at home over the week-end. But the domestic scientist has invaded the family circle. My wife used to humor my appetite. Now she counts calories. If you've had three thousand of them in a day you're fed up. She talks about vitamins and carbohydrates and things. What's all that to a hungry man? If he can't get filled up at home where *can* he go?"

"He used to come to me, gentlemen. I'm an ex-bartender," spoke up the red-necktied one. "Remember how the good old counter-lunch ran? Pickled eggs, which, the dill pickles, pretzels, and salt fish used to help out of an evening if the home supper had been a bit light? A glass of beer, and the free-lunch counter was yours. That's all changed since the War, too."

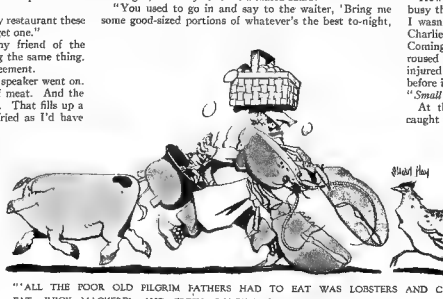
Sadly they nodded, as men who look back at dear, dead days. "The War changed the food habits of the world," mourned a sad-eyed one. "What the gentleman said about calories in the home is true. Herbert Hoover unloosed an army of domestic science experts armed with a flood of food leaflets. And then they say this country didn't suffer any invasion. My wife learned to save wheats and meats, sugar and fats. She's saving them yet. A helping of parsnips has more calories than a lamb-chop. Spinach is full of something or other we need. My dad fed such stuff to the cows—it isn't *food!*"

"I know. Your wife's giving you a balanced ration. That's what we live on now," joined in a bitter voice. "Whadda I care about ounces of this and units of that? I wants get *filled up!* Y' know I just been readin' about the poor old Pilgrim Fathers and their awful struggle for existence and—say, it made me hungry! All they had to eat was lobsters and clams, fat, juicy mackerel and fresh codfish, wild turkeys and venison, with mebbe some nice fat corn-cakes and honey to finish off with. No little do-dabs of vegetables settin' round their plates; no teaspoonful of somethin' mysterious on a lettuce-leaf—say, it's no wonder those boys started Thanksgiving!"

Our train came in. The men trooped into the smoker, leaving me unhappy and perturbed. As if I ought to *do* something. I had to resist an impulse to telegraph to my housekeeper, "Double portions of everything for William. Urge second helpings."

However, I soon reached my destination and was so busy that the famished men faded out of my mind. But I wasn't allowed to forget them for long. Just like the Charlie horses, they kept thrusting themselves forward. Coming back in the Pullman a few days later, I was roused from my interest in a new novel by a man's deeply injured voice. It had been booming on for some minutes before it cut into my consciousness with a familiar phrase, "*Small portions!*"

At this point he stopped abruptly, and another voice caught up the broken thread of speech. I turned my chair and stole a look at them. The first speaker, short, dark, well groomed, and *not* anemic in appearance; the other, a tall, splendidly proportioned, blond man, radiating satisfaction with the world in general, chuckling now at his companion's vehement complaints.



"'ALL THE POOR OLD PILGRIM FATHERS HAD TO EAT WAS LOBSTERS AND CLAMS, FAT, JUICY MACKEREL AND FRESH CODFISH, WILD TURKEYS AND VENISON, WITH MEBBE SOME NICE FAT CORN-CAKES AND HONEY!'"

"Say," he laughed, "I'll put you on trail of a glorious movement to head up. I'm a Government employee. I happen to know that within a few months Secretary Wallace will probably appoint a woman to be the head of a new Bureau of Home Economics. Now you get a thousand, a hundred thousand, or

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"'THERE HE WAS. THEY WERE TALKING TOGETHER THEY ARE OLD FRIENDS, IT SEEMS. I WAS GOING TO TELL HIM HE MUST GO, BUT SHE BEGGED HIM TO STAY, AND ASKED ME TO LET HIM STAY, AND—AND SO I DID'"

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

New Sensations Rack the Village as This Fascinating Novel Breezes Along

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Complete in Four Numbers—Part Two *Illustrations by Harold Brett*

IN CASE YOU MISSED THE FIRST INSTALMENT

THE Cape Cod village of North Ostable awakes on an April morning to find the Dillingham place, which has been closed, in the process of renovation for some new occupant. Curiosity is rampant. The house is owned by Cyrenus Stone, a well-to-do citizen. A vanload of furniture is followed soon by a tall man, middle-aged and of distinguished appearance, who is recognized as Doctor Ephraim Nye. This once-honored physician had married the sister of Judge Copeland, "the great man of Ostable."

While he, Nye, was treasurer of the building-fund of the Congregationalist church $7,200 of the money disappeared, having been paid to New York brokers on a note bearing Doctor Nye's signature. His wife died shortly afterward. Doctor Nye claimed never to have signed the note nor even seen it, but was sent to State prison for five years, Judge Copeland pushing the case against him. The judge made good a large part of the deficit. The money, however, was finally recovered, much of it coming mysteriously from an unknown source.

Judge Copeland is outraged now at the return of Doctor Nye, and his pretty daughter, Faith, shares his feeling. Captain Mark Bearse, retired steamship captain, at once visits his old friend Doctor Nye, proving his loyalty in spite of the bitterly hostile community. Doctor Nye is strangely moved when Payson, his man of all work, reports the return to the village of a Mrs. Powell, a former Summer resident.

Judge Copeland tries in vain to bribe Doctor Nye to leave town. The doctor's first professional visit is to the shanty of a poor Portuguese family, the Roses. Tom Stone, son of Cyrenus Stone, Nye's landlord, begs Doctor Nye to attend his mother, who is ill. The case proves to be typhoid, contracted from well-water. The doctor pulls Mrs. Stone through. Then a motor crash near Doctor Nye's door lands Faith Copeland, the judge's daughter, in Nye's house, desperately injured. She had wrecked her car in avoiding Mrs. Gaspard's child, of the Portuguese tribe of the Roses.

THE Portuguese woman who had opened the door had followed him into the sitting-room. Now she spoke:

"Doctor!" she said.

Nye did not hear her. He was bending over the sofa. She tried again.

"Doctor!" she repeated.

He turned to look at her. His own face was as white as that of the unconscious girl.

"Eh? Yes?" he queried.

"She die; eh?"

"What? I don't know. Don't bother me now."

"Doctor?"

"Yes, yes," impatiently. "Don't bother me!"

"What I do now?"

"Do? Nothing. Wait!"

He began to make a hasty examination. Outside the house a murmur of voices was steadily growing louder; there were shouts, exclamations, outcries. Steps sounded in the yard, in the dining-room. The woman—her name was Gaspard—spoke again.

"Sshh! sshh!" she hissed. "Don't come in here. You wait!"

Nye looked up. The doorway was crowded with faces. The Gaspard woman, with arms extended, was barring the entrance. Over her shoulders peered the faces, open-mouthed, pale or flushed, morbidly excited. Mr. Bush's face was there, also Beasley's and those of the nearest neighbors. As the doctor turned in their direction there was a chorus of questions and exclamations.

"Doctor——"

"Godfreys, ain't it dreadful?"

"Is she killed, Doc?"

"What——?"

"Hush!" continued Doctor Ephraim.

"But, Doctor, what you goin' to do? What——"

"You—you, Beasley, you shut up!" commanded Mrs. Gaspard, waving her hooked fingers within an inch of the speaker's nose. The Beasley head was jerked out of danger so promptly that its rear collided with the nose of another citizen in the crowd. A fervent "What the divil you doin' of?" was wrung from the agonized owner of this second nose. Jonathan tried to explain, and the uproar swelled.

"Get them out of here!" ordered Doctor Nye.

Mrs. Gaspard got them out. She threw herself bodily—and she was no featherweight—against the front rank. As it gave she expedited matters by stamping violently upon the foremost toes. Then she slammed the door and threw her weight against that.

"There, by gar!" she exclaimed, puffing. "They go; I guess; eh? You stay outside, big fools!" she added, at the top of her lungs.

The uproar in the dining-room was but slightly muffled. Beneath the sitting-room window-shades were rows of peering eyes.

"What we do next, Doc?" inquired Mrs. Gaspard.

"Send some one for Doctor Parker. Some one with a car, if possible. Who is out there?"

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"Eh? Everybody. All hands. And more comin'. Wait, I look!"

She opened the door a crack and peeped out. "Sahh! Go 'way!" she screamed, addressing those without. Then, for the doctor's benefit, she began to catalog the throng.

"Joe Beasley—Miss Beasley—Old Bush—Sam Doane—Tim Black—Jimmie Black—Sarah Newcomb—Philander Newcomb—all the Newcombs——"

She was interrupted. The babble in the dining-room grew suddenly louder. There were more exclamations, groans, protests, mingled with commands in a masculine voice.

"Let me through! Clear the channel!"

Mrs. Gaspard exclaimed. "Cap'n Mark Bearse, he come," she said.

The doctor turned his head. "Mark!" he exclaimed "Good! Tell him to come here. I want him."

Captain Mark, breathless, fought his way into the room. He looked at his friend and at the still form upon the sofa.

"Good God, Eph!" he groaned. "This is terrible. Is—is she——"

"No, not yet. Mark, is your car outside there? Good! Will you go and bring Parker here? Bring him in a hurry. And—wait a minute—I want a woman. Is there any out there, one with sense, I mean?"

"Matildy's in the car. She and I were just goin' for a ride when we heard the news. She'll come, if you want her."

"*Want* her! I never wanted any one more"

"I'll fetch her."

"All right, do. And then go for Parker. If he is out find where he is and go after him there. Oh, yes! and Mark."

"Aye, aye, Eph."

"Some one will have to tell her father. It better be you, I think. Bring Parker first and then go for the judge. Hold on! Help me carry her into the bedroom."

Carefully and tenderly they lifted Faith Copeland from the sofa and bore her into the little bedroom adjoining the sitting-room. There they laid her upon the bed. Bearse hurried out in search of his sister. A minute later Mrs. Hopkins entered. She was pale, but the way in which she set about removing her hat and wrap was a guaranty that the practical coolness and common sense of which Nye was in such sore need had arrived

"All ready, Doctor," she said.

"I want you to help me," he ordered. "There is water in the pitcher on the commode there. Bring me a towel and a basin." Then, turning to the Gaspard woman, he added, "Keep that door closed. Don't let any one in here except Doctor Parker or Judge Copeland."

IT WAS a half-hour later before Doctor Parker reached the Dillingham house. Captain Mark ushered him into the room. Parker was, usually, the embodiment of professional dignity and fussy preciseness. He was not so now. This shocking happening to the daughter of his chief patron, the autocrat of Ostable, had broken his nerve completely. He was an elderly man who made it a practise to camouflage his sixty-odd years. Now, however, he looked his age—and more.

"How—how is she?" faltered Doctor Parker.

"She is still unconscious. There may be some concussion, tho how serious I can't tell yet. There are bruises, of course, and one ankle is badly sprained. I can find no broken bones. Come in. Mrs. Hopkins, will you and your brother wait here for a while? We may need you. Mrs. Gaspard, you may go now. Thank you very much."

The Portuguese woman nodded contentedly. "I go find Joé—my baby—now," she answered. "That Althy Bemis she los' him long ago, I bet. Goo'-by. You want me more, I come."

Alone with her brother in the sitting-room, Mrs. Hopkins asked a question. "Have they sent for Judge Copeland?"

Captain Mark looked troubled. "The judge isn't home," he replied. "He went to New York on the Fall River boat last night. They're telegraphin' him at the hotels where he generally stops. My glory! this is awful, isn't it? How is she?"

"You heard what Doctor Eph said. She hasn't come to yet, poor thing. How did it happen? Have you heard?"

Mark told her. The Gaspard child had darted out into

"'NO, YOU CAN NOT MAKE ME ANGRY,' SHE SAID. 'AND YOU MAY LEND ME AN UMBRELLA'"

the road directly in the path of the Copeland car. Faith had instantly swung the auto into the fence.

"A spunky thing to do," declared the captain, "but she always was a brave girl. There isn't enough left of the car to make good healthy junk out of. That's the end of the graduatin' present. Dan Copeland didn't figger on anything like this when he indulged her with it, eh?"

Matilda shook her head sadly. "I hope it isn't goin' to be the end of somethin' more precious than the automobile," she said. "He idolizes Faith, the judge does."

Captain Mark sighed. "Say," he observed, after a moment, "this is about as strange a thing as ever was, isn't it?"

"I don't know. The papers are full every day of accidents pretty near like it"

"I don't mean the accident, exactly. I mean its happenin' right here in front of this house and—and *him*—" with a motion of the head toward the bedroom—"bein' the one to pick her up and fetch her into this house—*his* house. Whew! What will Daniel say when he finds she's in *his* hands?"

"He can be thankful."

"Ye-es, he can, but will he? What can I do now to help, Matildy?"

"You can get this gang away from the dinin'-room and the windows. Tell 'em to clear out and keep quiet. Tell 'em Doctor Parker says so; that'll have more effect than Doctor Eph's sayin' it. Go along now, but keep within hail. We may need you any time."

The captain started to obey orders. His sister asked one more question. "Where's that Henry Ward Beecher Payson?" she demanded. "Now that I come to think of it I haven't laid eyes on him since I landed here."

Her brother grunted. "The Lord knows where *he* is," he answered. "'Cordin' to tell he was seen in an automobile—or what was an automobile once—headin' out of town along with Bluey Batchelder. That was about ten o'clock this mornin'."

Matilda sniffed disgust. "You don't say!" she exclaimed. "Those two together, eh? Then 'tisn't the Lord I'd go to to find out where he is. I'd get quicker returns if I asked the Old Harry! Tut, tut, tut! No tellin' when he'll be home again; and to-day of all days! *Why* did Ephraim Nye ever hire that lame duck to work for him? '

Captain Mark's lip curled. "I asked Eph that very thing," he said, "and he told me 'twas because he was a lame duck himself and birds of a feather flocked together. Well, here goes to clear the decks of stragglers. It isn't goin' to be an easy job to shoo some of 'em away. If I was at sea I could use a belaying-pin—hen, if I can use is talk, and talkin' against Angie Bush and Althy Bemis is like tryin' to wash back Niagara Falls with a hose."

IN SPITE of the captain's efforts all that afternoon and during the dusk of the early evening a crowd, smaller and changing in personnel, hung about the ruins of the Dillingham fence and the Copeland car

It was about five o'clock when Parker came out, accompanied by Captain Mark Bearse. The doctor was very pale and very nervous. He would say little. When asked if Miss Copeland was out of danger he shook his head. Were her injuries likely to prove fatal? He hoped not—good Heavens, he sincerely hoped not. Had any word been received from the judge? he asked. None had, so far as they knew. He was going to visit another patient, one seriously ill, in another part of the town, but would return soon. He and the captain rattled away in the latter's car.

At a quarter to six another visitor hastened up the walk to the side door of the Nye residence. Mrs. Hopkins answered his knock.

"What is it? Your mother—she isn't worse, is she?"

Tom Stone seemed surprised, almost bewildered. "Mother?" he repeated. "Mother? Why, no, she is all right Getting on spendidly. What made you think——"

"I don't know. You looked so—so sort of white and—and scared that I—well, naturally, I——"

He interrupted. "How is she?" he demanded.

"Faith, you mean?"

"Yes: yes, of course. Faith—Miss Copeland, how is she?"

"Why, she is—come in a minute, won't you?"

He entered the dining-room. At that moment Doctor Nye opened the sitting-room door and saw him.

"Why, Tom!" he exclaimed. Then, prompted by the same thought which had caused Mrs. Hopkins to question, he added: "Nothing wrong at home, is there?"

The young man impatiently shook his head. "No," he said. "But—but Faith—Miss Copeland——?"

"Oh, dear!" he quavered. "Oh, dear me! I—I—where is she?"

Mrs. Hopkins took his hat from his trembling fingers. "She is in there," she replied, indicating the bedroom. Nye appeared in the doorway of that apartment. He and his fellow physician had not exchanged a word since the former's return to Ostable, but this was no time to remember that fact.

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"She is no worse. She——" He stopped, turned his head, and listened. Then he hastened back to the other room.

The door of the little bedroom was open and through it he could see the white face upon the pillow. He had been watching it but a moment before, and then the eyes were closed. Now they were open and were regarding him. He stooped over the bed.

"Faith," he said.

The eyes looked up into his. There was a puzzled expression in them.

"What—what is it?" asked the girl, faintly. "Why—what——"

"All right, all right," he murmured, soothingly. "You must lie quite still. How do you feel?"

"I—I don't know. I don't seem to—to understand."

"No, of course not. But you must not try to understand yet. Just remember that everything is all right and——"

"But where am I? Am I hurt? Why am I in bed? And—and who are you?"

"I am the doctor."

"The doctor? Am I sick?"

"Just a little, but you are getting better now. You mustn't talk any more. Just——"

"You are not Doctor Parker. Who *are* you?"

There was a new note in her voice, a note of growing alarm. Nye rose.

"Wait a moment," he said gently. "Mrs. Hopkins is here. Mrs. Matilda Hopkins; you know her. She will——"

Again she interrupted. "Why—why——" she faltered, "I know you. You are my uncle—that man—you— Oh, oh, where am I? Where is my father? No—no, *don't!*"

He had made a move as if to lay his hand upon her forehead, but he did not complete it.

"Hush, hush!" he said gently. "I am going to call Mrs. Hopkins. She will tell you everything. And please believe that you are quite safe and that Doctor Parker will be here soon."

"But where is father? Oh—*Tom!*"

NYE turned quickly. Young Stone was standing in the sitting-room, a yellow envelop in his hand. He was not looking at the envelop, however; he was looking at Faith Copeland.

"What are you doing in here?" asked Doctor Ephraim sharply.

Tom started, met the doctor's gaze, flushed, and extended the envelop. "It is a telegram from Judge Copeland," he stammered, confusedly. "It reached the office just now and they brought it here. Mrs. Hopkins was in the kitchen, and I knew you would want to see it, so—I'm sorry. I didn't think. I beg your pardon!"

He turned toward the door, but Faith Copeland spoke again.

"Oh, Tom," she begged. "Please stay. I—I am afraid!"

Stone hesitated. Doctor Nye glowered sharply from one to the other, then turned his attention to the envelop. It was addressed to Doctor Parker, but he tore it open and read the enclosure.

"Faith," he said, "your father is leaving New York on the eleven-thirty train. He will reach Providence at five or a little sooner and he wants the car to meet him there. That will be arranged, of course, and you will see him by seven in the morning, surely. He sends you his love. Tom, will you call Mrs. Hopkins?"

But before Tom could leave the room Faith spoke again. "Oh, Tom, please," she pleaded. "I—I am afraid!"

Stone paused once more. He was greatly agitated. Nye looked at him and at the wide-eyed, pallid face of his patient.

"He will stay," he said, quietly. "You needn't be afraid—Miss Copeland. I will get Mrs. Hopkins at once and Doctor Parker will be here in a few minutes. Don't talk, and don't ask questions. Remember!"

He went out. Matilda was in the kitchen and, after giving her some hasty directions, he sent her into the sitting-room. A moment later Tom came out. He was in what Mrs. Hopkins would have called a "state."

"Doctor," he demanded, "is she—is she going to be all right? Do you—do you think——"

Nye held up a protesting hand. "She is, if she is given a chance," he said, curtly. "She must not be excited, however. Your coming just then was rather unfortunate."

"I'm awfully sorry. You see, I have been over in Denboro and on my way home they told me of—of the accident. I came right down. I'm sorry I went in there. I—I didn't think. The telegram came and——"

"Yes. Well—I didn't know that you and she were such friends."

"Why—why, we used to be. Here—at school, you know; before I went away and—and she did. We—we knew each other very well—then."

"Um—I see. Tom, I want you to do an errand for me, will you?"

"Of course. Anything."

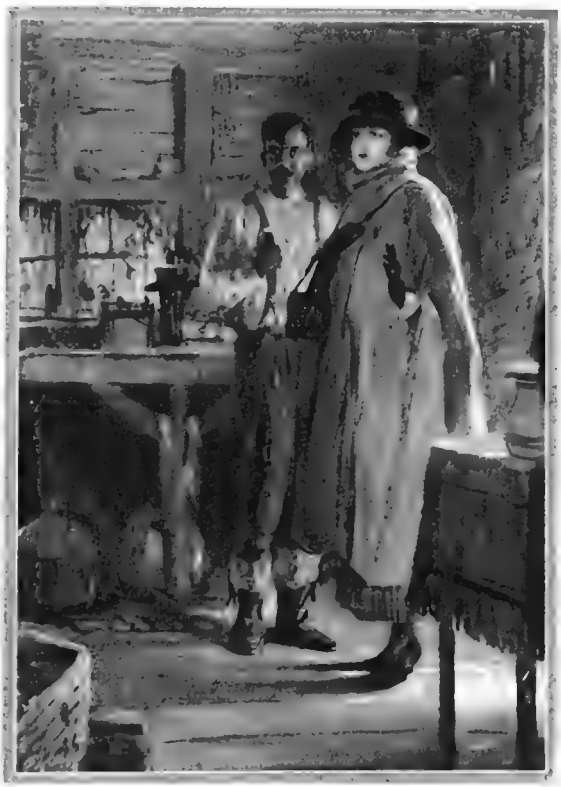
"Your mother is getting on so well now that she doesn't need a nurse. Your father has arranged for Marietta Lamb to do the housework regularly, and the nurse from the hospital was to leave your home on Wednesday when her week was up. It will do no harm if she leaves now—to-night. You have a car, haven't you?"

"Yes, the one I have hired for the Summer. It is out here. I came in it."

"Good! Then go up to your house, explain to your father and to the nurse that I need her, and bring her here at once, now. Hurry as fast as you can."

"All right, Doctor Eph. You—you think she can't be moved—can't be taken home—Miss Copeland, I mean?"

"Not at present. Probably not for some time. Oh, it is all right, or as nearly right as it can be under the circumstances. Doctor Parker will be in charge of the case and I shall—well, she will not be unnecessarily frightened by—any one else. Now go!"



"A FEMININE VOICE WAS SPEAKING, A FULL, RICH VOICE, SOFT, REFINED; THE VOICE OF A GENTLEWOMAN 'OH, I AM SO SORRY, SO SORRY!' IT SAID"

WHEN Parker returned two hours later the nurse from the Wapatomac hospital was already installed. Nye was in the dining-room. When Doctor Parker, after a visit to the injured girl, came out again, he found his fellow physician sitting by the table, his pipe in his mouth and a book in his hand. He laid down the volume and motioned to a chair.

"Sit down, Doctor," he said.

Parker accepted the invitation, but with evident reluctance. For some moments he did not speak, but took off his eye-glasses, rubbed them with his handkerchief, put them on again, and sat rolling and twisting the handkerchief between his fingers. Several times he opened his lips, but each time closed them without a word. It was Doctor Ephraim who spoke first. "Well?" he queried. "What do you think?"

Parker looked up and then down again. "She seems to be getting on better than we—than I could have hoped," he said. "She is asleep now."

"Yes. She regained consciousness about six o'clock and was inclined to be excited and apprehensive. I gave her a quieting dose. Nothing drastic. You saw it on the chart, of course, and no doubt Miss Dana told you. She is a capable person—the nurse, I mean. You know her better than I, probably."

Parker nodded. He stirred uneasily in his chair and fidgeted with the handkerchief.

"This is most unfortunate—most unfortunate!" he murmured.

"Yes. But it might have been much more so."

"Of course—of course. You don't apprehend any—any—er—serious outcome, I take it?"

"No—nothing alarming. The shock to her nerves is the worst we have to fear, I think. Absolute quiet and rest and care, these she must have for some time. You agree with me, don't you?"

"Yes," rather reluctantly. "Yes, I suppose you are right. But——"

"But what?"

"It is very unfortunate—very. You—er—I judge by your bringing the nurse here that you feel that Miss Copeland—er—should not be moved—er—immediately?"

"Moved? You mean taken from this house?"

"Why—why, yes."

"I most decidedly do not. Do you?"

Doctor Parker rolled and unrolled the handkerchief.

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"Very unfortunate!" he said again. "Dear me! Dear me!"

Nye looked at him. "You have used that word several times," he observed. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean—why, it is fairly obvious, isn't it? Judge Copeland is a man of—er—strong views and—er—feelings. He—er—well—well—"

Doctor Ephraim interrupted. "You mean that he is likely to object strongly to his daughter's remaining here—in this house—my house," he said. "That is what you mean, isn't it?"

"Why—why, yes. Naturally, everything considered, he might be expected to—er—dislike the idea. I—well, frankly, I should not consider such a dislike unreasonable."

"Perhaps not. What do you suggest doing?"

"Doing? I—I confess I don't know what you mean?"

"I am putting it as plainly as I can. Do you suggest that she should be taken to her own home at once? Will you assume the responsibility for having her taken there—now?"

"I?" Parker straightened in the chair. "Why should I take that responsibility?" he demanded.

"Because I most emphatically refuse to take it. If she is moved to-night—or to-morrow—yes, or within a fortnight—I shall have nothing whatever to do with it. Plainly, I think it might kill her, and I won't be a party to murder, even tho," with a grin, "it may be more or less universally expected of me."

Doctor Parker threw the handkerchief pettishly upon the table. "It is *most* unfortunate!" he declared.

"I agree with you. It is unfortunate for all of us—particularly for me."

"For you? Really, I must say that your attitude is—is—I don't like it, sir. I do not like it."

"I am not surprized, exactly. But why?"

"Because I don't. Judge Copeland is our leading citizen. Why do you smile?"

"Did I? I beg your pardon. I was thinking of something that I said to—an acquaintance—concerning the disadvantages of being a leading citizen. But the judge does occupy that exalted position. Go on."

"He is a highly respected man. A man of honor—and family."

"Yes. And family, of course. Go on."

"His daughter is the pride of his heart. He worships her. He—he is devoted to her. She is injured; she is here—*here* of all places. With—with——"

"With me. But she will be in your charge, not mine. I was obliged to take charge at first, but that was accidental and necessary. If it had not been I should not have done it."

"She will be here for—for some time. He will be obliged to come here to visit her. Here!"

"Unless you take the responsibility of moving her elsewhere."

"Nonsense!" impatiently. "You know she can't be moved."

"Well?"

"Then—then— Oh, it is dreadful! It is damnable! Of all places in the world that this should have happened! I declare it seems as if—as if Satan himself was in it."

"Perhaps he is. Do you believe in the devil, Parker? It is out of fashion to believe in him nowadays, but he does help to explain things. And we are told, aren't we, that he is a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour?"

EVEN THE CHURCH HOLDS ALOFT AN EMBLEM OF THE SEA

DOCTOR PARKER rose from his chair. "I have always understood that he could cite Scripture for his purposes," he declared, tartly. "Well, I must go. I shall be here early in the morning with Judge Copeland. Nye, I—I dislike to ask it, considering what I have just said, but I *must* feel that I can rely upon you to an extent. If—if you need me, if any change takes place——"

He hesitated. Doctor Ephraim rose also. "I shall call you if necessary," he said. "I sha'n't interfere with your case, but as this is my house I shall be here and ready in an emergency. Between Miss Dana and myself your patient will be moderately safe, I think. Good night."

Matilda Hopkins and her brother would have remained at the Dillingham house until morning, or indefinitely, if Doctor Nye had deemed their presence helpful in any way. But he would not hear of their doing so. Everything was all right, he said; the nurse was there and he was there. They must go home and go to bed.

Mrs. Hopkins was doubtful. "Who is goin' to get your breakfast, yours and that nurse's?" she wished to know.

"Why, Henry, of course. Henry will be here pretty soon."

Matilda sniffed. Captain Mark snorted.

"He may and he may not," he declared. "And when he does he won't be thinkin' about your breakfast. No, nor carin' much about his own, neither," he added, with conviction. "Matilda and I will go home because you order us to, but we'll be back again to-morrow, and early."

"And I'll bring along somethin' to eat in case it's necessary," vowed Mrs. Hopkins.

During that night Doctor Nye slept but little. He meant to and he went to bed with that intention, but the human brain can not be turned off at will like a gas-jet, and his continued to work. The astonishing happening which had brought his niece beneath his roof had aroused memories which in turn resurrected others, a long chain of them, which he had hoped were buried forever. At last he rose and sought relief from his own thoughts in those of others. Dressing, he came down-stairs and sat reading by the dining-room table until morning. Miss Dana, the nurse, coming out from the sitting-room occasionally, reported that her patient was sleeping fitfully. When she woke she complained of some pain and invariably asked if her father had come. Once the doctor, at the nurse's request, tiptoed in to see her. She was asleep, and the flush upon her cheek seemed to indicate fever. He laid his hand upon her forehead. She woke, saw him, and cried out. He hurried away, feeling guilty. It was a distinctly unpleasant night.

AT DAWN, soon after six o'clock, a big motor-car roared down Bayberry Lane and stopped at the place where the Dillingham gate had been. Miss Bemis, awakened by the roar, raised the window-shade of her bedroom a discreet inch or two and, peeping beneath, experienced another thrill. From the limousine emerged Judge Daniel Copeland and Doctor Parker and hastened up the walk, the former in the lead. The side door of the Dillingham house opened to receive them.

"My Lordy!" exclaimed Miss Althea, excitedly. "He's come!" She was upon her knees by the window, and in that position she remained for the next hour. To watch and pray is commanded. Miss Althea was not entirely neglectful of these duties, but this morning she was too busy to attend to both.

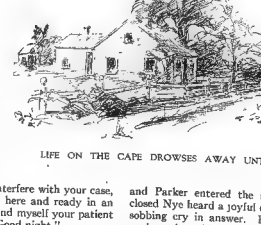
It was Doctor Ephraim who opened the door for Parker and his companion. Judge Copeland entered first. He was, so it was the town custom to say, a "mighty young-looking man for his age." Now, however, he looked older, years and years older. Nye, facing him there in the dining-room, was almost shocked at the change. For Ephraim Nye to dare to pity Daniel Copeland would, in all orthodox Outside, have been considered an act of imprudent and insane sacrilege, but the doctor was close to committing it.

"All right, Judge," he said, quietly. "It's all right. She's getting on well."

"How—how——" faltered Copeland.

"Doing well, I tell you. And she will be better for seeing you. Go in."

Miss Dana opened the door and beckoned. The judge



LIFE ON THE CAPE DROWSES AWAY UNTIL A CHARACTER LIKE DOCTOR NYE APPEARS

and Parker entered the sitting-room. Before the door closed Nye heard a joyful exclamation of "Father!" and a sobbing cry in answer. He sat down by the table and again took up his book.

Perhaps twenty minutes later he became aware of steps upon the walk outside They were queerly irregular steps and, to his astonishment, they were accompanied by the sound of music. Some one was singing, or attempting to sing, the cheerful altho rather out-of-date ditty which estimates the distance to a town in Ireland:

"Itsh long way to Tippera-ree,
Itsh long way to-o go!"

The doctor put down his book and, striding to the door, threw it open. Henry Ward Beecher Payson was balanced on the ancient millstone which formed the threshold. Balanced was the word, but barely that. Mr. Payson swayed and smiled.

"Goo'-by, Pic-hic-dilly,
Farewell—— Hello, Doc!" he sang—and said.

Nye shook his head. "You confounded idiot!" he exclaimed with fervor.

Henry accepted this estimate of himself with a beaming smile. "Hello, Doc!" he said again. "I'm back. Been back sooner, only had to go home with—with Bluey. You know Bluey. Goo' feller.

"I was sheein' Bluey ho-ome—ho-ome,
I was sheein' Bluey home—
From Aunt Di-i——"

The melody was broken off here. Doctor Ephraim's hand shot forward, seized the lapel of the singer's coat, and dragged him bodily across the sill and into the house, a procedure accompanied by much thumping, scrambling, and clatter of wooden leg.

"You idiot!" repeated the doctor. "Be still! Shut up! Here," leading Mr. Payson to the kitchen. "Go in there! Sit down in that chair! And don't you move till I tell you to." Henry, sprawled upon the chair, regarded his employer with bland dignity.

"All right, Doc," he agreed serenely, "Jush you say."

DOCTOR EPH shut the door upon him. He had scarcely done so when the sitting-room door opened and Copeland and Parker came out. The latter, closing that door with caution, held up a warning finger.

"She is asleep," he whispered. Nye nodded.

"I have told the judge," continued Parker, "that in my judgment Miss Copeland must remain here for some time—for the present at least. Naturally, he would prefer her to be—to be——"

"Almost anywhere else. Naturally, as you say. Well, so should I."

Parker was a good deal taken aback; he looked surprized and offended. Judge Copeland stiffened.

"Then we are agreed, so far as that goes," he said, crisply. "However, my daughter's recovery is the only thing to be considered now."

"Exactly." This from Doctor Eph.

"Yes. And so she must stay here, I suppose. I shall, of course, insist upon paying all expenses. For her nurse, of course, the use of the rooms, for the service you rendered her at the time of the accident. For everything."

Nye shook his head. "I am sorry," he said, "but you can't do that, Judge."

"Can't do it? I certainly shall do it!"

"Sorry, but you can't. For the nurse—yes; you may pay her. But for the rooms—no."

"Why not?"

"Because they happen to be my rooms and I don't charge for them. I should not rent them to any one else and I sha'n't to you."

"But—you must. Do you suppose I intend to be under such obligations to you?"

"I'm afraid you can't help yourself. This whole thing is what Doctor Parker called it a while ago—very unfortunate. I don't mean the accident itself. That is, of course, much worse than unfortunate. But that it should have happened just here is—well, it is almost ridiculous, isn't it? A joke on us both—eh, Judge?"

"A *joke!* Good Heavens, do you call it a joke?"

"Why, yes. One of the pleasant little jokes that seem to come in my way every once in a while. Somebody—fate or the devil or whatever it may be—has had a lot of fun at my expense. This is one more merry jest to add to the list, that's all."

"Ephraim Nye—"

"There, there, Dan! What is the use? I won't take a cent from you. If you had called me professionally—admitting such an impossibility to be possible—I shouldn't have gone. Faith was—well, she was thrown in here. She, nor you, nor I could help ourselves. She is here and, as Parker says, she must stay here for a while. She'll be in his care and I sha'n't interfere unless something happens while he is away. I should do that, just as any other doctor would, but I won't be paid for it. There are the rooms; use them. And we'll try to make it all as impersonal as we can. No, we won't say any more about it."

Judge Copeland and Doctor Parker looked at each other. Then the latter laid a hand upon the Copeland sleeve.

"Come, Judge," he said. "Doctor Nye, we shall be back in a little while. If—if Miss Dana *should* need my—my assistance while we are gone, I——"

"I shall be here. Well, Judge, what is it?"

Copeland was hesitating. When he spoke it was with difficulty.

"Doctor Nye," he began, and Ephraim noted the fact that it was the first time he had addressed him by his professional title, "I—I—you make this so hard for me that—that——"

"Don't try. It is hard for both of us; I realize that. You'll have to admit the joke yourself when you think it over. Good morning."

"But—yes, Doctor Parker, in a minute! Nye, I realize

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"WITHIN ANOTHER EIGHT GENERATIONS ALL THE PILGRIMS' LIVING DESCENDANTS COULD BE PUT INTO ANOTHER VESSEL THE SIZE OF THE MAYFLOWER AND SENT BACK HOME"

Cartoon by Cornelia Brownlee

BETTER BRAINS OR—BEDLAM

We Must Halt Our "Biological Joy-Ride" in Order to Save Our Nation, Says the Third and Closing Article of This Stirring Series

BY ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

EDITOR'S NOTE—Without assuming responsibility for the statements made in this and the preceding articles of this notable series, Pictorial Review presents the "race betterment" argument as brilliantly set forth by this distinguished lecturer upon science and social questions. It merits the most serious consideration.

OUR Puritan forefathers *lived* on parched corn, but they *talked* about God. They shot Indians through the port-hole with one eye and taught the Bible to their children with the other. And the thing which transformed America from a wilderness into a world-power was that the family of children numbered from five to fifteen.

Will those men and women of prayer and iron *and children* be America's continuing breed? Or will the children disappear and the prayer and iron vanish with them? Nothing is more certain in science than that godly people beget godly children, and an ungodly stock spawns a godless brood. In the building of nations, schools, colleges, churches, industry, finance, law and order, a godly race, high-born blood is everything—absolutely everything.

Let us, then, turn the searchlight of science upon America's family prospect, for the prospect of the family is the destiny of the nation. And remember it is always *"the man who is left"* whose children, whether good or bad, replenish the earth in the days to come.

In 1920 the school-teachers of America who had any children at all had given birth to 2.2 children per family; the bootblacks had come within one-tenth of a child of giving birth to four!

Now, I know of no reason why bootblacks may not be just as worthy in the sight of God as school-teachers, but I am not speaking of the qualities that may admit a man to the kingdom of heaven, but of those that will keep us out of a hell on earth. It is not the worst of bootblacks to give new trends to thought and destiny; they do not often lead the souls of men to the still and holy altars of beauty and of passion, and they seldom stamp new conceptions upon the imaginations of mankind.

School-teachers on the other hand are among those national saviors who touch the world with new adventure, who teach us to guard the heart with a new wisdom, and who bring to the dejected soul an ever freshening lilt and joy for the moral struggle. Above all they help to make a civilization possible where bootblacks may have boots to shine.

It would seem, therefore, that only that nation was truly progressive which was increasing its school-teachers at a faster rate than its bootblacks, but, plainly, America has set out upon the opposite trend.

This crude birth-rate, however, does not begin to measure to the full the relative contributions which bootblacks and school-teachers are making to the citizenship of to-morrow. Nearly all bootblacks marry and have children, while scarcely half of the school-teachers ever marry at all. We have, indeed, fully carried out the racially destructive portion of St. Paul's injunction and forbidden a *married* woman to teach. As the some of the richest strains of the national blood were not committing suicide fast enough, we have by law, precedent, economic penalties, and social pressure compelled them to do so!

If we look further into one of the most thrilling pieces of literature published in recent years, which ought to have been among the "six best sellers," but of which I imagine the Government had difficulty in giving away a thousand copies, entitled "The Sixth Annual Report of the Birth Statistics of the United States," we find that in this same year, 1920, the lawyers and judges of America who had any families at all had 2.2 living children, while the janitors and sextons had 3.4; the authors, editors, and reporters had 2.1, while workers in stone quarries and gravel-pits had 3.6; skilled mechanics had 2.6, while boiler-washers and engine-hostlers had 3.1; doctors had 2.1, and skating-rink and dance-hall keepers had 2.6; mine officials had 2.9, mine laborers 3.6, while stenographers and chemists made the poorest showing of all, with 1.8, and garbage men and scavengers made one of the best—at least one of the highest—with practically three living children.

It seems, to put it none too strongly, that America was simply "hell-bent" on taking a brief biological joy-ride, with the definite policy of later turning over its vast spiritual treasures to the less intelligent.

Now, it requires neither Elijah's mantle nor Sam Weller's "million magnifyin'-glass, that could see through a double deal door," to read the meaning of such pathetic and portentous figures. Every schoolchild knows that Burbank achieves his triumphs solely by selecting the best specimens for parents. There is no mystery about it. Farmers ever since Eden have done the same thing, only they have lacked Burbank's wizard eye to detect the best.

But suppose that Burbank bred only from the worst! Well, that is precisely what America is doing and what every civilization has done since the twilight of the gods. For this reason we read their history only in their ruins.

BACK in 1912 Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, in his "Changing America," showed that this anti-Burbanking process was then in full swing. A hundred students have since confirmed its rising tide. There recently came to Harvard University from England, Professor William MacDougal, one of the foremost philosophers of the British Empire. He signalized his coming by a singularly clear and cautious analysis of the American situation and racial prospect in a book entitled "Is America Safe for Democracy?" and with all available facts as his sounding-board Professor MacDougal sends out this solemn warning: "When I see America dancing gally, with invincible optimism down the road to destruction, I seem to be contemplating the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind."

Now, a man is neither a pessimist nor alarmist merely because he tries correctly to read the Census Report. However, if he does read it correctly it is difficult to keep him from becoming both. Unfortunately, in order to impress us, statistics have to be written in blood.

We lack imagination. We fail to see the depleted ranks of national leaders which stretch away to guide the coming generations —that "thin red line" tipped with genius which is ever growing thinner and which is all that ever stands between any nation and its doom. We fail to picture our republic's future without its Adamses, Edwardses, Lees, Lowells, Randolphs, Perrys, and the

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Some Things You Should Know

DO YOU know that garbage men, street-cleaners, and dance-hall keepers are increasing the population at a faster rate than chemists, lawyers, salesmen, preachers, doctors, and social and political leaders?

Do you know that at the present birth-rate of their graduates our colleges will all be empty within about 200 years unless we can draw students from other and probably less brainy sections of the people than those from which the present-day students are coming?

Do you know that 90 per cent. of our leaders are college graduates, and that if all those sections of the people continue to commit class suicide, intelligence and morality of a high order will rapidly become extinct?

Do you know that with the graduates of some of our women's colleges it takes from one and a half to three graduates to produce one baby?

Do you know that about 10,000,000 babies which ought to have been born in the past 25 years from our more successful families have not been born, and probably twice as many from our unsuccessful stocks that ought not to have been born have been?

Do you know that while 1,000,000 country people produce 100 leaders, the same number of city people produce nearly 250 leaders?

Do you know this is due largely, probably wholly, to the fact that cities have for generations been sucking up the *best* boys and girls from the country?

Do you know that despite many even alarming tendencies, counter-tendencies *are* beginning in our social, political, and intellectual life, which if firmly grasped by our leaders can be made to sweep America and Western civilization into a new renaissance of spiritual ardor and social reconstruction?

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

Fourth Article, Throwing New Light on the Chaplins, Pauline Frederick, Geraldine Farrar, and Other Celebrities

BY SAMUEL GOLDWYN

AUTHOR'S NOTE—I want to acknowledge the co-operation of Miss Corinne Lowe in the preparation of these articles. But for her enthusiasm, her patience, and her splendid co-operation given me in every way, this series could never have been written.—SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

IT WAS one day just after the Goldwyn Company's inception that Arch Selwyn and Roi Cooper Megrue came to me in great excitement. "Maxine Elliott's arriving to-morrow from England," announced Megrue.

"Yes, Sam," added Selwyn, "and we think it would be a great thing if you signed up with her. Right this minute the Shuberts are after her for pictures."

When, a few days later, Miss Elliott came to my office I thought I had never seen a human being more radiantly lovely. When I considered, too, that in addition to this glorious beauty she had a reputation for these looks in every hamlet in America, the one anxiety which assailed me was, Can I possibly get her away from the other fellow? As a matter of fact, I did secure her only long after arduous negotiations.

Never was a picture surrounded by more care than Miss Elliott's first production. Irvin Cobb and Roi Cooper Megrue wrote the story. Both names should have assured the excellence of the vehicle. Allan Dwan, one of our most celebrated directors, assumed charge of the production. Hugo Ballin, the portrait-painter, designed the sets. In spite of all this perfection of detail, "Fighting Odds" was an abject failure. Never, indeed, was any Goldwyn film criticized so ferociously as this. Not only did we lose on the picture itself, but the "flop" was so conspicuous that it resulted in the cancelation of other pictures of ours.

All this was far from heartening to further performance, yet in the midst of the storm called forth by her first picture Miss Elliott was busy on her second. She was now under the direction of Arthur Hopkins, who, altho he had been studying studio methods for some months, had never before assumed full sway of a production. Probably nothing on the screen was more amusing than that inner drama of inexperience and bewilderment revealed in the making of this second picture.

One day Miss Elliott, her throat swathed in yards of tulle—a protective measure of which she, like Bernhardt, often availed herself—was wheeling around and around on the set.

"Good gracious!" whispered somebody impishly as she looked at this futile and pathetic whirling of the statuesque woman, "isn't she ever going to run down?"

Poor Miss Elliott, she evidently didn't know what to do when she stopped turning! And I doubt if Mr. Hopkins was more inspired!

At this point the reader may wonder why I, a producer of experience, would confide so much in two people who had so little screen experience. The answer to this is that I have always wanted to enrich motion-pictures by assured talent from outside fields. This involved experimentation, and it was natural that a few of my experiments should fail. Others, on the contrary, have proved the wisdom of bringing in new blood.

That Mr. Hopkins, a theatrical producer of such merit and reputation, did not justify my selection of him was due to his indifference to the new environment. He never regarded pictures seriously, and after directing the Maxine Elliott story he came to me and told me that he could not get his mind sufficiently detached from the stage to ever be successful in a studio.

A BEAUTY of the stage with whom I had a more fortuitous contact was Pauline Frederick. Miss Frederick was with Zukor when I founded the Goldwyn Company. That she transferred to me was due to her husband, Willard Mack, the playwright and actor.

A COOL MORNING FOR PAULINE FREDERICK AND DIRECTOR ÉMILE CHAUTARD, REHEARSING "HER FINAL RECKONING"

Coming up to me one night at the Directors' Ball at the Biltmore, he said:

"See here, Sam, Polly's contract with Famous is just about to expire. How about it, anyway? Now I'd like to see her go with you, for you're a young company and I'm sure you would take a bigger interest in her."

I fell in immediately with this line of thought, and some evenings later he phoned me to come see him at the Lyceum Theater, where he was then appearing with Lenore Ulric in "Tiger Rose." When I got to his dressing-room I found Miss Frederick there. Together we three discussed the possibility of the star's transference to the Goldwyn Company, and after some weeks of conference the possibility crystallized into a fact.

Needless to say, Mr. Zukor did not take the news of her defection any too kindly. For at this time Miss Frederick's large American following was reenforced by great popularity in other countries. In England, for example, she was as much of a drawing-card as was Mary Pickford. In his irritation at her loss it was, I suppose, quite natural for my competitor's sentiment to overflow to me. Normal or not, it certainly did so. Meeting me at a ball soon after the news of the contract came out, Mr. Zukor began overwhelming me with reproaches for my treacherous conduct in weaning his star away from him. In vain I explained that the advance had been made from her side, not from mine. He refused to believe me. Finally the discussion became so heated that Alice Joyce came running over to us.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said she laughingly, "I don't know anything in the world worth so much discussion—especially a motion-picture star!"

At this time we were just on the point of moving our studio from Fort Lee to California. This involved, of course, moving Miss Frederick. A gentle theory this, but its execution threatened danger. For Miss Frederick was devotedly attached to her husband and he was playing in New York.

I am not overrating the emotional pressure of this situation. Compared to Pauline Frederick—Mrs. Micawber gave a wavering brand of devotion. She never would desert Mr. Mack—not for an hour. I have related that the first time I talked to her regarding a change I found her in her husband's dressing-room. This was no coincidence. It was a habit. After working hard all day on the set, she spent every evening back of the scenes with Mack.

In consideration of such strongly marked feeling on her part I obviously was compelled to do something about Mack. The fact of it is that, far from wanting him on the basis of agreeable surroundings for his wife, I was most anxious to shift him from theatrical work to our organization. A playwright of skill, an actor of experience—why should I not have supposed that he would be a valuable addition to the Goldwyn Company?

THE position which I offered him finally was head of the scenario department. Altho he was making more on the stage, he accepted my appointment at five hundred dollars a week, for the salary was accompanied by the promise that if he made good I would raise his salary and give him a long-term contract. He started his new duties in the Fort Lee studio and they were achieved so satisfactorily that we transferred him together with his wife to the California establishment. Thereby hangs a tale.

In the old days when Zukor and I used to exchange confidences regarding our respective disagreements with various screen performers, he was always emphatic in his praise of Pauline Frederick. "Now, there's a girl that anybody could get along with," he would say. "Easy to handle, likes her stories, always on time on the set." So consistent were his comments on the model star that I looked forward to Miss Frederick's presence in my studio much as does a motorist to a stretch of glossy asphalt after innumerable rough detours.

Alas for such expectations! By the time that "teacher's pet" reached me she had begun to share some of the characteristics of less exemplary performers. That this was so may be traced chiefly to her husband's position in the studio. For it was on the question of scenarios that I found her most captious.

"I don't like this story!" she would say to me after reading something that I had considered especially suited to her.

"What don't you like about it?"

She was always able to assign a reason, but underneath this alleged objection I discovered gradually the vital source of prejudice. The rejected scenario had not been written by Willard Mack!

There was, too, another cause for the beautiful star's departure from that ideal course of conduct hymned by Zukor. In the Summer following my formation of the Goldwyn Company I had engaged Geraldine Farrar. The latter and Pauline Frederick met in the Fort Lee studio. From that time forth the business of picture-production became more complicated.

"Of course," Miss Frederick would say, "this story is nothing so good as the one you've given Geraldine Farrar."

Miss Farrar, on the other hand, seemed to assume that Mack's position in the editorial department gave Pauline a

MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "THE ETERNAL MAGDALEN"

CLAIRE SHERIDAN AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN THANK MR. GOLDWYN

PRETTY MILDRED HARRIS, WHO BECAME MRS. CHAPLIN

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decided advantage in the choice of scenarios. Between two such fixed and divergent view-points there was only one course to steer. This was a Machiavellian one.

"I don't like this story," began Pauline one day.

Very well," retorted I equably, "we'll give it to Miss Farrar. She wants it badly."

Mysteriously, magically, these words seemed to overcome my star's objections. She not only took the story, but ran away with it.

Meeting with such marked success in one direction, I was encouraged to extend the application of my guileful principle. The very next story I showed Miss Farrar I accompanied with the confidence that Pauline Frederick was crazy to get it. Magic again! Here was the one scenario at which my prima donna never demurred.

THE passage of time has enabled me to smile at such incidents. Then, however, I was less susceptible to the humor of the situation. This was hardly strange. For here was I attempting to do a big, constructive piece of work and at every turn I was met by trivial jealousies, trivial obstructions.

The worst of it is that the star's warfare against a scenario does not end the struggle. Once he or she has been persuaded of its merits the director is next called in. Often, of course, this personage thinks that the one obstacle in his career of authorship is lack of time. Consequently when the drama is put into his hands he starts to rewrite it. The result is that before long star, director, and editorial department are embroiled in a long and bitter conflict. Naturally, in these days of which I am speaking the case was appealed to me by each of the combatants.

The wear and tear of all this are felt by the scenario as well as by the producer. Is it any wonder that of the original story bought by the editorial department, perhaps one idea survives the general assault? For by the time that you have wheedled your actress into accepting "Mary Had a Little Lamb" the director decides that a goat possesses infinitely greater revenues of humor. Then the editorial department, conceding the goat, insists on an alteration in the type of heroine. She becomes "Hildegarde, the girl with a punch." After this everybody thinks up so much business for the goat while he is on the road that, of course, he never gets to school at all. He probably lands at Coney Island or, better still, in the lobby of a fashionable hotel. Of one thing at least you may be certain: the terminus will be some place where Hildegarde can wear all her latest Paris gowns and wraps.

If I had really submitted "Mary Had a Little Lamb" to some of my stars I think it would have been accepted more readily than many more mature dramas. For Mary was very young, and if there is one thing upon which the average screen performer insists it is a youthful part. In real life she herself may be the mother of an eighteen-year-old girl. No matter! On the screen she must appear "teen-tial."

I remember one such experience in connection with Pauline Frederick. She had read a story in which she was very anxious to appear. The heroine of that story was a girl in her teens. Mr. Lehr had a long talk with her, in which, as gently and diplomatically as was possible, he pointed out that such an extremely youthful rôle would accentuate rather than diminish the discrepancy between her own age—so that this was formidable—and that of the screen heroine. She looked a little crestfallen at first. Then with a very sweet smile she yielded.

"Ah, well," she sighed, "I suppose you're right!"

One of the most amusing bases of rivalry in my studio was that of orchestral accompaniment. A word of explanation is required at this point. When Miss Farrar first came to make pictures for the Lasky Company we provided a small orchestra for her inspiration on the set. This unprecedented luxury, now an almost universal feature behind the screen, was thereupon exacted by other performers. Furthermore some of them did very accurate bookkeeping on the subject.

One day Pauline came to me with a very injured expression. "I'm not pleased!" announced she.

I believe I managed to act as if I were meeting an entirely fresh situation. "Well, well," asked I, "what's the trouble now?"

"Why, it's this: How can you expect me to do my best work—I ask you—how can you expect it? I have only one violin—one poor little violin——"

"But, Miss Frederick," I interrupted her, "you had no music at all while you were with Zukor. How about that? Yet you were doing your best work there."

She reflected for a moment, and I saw then that I had not reached the root of the matter. This was quite evidently the fact that Geraldine Farrar had two or three violins. I tried to point out that the latter's operatic tradition demanded this excess of string stimulation, but I was not successful. The number of pieces each actress should have became, in fact, one of those absurd bones of contention on which I, as a producer, was compelled to throw away much vital energy. Finally my studio became a three-ring band. When I entered it in the morning I wandered from the jazz selections which were toning up Mabel Normand's comedy to the realm where sad waltzes deepened Pauline Frederick's emotional fervor. The circle was surrounded by the classic themes infolding Geraldine Farrar. It was hardly strange that outsiders used to gather every day to share in these free airs.

When not guarding her studio rights Miss Frederick is the most delightful of women. I have told in a previous chapter of her gift of getting along with only a few hours' sleep. This same vitality sparkles in every look of her eyes, in every sentence she utters. It leads her to a deep interest in literature—she is one of the best-read women I have ever known—and to a hundred phases of human activities outside her own province. Altogether, a magnetic and bracing and colorful human being!

While I was having difficulties with Pauline Frederick I was not enjoying an untroubled business relationship with the star whose supposed advantage she so much resented. Earlier in my story I have told of how Geraldine Farrar's first invasion of our field brought to our ears nothing but delighted comments on her director, her stories, and her general environment. Sadly I am not compelled to ascribe this first fine, careless rapture to her inexperience in pictures. For when she came to work for the Goldwyn Company she had acquired enough information about the screen to make her critical of stories, directorship, and various other production details.

Now, too, a personal element in her life contributed to her attitude toward pictures. For since she worked on the Lasky lot she had married Lou Tellegen.

Photo by James Hargis Connolly

PAULINE FREDERICK, "THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF WOMEN"

LEFT TO RIGHT: LOU TELLEGEN, ABRAHAM LEHR, SAMUEL GOLDWYN, AND GERALDINE FARRAR

Photo by Richee

SYDNEY CHAPLIN, CHARLIE'S BROTHER, "IS AN EXCELLENT COMEDIAN AND A VERY REAL BROTHER"

AT THE same time that Pauline Frederick was discontented with any scenarios not written by Willard Mack, Geraldine Farrar was discontented with any leading man who was not Lou Tellegen.

The second Summer of her engagement with us we deferred to this longing. We brought Mr. Tellegen on to play with his wife. He did more than that. He frequently played against her.

About this time I believe Mr. Howard Dietz, the brilliant young chief of my publicity department, gave out an interview with Tellegen to the effect that he was delighted to be back in pictures, particularly when under such ideal conditions and when they afforded him the opportunity of playing with Miss Farrar, who "was as excellent an artiste as she was a wife." This sentiment warranted a smile from those who saw how he embraced that privilege.

To be concrete: While they were playing together on a set Tellegen would frequently try to arrogate to himself the most advantageous focusing of the camera.

He was apt to become sulky if this campaign was frustrated, and, seeing this, we hit at last upon a harmless method of humoring him.

"Take him that way," we whispered to the director, "and then we'll throw away the negatives. The ones we'll keep will be those where Farrar is played up."

He was almost equally insatiable of "close-ups." "You haven't made a single one of me yet," he would complain after a careful computation of his wife's advantages in this respect.

And she, the beautiful Farrar, hitherto so much the conqueror in love—did she realize the rivalry, the antagonism back of these efforts? She certainly did. Time and again she tried to bring him into the conspicuous position he so much desired. When she failed her look was all for the pain of his hurt, not for that which she might so reasonably have felt at such an attitude on the part of a beloved human being.

Tellegen did not seem much more appreciative of her off the set. Often when they were lunching together, for example, you overheard some teasing reference on his part to the fact that she was some years older than he. She never replied angrily to such remarks. Indeed, the general criticism of her behavior was that she was entirely too nice for him.

"Watch him! He's as sure of her as he is of the ice-man coming around. Why doesn't she make him wonder a little?" So remarked one of a group watching the famous pair as they sat together one day in the studio café. The objection was well taken. Geraldine was bending toward her husband with her accustomed look of rapt absorption. She was talking to him eagerly with a frequent flash of the perfect white teeth. He, on his part, was silent, absent-minded, even a little sulky. When he answered her at all it was in monosyllables.

Time and again, in fact, studio folks beheld this metamorphosis of the romantic and ardent lover of another California Summer into the indifferent husband of this. And when it came time for the great prima donna to leave, what a saddening contrast to that former day when Tellegen had run madly beside the train bearing his love toward the East! A recent Summer Miss Farrar stood beside her special train. The fourteen personal attendants she had brought with her were running hither and thither with her baggage and possessions. She, however, seemed to know nothing of what was going on around her. For Lou Tellegen stood before her, and she was looking into his eyes.

At last, just before the train started, she threw her arms about him. All her dread of separation was in that embrace. You could see what it meant to her to leave him even for a few weeks. And he? Listlessly, with hardly one responsive gesture, he stood encircled by his wife's arms.

Yet such apparent indifference never seemed to quench the fire kindled by that first glance of Tellegen's on the Lasky lot. It was almost unbelievable—the reckless lengths to which she, this careful, methodical business woman, was driven by one despotic emotion. I am giving now what was perhaps her most tempestuous departure from usual standards.

During her second Summer with the Goldwyn Company,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

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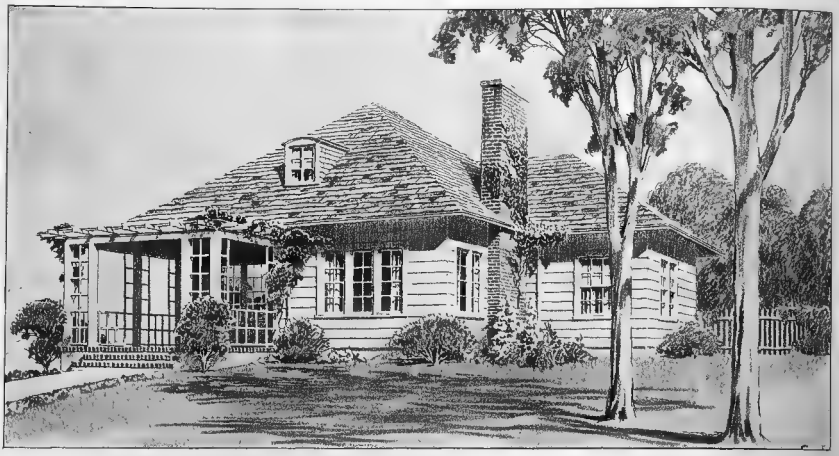


PICTORIAL REVIEW LOVE-NESTS

The Fourth of a Series of Cozy Dwellings, Easily Enlarged if Need Be

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

THOUSANDS of dwellers in small apartments have remarked, "If these rooms were only situated out in the suburbs, with an open porch and a small yard of our own, I would be happy." And many of those who are tenants in the houses which were erected before the present decade, when building and living costs were low and servants were easily secured, are saying, "I have entirely too much house, too much work to keep it in order, and too much rent to pay."

I think, moreover, that the majority of those who own their own homes are ready to admit that they would be much better off in every way if they had followed a more conservative schedule when their homes were planned.

In my experience in house-planning I have always found that even those who are most intelligent and competent in their own fields of activity have little idea of dimensions when described in terms of feet and inches hence a better method seems to be to make a comparison between the rooms in your present quarters and those of the contemplated new home. This will save many surprises, some of them disconcerting, when you move to your new quarters.

Another thing which is very deceptive may be worth mentioning. Don't be discouraged when your new cellar is started and you feel that the whole house appears to be no larger that a fair-sized living-room. Remember that before the enclosing walls are raised you are comparing the size of your foundation with the vacant fields around you, and naturally your building-outline is considerably dwarfed.

I have often heard such misgivings expressed when the house is first staked out on the lot, and then I have known these same owners to ask, when the house is finished and the final bills begin to appear, "Why did you let us build it so large?"

AND so, all things considered, the initial cost, the labor of caring for the interior, the scarcity of hired help, and the thought of possible future repainting and repairs—all point to the cozy, small house. This is the idea which suggested this series of tiny homes, and while the one-bedroom arrangement indicated in the main plan may not provide sufficient accommodation for most households, it will answer, temporarily at least, the requirements of many couples; and the alternate plan shows how an additional sleeping-room may be attached either in the first operation or at any future time.

Some of the previous designs of this series provided for three or more bedrooms, and even in the plan shown herewith such additions are entirely feasible.

If it is desired to use the attic, the coat-closet adjoining the fireplace may be omitted and the attic stairs be added over those to the cellar. With this arrangement the entrance is from the living-room. The dormer-window on the front was designed more for appearance than for utility, but if attic rooms are desired they may be easily lighted and ventilated by means of larger dormers on the rear.

A basement is contemplated under the entire building except the front porch, and in this basement, under the kitchen, is the laundry. The heating-plant may be of any of the standard types—hot water, steam, hot air, or pipeless furnace.

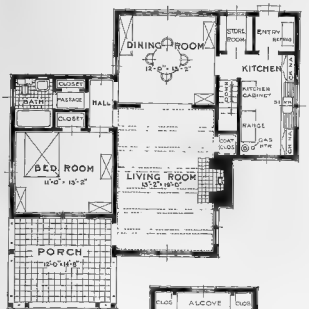
The kitchen is of the efficiency type previously described, and contains provision for about every convenience likely to be desired. If gas is not available for cooking, the range smoke-pipe may be connected to the main chimney. The refrigerator is shown on the rear entry next to the kitchen door, and a large storeroom for provisions adjoins this entry.

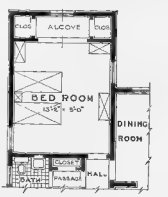
The materials shown call for a frame building, with the exterior walls covered with wide clapboards, and for a shingle roof, altho this is, of course, subject to all sorts of variation.

The chimney is indicated to be faced with brick, but this will look well in either stone or stucco Regarding the materials for the foundation, I will say that the weight of any bungalow is not sufficient to cause any uneasiness as to safety if any one of the standard forms of masonry construction is used for the supporting walls of the basement. I would therefore advise using those materials which are most economical in your locality.

In some sections stone is so plentiful that it is almost always used for this purpose, whereas its cost would be prohibitive in other locations. This principle applies to the other materials of construction.

The open porch shown on the front may be easily enclosed with glass and screens if desired, and a sun-parlor, available for use in all seasons, will thus be arranged.





OF THE TWO FLOOR-PLANS, THE UPPER ONE SHOWS THE COTTAGE WITHOUT ENLARGEMENT; THE LOWER PLAN, AN ADDITIONAL BEDROOM, WHICH CAN READILY BE FITTED IN A CORNER, ADJOINING THE DINING-ROOM

THE house measures 38 feet 8 inches in width, which means that a 50-foot lot will provide ample width, including space for a driveway. If no driveway is required a 45-foot lot would answer the purpose.

The cost of construction would probably run from $4,500 to $5,500 for the one-bedroom plan, and the additional room would increase the cost by about $800. These figures are of course only approximate, as building costs vary widely in different localities and under the many other conditions which prevail. On this account the opinion of your local builders had best be asked.

And remember—there was never an architectural design so attractive that the liberal use of shrubs, vines, and flowers did not add wonderfully to the effect after the builder had completed his work; so it is well to remember this when considering the appropriation necessary to insure the most attractive finished home.

Those who have not seen the previous designs of this series may be interested in securing reproductions of the preceding articles. These may be had on request if six cents in stamps is enclosed to cover mailing cost.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Woods will gladly answer any questions regarding this house, free of charge. Address care House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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The best way to prepare delightful cream soups!

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21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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TOWER OF SAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

in a sunny nook around the corner and nappin' at the sky.

"'Uncle,' says I, 'you should see the swell company we got to-day. Some class to us,' I'm just sayin', when who should come strollin' around the corner behind me but this same guy in the blue broadcloth and buttons.

"Well, sir, at the sight of the old geezer in the chair he come to a stop. He come to the deadest stop, by and large, I ever seen in my life. Thud! The first thing he does is drop his mouth open. Second thing a hand come up to feel his lip, spasmodic sort of, like it was a welt. Third thing he takes his hand down and don't know what to do with it. Fourth thing he goes as red as a beet.

"And here's Uncle Two Fathom as red as a whole bunch. And the first thing he does when *his* mouth fall open is shut it up tight as wires again.

"Well, I wish you could've been there and seen them two old buzzards—or more like two old dogs run into each other accident'ly around a corner. Ever watched it? Too proud to fight and too scared to run. Glued eye to eye. I wish you could've seen 'em!"

I wonder if I can. The two ghost-gazers. The one, recumbent, staring up at the hero blue and aureate brass of achievement. The other, erect, staring down at the ashes of a man.

"'This here,' says I to myself, 'is a funny play.' The stranger ain't red any more; he's as white as a pilla-case. Two Fathom's as white as a sheet. And yet it never once come to me; not once.

"'Well,' says I to myself, 'this is none of your conundrum, either,' and I'm on my way again around another corner when, lo and behold, thump—thump—thump, here come our blue-and-buttons friend behind me, stiff-legged, eyes front, like a guy that's remembered a pressin' engagement somewhere else. Next thing I hear is them twelve cylinders down there tunin' up to sing.

"The funniest thing, tho, was the way he come back that night again. It's like this. First thing I knew of anything bein' wrong with Two Fathom was when Burt come down to relieve me with word the old man was taken.

"'Taken?' says I. 'With what? Where?'

"'Taken to his bed,' he says. 'Seem like they find him all gone aheap this afternoon and had to carry him in the house, bodily. Guess the old gentleman's time is about run,' says Burt.

"WELL, on my way to the hay I had to pass near the light, and there's Joe Bangs with a lamp in the kitchen door, and there's this blue-and-buttons man outside with no hat on and his hair tousled.

"'Can't make it out noways,' Bangs is sayin.' 'He just seem to've quit. Doctor's got nothin' to go on. All he'll say is he might live till Christmas and he might not. Just seems to've give up and quit. Damn business!'

"The other says the same, slow, in a queer-soundin' tone: '*Damn business!*'

"That's all there is to it. Bangs close the door and the other branches off the other way in the dark, and I hear an engine idlin' down in the road—flivver this time—no twin-six.

"You think it's funny it never come to me. But somehow it never. A guy standin' watch and watch, same as I and Burt was that week, he's got to get his sleep and not worry his head with other folks' affairs.

"Next mornin', tho, I did ask Bangs who that man was.

"'What man,' says he, and that's all he'll say: 'What man you mean?'

"'Oh, if that's the case,' says I. 'Well, how's the old gent to-day?'

"'Bad!' he says. He pucker up his forehead and look at the ocean. 'Darnation bad. And so all of a sudden, too. Doc Dean says it's weakenin' of the 'orta, whatever that is; to me it seem he's just spent. Gettin' old. Doc says he might hang on till Christmas—tho come to think on it, Christmas ain't so far off, at that. Well, I don' know, don' know. Look like we might have a piece o' weather 'fore long by that sky, don't it?'

"He's right, there. We got our piece of weather, no joke. Wasn't more'n another thirty hours the wind begin to blow all-git-out from the north or thereabouts—all I know is it's a cold one and a wet one, now snow, now sleetin', now a spit of rain. And I and Burt standin' watch and watch.

"Know what that means, Mister? Emil Ganz, our third man, is off on leave a few days—and them turnin' out to be the prize days of the Winter. Well, do you know what it means in a compass-station when there's been no sun to shoot for fifty-sixty hours and all the ships along the coast wantin' to know their bearin's quick? And two guys doin' the work, watch and watch?

"Well, it don't mean readin' *Pop'lar Science* or copyin' commercial to fill in the gaps. Believe me! I remember the kind of daze I used to be in when I'd get off duty—seven in the morning, say, just comin' on light. Light is good. Comin' on a kind of grayish mud's more like it, and the lighthouse still slicin' round and round, *zoom, zoom, zoom*, as if it would make any difference to any one in that bellowin' muck. Oh, it's merry! Howl and moan go the wind. Grunt and choke go the fog-horn. Batter and knock go my ankles. Wink and blink go my eyes. *Zoom* come the light again. And there's Mrs. Bangs, say, kind of purple-wristed and string-haired and one shoe untied, siftin' ashes outside the kitchen door.

"Well, I got to ask her what sort of night her pa's had; can't do less.

"'Not so good,' says she, and shake, shake, shake go the ashes. 'Hangs about the same,' says she. 'Got no urge.' Shake, shake, shake.

"'I miss him evenin's,' says I, like to yawn my head off.

"'We'll all miss him,' says she, like to yawn hers. Shake, shake.

"It's funny sometimes, them mornin's, as if I was so all in I was dreamin' on my feet.

"Shake, shake, shake. Shake him down under the ground. Days ago they've got over the shock of his goin'; already they've almost forgot to grieve. There he lay in the house a corpse—as good as—all quit and done—and yet they have to make the bed and empty the slops still—till Christmas, mebby—that's a bother. 'Damn business!'

"That's the way I used to see it, tho, stumblin' up to the bunk-house in the cold, and the whole ocean lickin' up the cliff in the gray. Crazy! Batty! Tragic, all the same, kind of——

"Well, there's a night. Twelve-to-seven trick, and there's been four solid days of blind weather. Lots of static to-night—funny thing, too—won't often get it like this. It's there, tho, a spit and a crackle, and I have to work like a freight-handler gettin' the compass on some of these boys. Never give up, tho; *can't* give up. Get 'em in the end and shoot it over the wire to Chatham, same as always.

"Gettin' cold. Throw some coal in the Arco, open her up, come back, sit down. Right away here's BRI on the job. Our old friend the *Ar'tic*, thinks I, wantin' to know the way to Europe and callin' NAE; that's me. All right. I swing the compass on her and jot it down, even before I give her back a K—that's habit. Then I sit up. I got so used to havin' that QTE come on along ('My bearing?') that when it don't it's a jolt. Here's how she read instead: 'NAE from BRI—700.'

"What sense is that? This ain't the time for charades, you understand; not to-night. There he is, tho: '700'—'7 0 0'—borin' in through the static—till he got my goat. He takes his breath a minute, and some fellow, BEA, tries to chime in for a bearin', but there's the big fellow back again drowndin' him out with that nonsensical '700.' What's more, here's Chatham on the land-wire wantin' to know what BRI's up to with me, as if it was *my* doin', and I'm sore for fair. 'Tell BRI,' I give him, 'to say something or else get the hell out of the air!'

"BEA's got in at last and I've spotted him and shot her along, and I'm sittin' there scowlin' at the vac-tube, still grouchin' over that silly kid trick of the *Ar'tic's* (you know it's criminal a night like that), when all of a sudden a flash come into my mind. '700,' eh? Reachin' over to the condenser, I turn her down to the seven-hundred wave-length. Sure enough, by Jink, there he is, tryin' me patient, hopin' for luck, 'NAE—NAE.'

"Well, I got no business hangin' around down there a night like this, but before I think I got a hand on the tapper to Chatham: 'Relay BRI DE NAE—K 700.'

"The sender at Chatham must've been too busy to notice and just sent her through without questions. Couple minutes later here's my friend in the ear-piece, and I can almost hear his spark take on a new lease of life:

"'Is MILES STANDISH STILL ALIVE?'

"The hell! Strung for a sucker! Just because it was hereabouts them Pilgrims landed, this funny man out there thinks I must be a cod-head. Miles Standish! I could eat nails! And not able to talk back, that's the worst. But I got to—got to somehow—and it's got to go through Chatham by a fluke. I remember that poem from school——

"'Relay BRI DE NAE.' I make a stab at it anyhow, 'SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN.' And I pray a prayer: fire me out of the navy afterwards if you want to, but just this one time shoot her through!

"I sit there on seven hundred, holdin' my breath, to see what comeback the life-of-the-party'll rake up now, and when it come all the breath went out at once. Listen:

"'STANDISH CALLED TWO FATHOM—IF ABLE MUST ABSOLUTELY COMMUNICATE—MATTER LIFE AND DEATH.'

"Mister, the hair stood up on my head. There's something about the whole thing—the night, the storm, the stutterin' static, the funny catch of that name, like ghosts, the poor old fellow as good as gone up there to the house, and this tick-tack 'way off on the ocean—'Life and death!'

"What am I goin' to do? There's eight hundred up there full of trouble, and there's where I ought to be, and here's Chatham bawlin' me out: 'Stand by!' And here's where my name is Mud. Unless—— And last minute I see it; here's the phone.

"I grab that crank and I grind it and grind it. Pretty quick here's Burt up in the bunk-house, half awake and swearin' mad.

"'Burt,' says I, 'you got to beat it down here. Can't explain now. Come in your shirt. Runnin'!' Slam!

"I couldn't wait for him. I'm out in two minutes and I meet him comin' down, and there's a look on his face. I pass clear of him by rods.

"'This is a matter of life and death, Burt, and I'll tell you later. Go stand by till I get back, that's a boy!'

"He says something I don't care to hear, and I see him vanish in a puff of light, and the wind set me down at the keeper's kitchen door. I've given it a bang of the fist before it come to me what a fool business I'm about.

"BANGS is in the door with a lantern on his arm, lookin' me over queer.

"'I don't know,' I keep sayin'. 'All I know is it's the *Ar'tic*——'

"'*Ar'tic!*' he says. 'Why, that's Nathan's boat——'

"'Nathan?' says I, as dumb as dumb. 'Well, all I know is he wants to speak with a Miles Standish——'

"'That's pa,' he says. 'But look here, God-a-miney——' He let his voice drop and jerked an eye toward a door standin' open into the kitchen. And then I hear it too. You wouldn't imagine you could hear such a thing in that storm, but I did—I hear it—the creak of a bed.

"'God-a-miney!' says Bangs.

"'Yes, I know,' says I. 'This guy tell me it's a matter of life and death, that's all. Guess he must be in trouble out there on the ocean.'

"That bed creaked again. Bangs stepped over and shut the door and come back wipin' sweat.

"'You go and tell Nathan it's life and death with pa, too—with*out* the "life." Tell Nathan the old man ain't up to it. God-a-miney, what a thing!'

"'What a thing!' I says it to myself, out in the dark again. I can't put all that through Chatham, any way you figger, and I stand there like a woman, wringin' my hands. Then, 'Burt, you got to stick it a while longer, whether or no,' and I'm off for the sendin'-house on the run.

"Laws, but it's cold there! Ain't been a fire for a week. And something worse'n cold—course that's the one night the dang fuse has got to blow—dark. Dark as pitch

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

College Men and Pictorial Review

PICTORIAL REVIEW employs hundreds of college men every year. It is assisting them financially and at the same time training them to be leaders in college and successful men after graduation.

¶ The boys themselves have written, praising the magazine for what it has done for them. Now the presidents of the colleges which these boys attend have recognized the splendid work Pictorial Review is doing.

¶ We feel that our readers who have given their subscriptions to college men will be intensely interested in what President Dawson of Howard College has written.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Howard College

Birmingham, Alabama

Manager Educational Division,
The Pictorial Review Company,
7th Ave. and 39th St.,
New York, N. Y.

January 19, 1923.

My Dear Sir:

I am writing to express a word of appreciation for what The Pictorial Review Company has done for a number of our Howard College boys. The young men who have gone into your employ during the vacation periods from Howard College have been students who without your aid could not have completed their college studies. The fact that you have enabled these young men to continue their college work is a splendid thing in itself, but I consider that of minor value as compared with what you have done for these boys otherwise. You have made "Go-Getters" out of them. You have put something into them that will count very largely for success in after-life. I have watched the boys who have been with you from our institution and I feel quite certain that every one of them will be successful in life. Your work with college students is a very helpful factor in the education of the country, and I wish to congratulate you and to thank you for what you are doing for our institution.

With best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

John C. Dawson

President.

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She who is mistress of the gracious art of dining *well*, has a quick sense of the appropriateness of foods.

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Libby's

MEAT DELICACIES
(already cooked)

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TOWER OF SAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

except for every five seconds when a spoke of light come around outside across the mast and all them wires, and then it's like a flash of so much starlight winkin' in at the windows. And that fog-devil in the shack next door lettin' off a shriek and sendin' the chill up your spine, as if it ain't chill enough without. Oh, it's happy, happy!

"Never mind, I get hold of the wave-changer, three hundred outside across the mast and all them wires, and then it's like a flash of so much starlight winkin' in at the windows. And that fog-devil in the shack next door lettin' off a shriek and sendin' the chill up your spine, as if it ain't chill enough without. Oh, it's happy, happy!

"Never mind, I get hold of the wave-changer, three hundred outside across the feel, and let loose the old spark. Then I got some light, don't free! Ever see the juice workin' in the dark? Cracklin' blue willies with green fringes on? Zip-zippy, and the shadows shootin'? Well, I sit there in the cold and fireworks and I begin to call—'BRI—BRI—BRI——'

"After minutes it come back—'K.'

"'I shoot: 'STANDISH ALIVE BUT TOO WEAK TO CHRONICLE.'

"I shoot and I wait. The starlight on the aerials winks in the windows and the wind and the hearn get under the shingles like the big bassoon, and I sit and shiver and wait. It's funny, but that's the first time I ever think any more about a radio message than what's under my finger or in my ear. And now I seem to see this one goin', goin', fightin' its way out through all that thick over the ocean and all the cross-currents and back-lashin's of static in the whirl of the cloud, feelin' its way to find that ship away out God knows where. And mebby it's because it get there mangled up—I don't know—but after a long minute come back a 'QTA.'

"'Two Fathom Dying.' I cut the repeat down short. Another hush.

"'He Must Get Yat or No.' I threw her back.

"'Could He Understand a Message?'

"Hell's bells, how do I know? I sin't God. Who am I tho, anyway? My head's beginnin' to round like a top. What on earth am I doin' here, ain't up navy juice on an off-length in private a night like this? And a couple of thieves talkin' sign-talk in a riot. Am I dreamin'? I am dreamin'—*nightmares! Whooo-r-r-rgh* begins the hoot next-neighbor, and right in the middle the door opens, and what do I see against the whirl of light on the cloud but a figger comin' in. Sneakin' in, totterin' in.

"I don't know where I am, but I'm sittin' frozo, and my thumb and second finger's tearin' out the long smark.

"'Standish Here Now Standing By' (and my crazy hand won't stop) 'IN A BEDQUILT!' I shoot her. Was ever such a thing put into the air!

"Don't ask me how he come there. Don't ask me how, even given the strength in a pinch, he got out of his bed and his room and the house without Bangs grabbin' him (unless Bangs winked an eye). I only know what I think while I'm sendin', and him and his crazy swoopin' shadow there in the spark-sheets in the corner of my eye —him and his bare blue shins and a mountain of flowered bedquilt grabbed about him, and them lamps—nothin' but them two round goggles fixed on me hypnotic out of that gray plaster skull.

"'He's dead,' that's what I think. 'He's gone and kicked in, and what I got is a haunt. What I got is a dead skeleton.' And sure enough I see a finger-bone come pryin' out of the quilt, pryin' out and pointin' out at the nippers over my ears.

"'What does Nathan want?' His voice is thin as a woman *zippin'* silk.

"'He's sayin',' says I, 'he's got three hundred-odd human souls aboard, not countin' the crew.'

"He come closer. I see him knifin' down slow past the outer chair, but his eyes never leave me and his shivery finger never let me go.

"'What does Nathan want?' His voice is like sand in the axle.

"'He says,' says I, 'you was right and he was wrong, and now that he admits it would you leave bygones be bygones and forget?'

"Never the bat of a purple eyelid; never a twitch to the whiskery skull. And his voice is like a dry diamond cuttin' dry glass.

"'What does Nathan want?'

"I never 'take' like I 'take' that night, and I never will again. It flowed in my ear like readin'. I forgot I was 'takin',' I guess.

"'He says,' says I, 'he can't figger how he come this far south. Engine disabled all afternoon. Got her goin' and made back north, he says; found water shoalin' at seven o'clock, figgered it Pericho Banks, turn northwest, found it shoalin' again, turn northeast, pretty soon same thing. Got anchors down now, but the tide's goin' and the wind freshens all the while and his cable's apt to part any minute and he can't see the ship's length and God help him. Uncle,' says I, 'do you make anything of all that?'

"Does he? Does a fish swim? He may be dead, dead and buried in a mound of bedquilt hollyhocks, but yet they say the dead knows all. I see him there in the trick starlight, just the scaffold of his beak and them two lanterns showin' out. Does he understand? Does the conquerin' hero come? 'His minutes may be counted,' think I, 'but his years is comin' true.'

"Fourth time he ask it, and it's like the devil filin' his fork.

"'What does Nathan say he wants?'

"I shoot and she come back jumpin': 'You Know Well Myles.'

"The finger-bone's shifted, pointin' like a pig-jabber at my key.

"'Tell him,' he says, 'take a sounding for bottom.

"'It come on the hop again. 'Just Have —Eight Fathom Shell and Sand.'

"His voice is like the bite of the snark itself this time:

"'Tell him this. tell him to break out that old chart I give him, and it'll tell him from his soundin'—everything—where he's layin'—what he should do—plain as the daylight. Tell Nathan that!'

"This is what I call fancy. Thus is 'sendin,' this is. What do I care, tho? Send everything in the world now, send poems, send books. Code runs up my backbone and out my arm and never mind the headache in the morning. 'Break Out That Chart I Gave You——' and so on, so on —and the blue light dancin' in zigs and zags and the skull there in the quilt-hole suckin' its lips for the taste of glory—'Tell You Everything Plain as Day.'

"Dark and a hush. Nothin'. Nothin' but the bleat of the wind. It seem eternity I sit there, waitin', straitin' my eardrums into the pieces. Dark and hush. By and by it come, tho, thick with static:

"'There Hundred Souls!' It seem to catch its breath. 'For God's Sake Boy!'

"It come out of my windpipe on its own: 'For God's sake, man! Look-a-here, Two Fathom! Say!' I was half up and I could've wrung his neck. It come to me—in a black flash sort of—that thing out there—the dark and the waves and that captain.

"I can see it too, the picture he envisioned—the dark and the waves—the waves mountaining down out of the rory dark, a giant heaval, a thunderous whipper-in—the cables thin as spider-stuff going out of the hawse-holes into nothingness—the dark wallow of the steamer's bottom—the pent hundreds, snoring in the security of ignorance or being innocently ill—the scud-cut gloom of the bridge—the underofficers shifting like the caged from cloth to cloth—the old man staring at the mouth of the radio-room speaking-tube, staring and licking his salty lips, swallowing his Adam's apple, sucking into his lungs a gulp of wind, pouring it out again: '*For God's sake, boy!*'

THE wireless sailor had my lapel in his fist.

"'Say!' I yell at him. 'Look-a-here, you old devil!' I could've wrung his neck. He's all quilt, tho, and he never jerk when I grab at him, and—'He's croaked for certain now,' I thinks.

"'Wait.' I send, more for the spark's anything. By the flash I see the smile still there on his mask, but his eyes gone glaze. And next I see the quilt come meltin' down onto the table-edge, and. 'That's the end,' says I.

"Then, lo and behold, I hear a voice, and it's like the wind in the neck of a bottle: 'Ask him what water he draws.'

"I ask, and the answer comes back like prayin' jazz: 'Ice.'

"'Where's the wind?' says Two Fathom in a dream.

"'N by E,' she come.

"'Is Nathan willin' to take my say?'

"'He says,' says I after a minute, 'he says he is.'

"'Very well,' says he, and I see he's gone off dreamin', dreamin' down at that filthy old mailin'-tube he's slipped out from underneath the quilt, dreamin' like a heathen at a whittled god. When he speaks again his voice is like another man—speakin' through a megaphone far away. 'Tell Nathan to get under weigh. Stand by to slip your cables. Got to lose what anchors you got down, no two ways, and if you ain't willin' to take my say——'

"'But he is,' says I. I read her out as it come back: 'Standing By.'

"'Hey, wake up!' says I. He's off dreamin' again. He licked his lips.

"'Get under weigh, run over your anchors, slip cables, steer to windward.'

"I shoot, and it don't seem more'n a minute before the spark is snappin' in my ear: 'Under Weigh — Cables Slipped —Steering N by E.'

"'Steady as she goes!' says the old man. 'Steady as she goes!'

"'Do I send that?' I wonder, and I'm just goin' to ask, when pop-bang she begin to go off in my ear:

"'You Send Me into Breakers— Hear Breakers Ahead— Two Hundred Souls Mine and I Am Blind Here.'

"The bedquilt rears up at that. The dead has come to life and a million mad. 'Souls or no souls!' he yell, 'I'm navigatin'. Steady as she goes!'

"'Steady as She Goes,' the word come back, and steady too.

"'When you see 'em breachin', sing out.'

"'Sing Out When They Breach —Sryin Fathom Now.'

"'See them breakers yet?'

"'Can Not See—Yes Can See Now God They Are Aboard Me.'

"The bedquilt goes up in the air like a cloud.

"'Port helm! *Port helm!*'

"'Helm Aport—Starboard I Swing— She Breaches Over My Bow.'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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TOWER OF SAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"'Steady on east by north half-east!'

"'E BY N HALF E—SHE BREACHES OVER MY RAIL.'

"'Let her breach. Steady as she goes. You're under a stone wall, Nathan. Hold her as she goes.'

"'AS SHE GOES—TEN FATHOM I HAVE.'

"'What bottom?'

"'GRAVEL—BLUE.'

"'Blue gravel she is!' Two Fathom let out a screech, a thin, high, wiry one with a cackle, and I see him spirin' up pale in his night-shirt, shakin' the quilt like a flag. 'Blue gravel in the channel o' Finback! Blue gravel drift down off Middle Bank ledge! By the livin' Creator o' God! I can walk it blind!'

"'SURF ON MY DECK AS I GO,' I read it comin'. 'IT IS HELL.'

"Hold her all the same, Nathan. Hold her steady t.ll you fetch twelve fathom on yellow sand!'

"My hand slid off the key. The sweat's runnin' a river down my nose and for a minute I'm all in. Course the way I tell it you don't get the drag. You don't get the waits, and the waits was the worst. What I tell you so far goes like ten minutes. But you can figger the time. First and last, what I and the old man done that night—I got it from Burt and the compass-house clock—took from a little past two till near six. So you can see.

"No, but you can't see, neither. You can't see the strange sight of old skin-and-bones in the blue flicker, stridin' the floor in his night-shirt. Marked for dead and gone to glory, and carryin' on hell-for-leather all the same. You don't hear his voice like a megaphone through the grind of the fog-horn and the rock of the wind. Dream-talk! Crazy-house! I can't make out what he's sayin' half the time, and it's always worse, and all I can do is sit there and send what I think I hear.

"'Wear her!' he'll yell. 'Wear her now!'

"'WEARING,' she'll come back.

"'Hard up!'

"'HARD UP.'

"'Gibe, clo!'

"'GIBING.'

"'God!' I'll hear him groanin' behind me. 'God!' I'll hear him prayin'. 'Here goes his sticks! Here they come tearin' out of him! Oh, God!'

"'SQUARED AWAY—12 FATHOM ON SHELL AND SAND.'

"'And God!' I hear him groanin', Hosanna! Praise be! Keep her full as she goes and none to the east! Let her bowl!'

"But you can't see it—not as I tell it." I can, tho. One thing, at least, I can see; a circumstance which eluded the imaginative grasp of my blue-eyed salt of the prairies. And this is that the man he called Two Fathom was sailing under white canvas now—no longer steel and steam. His eyes were on his sheets and halyards, his heart with his stays, his soul with his sticks. The genius of the fore-and-aft moved behind the well, dominating the invisible event.

"'Long reach on the beam now, Nathan. Easterly. None to windward!'

"'10 FATHOM GRAVEL.'

"'Let her come up a half point!'

"'HALF POINT—COME UP.'"

And so on with all the later fragments of that ethereal conning—a booming of duck and whine of hemp in the old seaman's mind.

The end arrived, as it were, without warning: one swift hair-rickling acceptance, ushered in by one five-syllabled report:

"'SHOALING FAST—RED GROUND.'

"'By the wind!' yelled Two Fathom. He's crept close now and I feel it on my scalp. 'Sheet her home!' he yelled.

"'STILL SHOALING.'

"'Hold her hard; the Footstone's under your snakes! Pull, boy, pull! Luff if you got to—but don't got to—make her if you can! What depth now?'

"'11.'

"'And now?'

"'10.'

"And once again I hear the old boy groan.

"'All clear now, Nathan. Steady as you go; all deep water to the other side of the ocean now.'

"'ALL DEEP WATER—MILES I DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY.'

"'Say nothin' but good-by.'

"'TELL I SEE YOU MILES.'

"'Good-by.'

"'GOOD-BY.'"

IT WAS now that the sailor fellow, fumbling his pockets, discovered a match, fired it, and blinked perturbed at the other's face.

"His eyes is glaze again. It's water. Ever see a skeleton weep?

"'Unc,' I says, 'come out of it. You'll catch your death here. Come home.'

"But he's begun to wreathe my fingers in the dark, toward the key.

"'Get Nathan again,' he says.

"'Come on; call it a night,' says I, then something about the old geezer made me climb back on the key. 'I call, and I get him after a minute, bull-hurk.

"'Tell Nathan,' says Two Fathom, leanin' on my ear, 'tell Nathan I could have sawed off my hand that time.'

"'AND I,' it come back singin', 'I COULD HAVE BIT OUT MY TONGUE.'

"'All deep water ahead now,' says the old man in a funny whisper, and I don't know if I'm to send, but I send. She come back boomin' through the sky:

"'AND ALL DEEP WATER ASTERN.'"

IN SOME ways I wish the sailor's story might have ended there. It would have made it a solider tale, what is more for the weary, it would have let all hands out of the inevitable accounting, the swing of the pendulum, the whole dismal business of getting the ancient mariner back, galtossed quilt and all, to his house, his astounded relatives, his smelly kitchen chamber, his bed of death.

Death-bed? No! No, indeed! The ember of exaltation burned still too imperious and too bright—too crafty and too bright.

"I seen it as I and Burt was standin' in the compass-house door, and the two of us bug-eyed with the night and all. I'm just tellin' him we'll divvy up the seven-to-twelve and he's to beat it to bed till ten—I'm just tellin' him, I say, when 'What's *that?*' says both of us together

"It wasn't much. Only when you get used to a thing like a column of light, say, sweepin' always the same, night after night the same—the least thing that happens different is goin' to make you jump.

"Well, we wait and we stare, and another five seconds must come the next spoke over our heads, bollin' bright. And sure enough, same identical place out there in the gray of the cloud over the ocean, *whif*, for the tenth part of the wink of an eyelid, she dip and she dim.

"'Somebody back up there in front of the lens,' says Burt. He's around the corner for a look, and I'm behind him.

"'Yep,' says he. 'Joe Bangs, prob'bly. Tho that's funny, what's he outside the glass for? Leanin' there on the rail of the top walk-around?'

"'It's—it's funnier than that,' says I. 'Burt, that ain't—' By God!'

"'But Burt's off for the keeper's house on the run.'

It does catch at the imagination, doesn't it? That swiftly swinging penumbral dimness athwart the ocean. That formless magnified shadow of man triumphant, cast "for the tenth part of the wink of an eyelid" against the dawn-grayed hangings of "them waters." Better than dying in bed!

"When Burt come back a little later he look more'n ever all in

"'It was the old boy,' he says. 'I just helped get the body down. How he ever get up that ladder nobody'll ever know. Hmmm!'

"'Well,' says I, 'all over for Two Fathom, eh?'

"'Yes,' says Burt. 'He's got his Christmas present and gone.'

"'By laws,' says I. 'This *is*, tho, ain't it?'

"'Christmas day in the mornin',' says Burt. 'And a merry one—and.'

"I set there thinkin'. 'Where'd you get hold of that?' says I.

"'This here?' says Burt, pullin' the old mailin'-tube from under his arm. 'Pick it up outside the kitchen door. Funny stuff,' says he, uncurlin' the sheet out of it. 'Always wondered where the place was at. Nobody will seem to say. Asked Bangs this mornin' and he give me the funniest look. The darndest funniest. Well, I s'pose we never *will* find out now.'

"Well, tho, says I. I called Chatham on the wire and ask if they just happened to range that call of BRI's the night before. It's second habit to most. I'm in luck. Minute or two I hear it comin'.

"'Plot this, Burt,' I says. 'Three-one-nine.'

"'Must be some deep to the south,' says Burt. 'Got your own now?'

"I run a finger back over the pad. 'Plot this. Two-nine-five.'

"Well, I see what's funny before even I heard Burt whistle.

"'Something rotten,' he says. 'These bearin's don't meet—nowheres.'

"There were them rubber plottin'-strings stridin' off two separate ways into the North Atlantic—and there we was, starin'.

"'Spooks,' says Burt. 'Spirit stuff. I never!'

"'Neither did I!' says I. 'Never!' Then a wheel in my head begin to turn. I reached over and rub out that bearin' jotted on the pad—rub it off the record for good and all. Didn't want *that* followin' me the rest of my days.'"

"'Why?'" I asked the sailor. "What do you make of it? Spooks?"

"Well, you can let it go at that if you're one of them kind. Or else you can do what I done when Burt's gone—just what Burt should've done himself if he hadn't been so rattled—run out the converse bearin's. That's what the book says. Anyway, our storm-tossed *Arctic* plotted elegant that way."

"Where?"

"Boston, Mass."

"And what,'" I questioned the prairie seaman, "do you make of *that?*"

"Well, it was in next day's Boston paper in the ship news I see how the *S. S. Arctic* clear from the White Star docks in a snowstorm Christmas noon. I guess Nathan had kept that chart."

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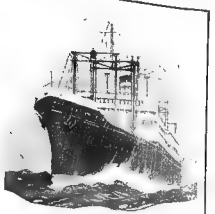

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BOOKS AND BOOK-ENDS

IT IS long after Christmas, yet I can not help feeling sorry for most of the suffering people who have been given a set of book-ends for a Christmas or birthday present. Now, the old-fashioned book-ends, those strips of sheet brass and copper bent at a right angle, one end of which you could slip under two or three books at either end of the shelf or table, really held the books in place. They were not only ornamental but useful as well and not quite artistic enough and commenced to make them like statues of a Chinese Buddha or some kind of a futuristic god without any flat strip on which to pile your books.

So far so good; and art is a great thing as applied to household use. We found this out when our mothers and grandmothers used to glid rolling-pins and paint funny pictures inside clam-shells. But as far as these new book-ends go they are absolutely useless for the purpose for which they were intended, because they will not hold up a row of books from falling down and, besides, they take up a lot of room.

So this is just a plea to make our artistic sense a bit more utilitarian. Maybe the department stores won't like this idea. They have been selling these grotesque and inadequate book-ends for so many years and so many people have been buying them who never really read books but just want to see them look nice on the book-shelf, that perhaps our plea is in vain. But if some concern will only go back to the old idea of the right-angle book-end we shall be glad, and we shall be satisfied that these few words have not been in vain.

BOOKS WORTH READING

BEASTS, MEN AND GODS, by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton). Dr. Ossendowski is a Polish professor who had some thrilling experiences during the Russian Revolution. His adventures in real life surpass any fiction story of adventure which has come to hand in a long while. He certainly had a wild time in the wild world. Marco Polo had nothing on him. We never knew there were such countries or such people.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH, by Sir J. G. Frazer (Macmillan). Prof. Frazer succeeds in cramming in volume the very interesting material in the twelve original volumes of "The Golden Bough"—an indispensable book for the student of folk-lore. Also indispensable for the student of comparative religions.

THE JUDGE, by Rebecca West (Doran). A book of literary distinction in which the story seems to be given secondary place. Not so good as "The Return of the Soldier," but it won't do you any harm to read it.

THE CROCK OF GOLD, by James Stephens (Macmillan). A new edition of this fine old story full of whimsical fancies about fairies and all that sort of thing, with remarkable decorations in color by Wilfred Jones.

ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS, by May Sinclair (Macmillan). Another big book by May Sinclair. A story which shows at its best her wonderful insight into the human emotions. A striking book with a rather unsatisfactory ending.

WHEN KANSAS WAS YOUNG, by T. A. McNeal (Macmillan). Here is a Wild West story for you. It is far entertaining a Kansas book as we have read in many years. The author, who seems to know his ground thoroughly, goes back to the early seventies and eighties and gives a vivid picture of frontier life as it really was.

THE MOST HOUSE FOR THE LEAST MONEY, by N. M. Woods. Mr. Woods, who is the author of a most many magazine articles on economical home-building which have appeared in Pictorial Review, has brought out the best of his material in book form. It is a mighty good book for any one who is planning to build a small house.

THE MIRACLE, by E. Temple Thurston (Appleton). Mr. Thurston always writes a good story and there are lots of them. "The Miracle" may be taken as a fair sample of his best work.

A MORE HONORABLE MAN, by Arthur Somers Roche (Macmillan). Mr. Roche is the author of some rattling good mystery-stories, but in "A More Honorable Man" he seems to take himself and life a good deal more seriously. This is the best thing he has ever done. It is a good book, and his Sam Foyle is a character of distinction.

DISENCHANTMENT, by C. E. Montague (Brentano's). This is the book that all the literati have been talking about so much and, after reading it, we don't blame them. They call it "the best book about the War" and "the fine book that tells the truth about all wars." If you think it does, after reading it, it will have accomplished its purpose.

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS, by Giovanni Papini (Crowell). Now that you have read "The Story of Christ," by Papini, which appeared in Pictorial Review, which you will appreciate Papini himself. This book is a collection of some of his essays on a variety of subjects, and it shows the greatness and breadth-mindedness of the man who is going to be one of the most-talked-of international writers.

GARDEN COLOR, by Symposium, by Margaret Waterfield (Dutton). A splendid book for a lover of the garden. Illustrated in color.

THE QUEST, by Pio Baroja (Knopf). A really striking Spanish story, sordid but strong. They call the author the Spanish Zola.

GIGOLO, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page). A collection of Edna Ferber's best short stories. One of the best of them, "Home Girl," appeared in Pictorial Review. Eight short stories in all, and every one of them good.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD, by Irving Bacheller (Bobbs-Merrill). This story of Benjamin Franklin is good stuff, but why on earth does the publisher advertise it as not having appeared serially? That doesn't make it any better, because it is good enough anyway. Two features of the book that will please the reader of discrimination are the beautiful style of the author and the charming illustrations by John Wolcott Adams.

NIGGER, by Clement Wood (Dutton). The American negro seems to be a popular subject for up-to-date American writers. This is another story of the Southern race problem written by a man who knows the people and his back-ground exceedingly well.

COMMAND, by William McFee (Doubleday, Page). Another big sea story. Nobody can say that William McFee doesn't know his subject, because he always has followed and still is following the sea as a means of livelihood. This book-writing of his is possibly a secondary thing in his life. That may help make everything he does so sincere and so well done.

GUEST THE ONE-EYED, by Gunnar Gunnarsson (Knopf). A story of Iceland of to-day told in a simple yet effective way.

CLAIR DE LUNE, by Anthony Pryde (Dodd, Mead). A rather lightly done story of a man torn between his love for his art and his love for his wife. Art wins and everybody is perfectly happy.

WHAT PROHIBITION HAS DONE TO AMERICA, by Fabian Franklin (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Franklin says the reason so many of our best citizens break the Eighteenth Amendment is because they do not consider it worthy of respect. He attacks the constitutionality of the law. Well worth reading, even if you do not agree.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS COURTSHIP, by Berta Ruck (Dodd, Mead). A typical Berta Ruck love-story. Her stories must be popular; otherwise she would not write so many.

BLACK PAWL, by Ben Ames Williams (Dutton). Black Pawl is the father; Red Pawl is the son. Then there is a mysterious girl, altho everybody knows whom she is going to turn out to be. Sudden death. "rough stuff" told bad men on board a ship in the South Seas. We see by the newspapers that this is supposed to be a great book. Maybe it is; but we still remember a book by the same author entitled "Evered."

THE DRIVER, by Garet Garrett (Dutton). A fiction-story of Wall Street by a man who knows Wall Street from the inside out. A romance of big business and well worth while.

THE STEP OF THE STAIR, by Anna Katherine Green (Dodd, Mead). Since the day of the author's "The Leavenworth Case," way, way back, there is nobody who seems to be able to tell a mystery-story much better than Katharine Green. This is her thirtieth book.

THE YOUNG ENCHANTED, by Hugh Walpole (Doran). One of our old friends, Peter Westcott, comes back in this story. You will remember Mr. Walpole wrote the story of "Peter Westcott" for Pictorial Review. A splendidly interesting piece of work.

THE ENCHANTED APRIL, by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Page). The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has written another delightful book, full to overflowing with the ever-popular "Elizabeth" charm, with a touch of satire here and there to make it more entertaining.

OLD CROW, by Alice Brown (Macmillan). The author returns to New England for this typical Alice Brown story. A study of New England traits and characters.

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For light, fluffy shortcakes

SHORTCAKES, cobblers, puddings, custards, ice creams and hot weather desserts of all kinds are made more easily and better by the use of Carnation Milk.

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Strawberry Shortcake—1 tsp. salt; 2 cups flour; 4 tsp. baking powder; ½ cup butter; ½ cup water; ½ cup Carnation Milk; 1 tbsp. sugar. Sift flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together; cut in butter; add the liquid gradually. Toss on floured board and cut. Bake in hot oven. Split and spread with butter. Sweeten part of the strawberries to taste; put between layers. Leave the largest berries whole and place on top; garnish with Whipped Carnation Milk.

Whipped Carnation Milk—Place one can Carnation Milk in water and heat to boiling point, remove promptly and thoroughly chill by placing the can on ice or in the refrigerator. When cool, open the can and pour milk (the entire contents of small can or half contents tall can) into chilled bowl (place in another bowl filled with cracked ice). After the milk is thoroughly chilled, whip as usual for about five minutes with an ordinary egg beater. Sweeten and flavor if desired. Keep on ice until served.

Carnation Milk will whip satisfactorily without heating, but better results are assured when recipe is followed closely.

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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The Label is Red and White

"THE WONDER OF IT"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

All at once her eyes lowered as tho she was shy, and I saw her throat flutter under the necklace. She bent toward me and spread out her hands, and when she did that the rest of them did the same.

"All but one big dark man who stood near her, with his head in the air, looking at me like I was the dirt under his feet. She turned to him sharply and spoke, and he bowed his head too, but not before I caught a flash from his eyes, and I knew he was no friend to me, whatever she and the rest were inclined to be.

"I was just wondering what to do, for I felt awkward, when she put out her hand and took mine, and led me up the stairs, and the rest followed behind. More like a wedding procession than anything I can think of. We came on a lawn, and it struck me as strange, so soft to the feet and spongy, like walking on seaweed. I took a look at it, and it was a kind of seaweed, if I'm not mistaken. That kind of gave me a queer feeling, but then everything was queer: me landing on this place I never heard tell of, in mid-ocean.

"Her little hand was warm in mine, and I was content enough without explanations. So she led me into a great hall, all white and gold with green pillars, lit from above. She made me sit down beside her on a long low couch covered with soft skins—like sealskin to the touch—and began to talk to me, and her voice was soft and cooing like warm winds from the South. I couldn't understand the words she spoke, but their meaning was plain, so I up and tried to tell her how I came to be there, and she kept nodding her head and making sweet noises as tho she knew everything I said.

"It was the first time I ever had to do with a lady of her quality, and I kept my place, but I felt drawn to her by her kind way.

"No one could be with her and not feel how kind she was, and after a while, at last she clapped her hands, and some of the servants, as I took them to be, brought in food on golden dishes. I had heard of gold dishes like they use at Windsor Castle sometimes, but I never thought I'd ever be eating off them. The food was strange to me, but she kept looking at me, so I ate all I was given, and there was wine in gold goblets all set with jewels. And all the time she sent the warmness and the beauty was coming over me till I could scarce look at her.

"She sent the servants away when we were finished, and we were left alone. Outside they were playing music—such beautiful music and singing. Sometimes I think I can hear it when I'm on board ship. When the doors were shut she looked at me, and put her hands on my hands and then on my shoulders, and I looked at her kind of shamefaced, but I felt twenty years younger, and oh, my heart was beating! And then she began to talk. And it came home to me that she had been expecting me, waiting for me a long time, and that now I had come she loved me—me, that was a clerk in a store—the wonder of it.

"And when she waved her arm about that great hall, and then looked at me, I knew this was meant to be mine for having, and her too, to be her lord and master, her lover and her husband. It's true, what I'm telling you, that love came no language, for I knew what she meant, and a great pride and happiness came over me that I should be the one she loved. Her lips were close to mine, and I kissed her, so warm and soft—kissed her——"

HIS voice died away in poignant regret and longing, and Kennedy, scarcely daring to look at him, murmured an almost inaudible:

"Yes."

"Yes, I kissed her, the queen of that palace, the queen of that island in the sea, and I felt no shame, nothing but happiness and joy. I felt the blood flow fast in my veins. I was strong and a young lad again.

"Then she rose to her feet and struck a gong. A servant came and went out with her orders, and in a little the hall was full of her people. When they were all come she spoke to them, pointing to me, and there was a hush. Then they all began to chant, like some old war-song, maybe, and bowed before us.

"All but one, the dark man, and he came forward, insolent and haughty, and spoke to her. She answered him back, and he heard her out, his face growing darker and darker, and it came to my mind maybe this man had expected to be her husband.

"All at once he took a sword he was wearing at his belt and threw it down in front of her and walked out of the hall with a stiff back. She looked after him for a moment before she took this ring—this ring I'm wearing now—and put it on my finger. She bent and kissed my hand, and a great shout went up from them all. I was all dazed, but I stood upright, for I could do her that had chosen me no discredit.

"After a while she signed to two old men who stood in front, with sort of breastplates of mother-of-pearl, and talked to them—priests, I guess they were—and they came to me and signed I was to go with them.

"She nodded to me to go, and they led me to a room where they showed me a couch. They showed me the sun and the moon painted on the wall, and I understood I was to sleep till the sun came back next morning. I waited till they were gone, and I settled down, for I was tired.

"I don't know how long I slept, or when I fell asleep, but I was wakened by a noise of shouting, wild cries, and a clanging of metal. I leaped up and came out onto the steps in the moonlight. There was fighting, and in the midst of it the dark man with his hands upon my queen. I never gave it a thought, but snatched a sword from a man near me and let drive at my enemy.

"When my queen saw me she started back, and the joy and fear in her eyes put such strength into me as I never had. My sword beat on my enemy's, and we fought down the steps, me driving him in front of me. I was wild to kill him, laying his hands on her. I could hear the fury of his breath and the whistle of his sword; I could feel the jar to my arm as metal met metal.

"We came to the bottom where the sea was, and, rising on my toes, I slashed at him. I struck him to his knees and stopped, all of a sudden, stupid. Then I felt his hands upon my ankles, and I was being dragged down the steps. I cried out and turned my head. I saw her with her arms held out, coming to me, and then I went into the water, deep. I gave a great kick, and as I did that I felt the grasp on my legs give way. I came up. My head came up out of water and—above me was fog; fog was all round about. It was afraid all at once. I couldn't think. Where was the moon? I swam—I used to go to the baths in London, you see—and I kept feeling for the steps, feeling and calling out to her with my heart breaking. And my senses went from me like they had done before.

"When I came to I was lying on a bunk in hot blankets and a doctor was looking at me. I tried to tell him to let me go, but he made me lie still and stop my talk. When I tried to tell them later, they nodded their heads and said, 'Yes, yes,' like to a child, but I could see they didn't believe me—even with the ring, her ring. So when I got back to London I went back to work, to work and save till I had the money, for I knew, yes, I knew, if I went on the sea, some day in the fog you see——"

KENNEDY was suddenly conscious that Andersen's voice had railed off to nothing. He blinked as tho coming out of a dream.

"I see," he said uneasily, not daring to look at the other. "I get why you want a fog. Might find the island, eh?"

Andersen nodded, then laying his hand upon Kennedy's shoulder in a friendly touch, rose to his feet.

"Good night!" he said curtly, and went out.

"Whew!" whistled Kennedy softly, and, knocking his pipe out on his heel, went out on deck.

He walked up and down a few times dreamily, then went below as it began to drizzle.

He was awakened by the abrupt snarl of the liner siren, continued at periodic intervals.

"Fog, by Jove!" he said drowsily. "The fellow got what his wish," and, rolling over, covered his ears.

As he rose from breakfast next morning the smoking-room steward slid up to him.

"Captain would like to see you, sir. He's in his cabin. Will you come with me? Private, sir."

Kennedy nodded. What was in the wind?

"Mr. Kennedy? Good morning. Sorry to trouble you," said the elderly captain, looking up at him from under bushy eyebrows. "Steward tells me you were with Mr. Andersen last night."

"Why, yes."

"Notice anything strange about his conduct?"

He talked a bit more than usual. Anything wrong?"

"You're probably the last person who saw him alive. Mr. Andersen has disappeared. I'm afraid he went overboard last night," said the captain gruffly. "Must have slipped over very quietly. No one saw or heard him. The first officer has some crazy story of hearing music and singing in the fog."

"In the fog!" echoed Kennedy, moistening his lips.

"All right—I see it's a shock to you, sir. I won't trouble you further. I thought he might have given you some indication of seeking his death."

"No," said Kennedy, drawing a long breath and staring over the captain's head. "No. In fact—I'm sure he had no thought of seeking death last night."

"I'm damned if I know what else he expected to find in the fog," grumbled the captain.

But Kennedy, as the his spirit was traveling with another in hidden places, isles uncharted of mariners, had but a few words before him, and these he could not utter.

"Her little hand was warm in mine."

He observed his three hearsteard, then walked unsteadily from the cabin into the sunshine.

Do you also guide her eating?

EVERY Mother wants to help lay the foundation for her child's education. But are all mothers just as particular in building the foundation for a healthy body?

Oatmeal is the safest cornerstone for such a foundation. But there is a great *difference* in rolled oats and, in the selection of this all important food, Mother must be the guide.

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It set her thinking

SHE was exceedingly pretty—that lovely, winsome, fragile type that big, strong men are so susceptible to without knowing just why.

Yet she lacked some subtle something that might have gained her the larger popularity her charm and beauty seemed to deserve.

She, herself, was conscious of that shortcoming, too—whatever it was—but could never seem to define it.

One day in leafing through a magazine her eye was caught by an advertisement. First the picture, then the headline arrested her interest.

She started reading. It was on the subject of "halitosis" — the medical term meaning unpleasant breath. It told of how Listerine, the well-known antiseptic and surgical dressing, defeats halitosis by halting fermentation in the mouth and making the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

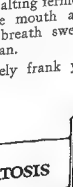
The uniquely frank yet delicate way in which this ordinarily avoided subject was brought to her attention impressed her. It made her think. And it did a great deal more for her.

It taught her a new phase of personal fastidiousness—one that she had never considered before.

Thousands of other people have been similarly benefited. They have discovered that it is much better to have Listerine than to have halitosis: that it is a much more comfortable feeling to know their breath is sweet and clean and that they are offending no one. So they have made Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe, sure antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century.

Read the interesting little circular that comes with each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

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FRESH WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

She would lengthen his tether—she would set something within him free again.

"I believe that is true, Alfred," she replied. "You have tenderness, you are kind. I used to laugh at kindness. A little cruelty thrilled me once, rather more than kindness, but now the values have changed."

"And you seek a harbor?"

"The right harbor—yes."

"Can this be you?" he asked incredulously. "You, who are alive with eternal vitality, with fire, with sparks struck from fine metal? You, who danced that Russian thing this afternoon on the lawn like a whirlwind? You, who swam with me, shouting pure joy into the sunset?"

"I am young," she said. "I have all that. It could be used by some one, I think. I would not be dull or inert. But there is the call for a mooring, just the same. You can not understand."

He knew that she, in her subtle way, was opening herself. "A home?" he said. "That's what the girls on the park benches say, I believe—a home."

"Oh, I have a deep regard for the dignity of those park-bench girls. I understand now how right and simple and direct they are. They want a protection, a provision, a home. Why not? Well, I understand them, Alfred. Yes, I do—now. I used to say I never would marry. Why should I? I have had such a good time. So much sense of power I could keep on for many years, but that's it—a home."

"And children," he laughed.

She shook her head and said to him quite seriously, "I hope no one will ask that of me. There is no instinct of that kind in me."

"On the contrary—fear?" he questioned.

"Yes, perhaps—to be honest, but it makes an old woman so quickly. Can you imagine me an old woman?"

"No, no. Not you."

"Besides, I will not marry a young man. They bore me till I can't bear it. They all bore me. Alfred, I am candid. I've outgrown young men. And older men make such doddering fathers for children, don't they? I mean by the time the children have grown up. All the way along there is a chasm. Fathers should be young fathers. Give me another light."

The zone of radiance from the match appeared to have her lips for its center. They were colorful, kissable lips, moist, warm, alluring. They represented the urge of youth; they suggested the spellbound and blind and eternal hunger of youth.

"Got it?" he asked.

She replied by parting the lips, and the smoke curled out into the moonlight.

"Good!" he said.

"Come on," she invited him. "Let's not fence, Alfred. After all, we know each other not. You are too seasoned and I am too naturally wise and worldly. I could fascinate you as a woman can fascinate any man—I could talk about you. But somehow with you it's no longer a game. None of my tricks. Let's talk about us."

"Then, here," he said, pointing. "A few steps yonder."

THE moonlight fell in barred radiance, whose carpet was interrupted by the shadow of the straight trunks of the pines. It covered the carpet of fragrant needles and fell upon a marble seat—a place where ghosts might come to sit and listen to the night-long swishing of the wind in the evergreen tree-tops. She sat there and held her knee in the clasp of her hands—a carved goddess with a cigaret drooping from her lips in an air of abandon.

"You would not love me?" he said, not doubting his power.

"How do I know before I tried?" she said. "There need be no dishonesty between us. How do I know until you—"

She stopped, and Bascom felt something grow cold within. Had he lost already that magic of the mystery, that life-long reserve of power which had made women he cared nothing for ready for his call?

But she went on: "How do I know until I have tried? How will I know until you have made a little love—the kind that burns for us now—grow into a volcanic chaos?"

"You have that volcanic chaos somewhere up your sleeve," he said lightly, but in the shadow standing above her he scowled. She had set him a task. She suggested effort, striving, artfulness, and somehow that brought a sense of weariness, even with the alluring challenge. It was like another task of life.

"To-night? Suppose the question came up to-night? Would you marry me?"

She dropped her hands beside her on the marble bench with the sound of the rings on her listless fingers striking against the stone. It was her answer.

"You do not know?"

"No, honest and cross my heart, I do not know."

He sat down beside her, twisting the fingers of his one hand in the grasp of the other. She was to have been his guide to the renewal of youth. She was to have been the link, the span, the bridge between something that was dying and would soon be gone and all that hunger for youth and hope and life and full love that had so long been his and unfulfilled. And now she did not know.

It surprised him. He never had tasted any defeat. He had taken for granted that he had not changed. He had supposed that when he wished, as now, to reach out for all he had hoped some time to enjoy and own and live, his fingers could close over it all. Well, perhaps they could. It would take effort. Half-dead things in him would have to be wrapped into life again. His ways, his habits, his routine of life and thought must change.

"Well," Muriel was saying to him in her voice which always seemed sleek and tawny, like a panther's coat. "Here we are alone. There is nothing here but the sound of the pines and the band at the Casino and the moonlight falling in weird patterns, and—us."

This was the moment he had often half pictured. This was none other than the most alluring of all women, so far as he knew now. He looked at her stupidly.

She laughed softly and threw the painted shawl from her bare shoulders, lean but beautiful, their usual vital coloring now whitened to marble in that bath of silver light. Her head was thrown back, her lips slightly parted; she appeared to be inhaling with exquisite senses the fragrance of the night.

Suddenly she tossed her dark head, uttered a cry from the back of her throat, half suppressed but almost feline in its note. Bascom saw her come slowly within a pace of him. He imagined that he felt the warmth of her breath. She had opened her arms widely—these beautiful and sinuous arms—as if welcoming him into their embrace.

THIS was the moment which had always haunted him, this the moment in which was crystallized the symbol of all his hidden desires, all the unspoken wistful sense of fraternity with all the myriads of young love through all the ages of abandon. This was renewal. This was the eternal urge. It was his; it was there within his reach. He was at the edge of the fountain of youth. The waters had almost come up to touch lips, thirsty for a lifetime!

But in that moment Bascom was aghast with hesitation. Something within him soul sent forth a thin current of poison for that moment; some chill ran into the warmth of his veins; some damnable restoration of regularity and sloth brought back to normal a heart which with old instincts had leaped and pounded with the mere nearness of her.

He could take her in his arms. But what then? He could bury his nose and lips and chin in the curve of her neck. But would it not be awkward to face her out of breath the moment after? He could feel her yielding waist in the curve of his arm. But was it fair to her unless, after all, he was sure beyond all question that it would be best that they should have each other forever? Something had turned the edge of the sharp blade of his desires; something weary ran through his nerves like the fumes of ether. Once nothing would have given him pause—he would have taken her fiercely, but now he cursed himself because he stopped to think of ethics.

Youth! Where were the old fires?

She had suddenly dropped her arms. They were pressed close to her sides, the muscles tense, almost corded with sinews, exaggerated by the shadows of the moonlight.

"Well," said she, breathing fast. "Have you still another cigaret in your case?"

He did not wish to let that moment pass with her mere utterance that it had not existed.

"I was thinking," he said, in a voice which even in his own ears sounded like the deliberative enunciation of a corpulent old man, "I was thinking, Muriel, dear girl, that perhaps it would be unfair to you."

He had a sense of defeat as one who suddenly realises that an attempt has been made to do the impossible thing. It was in his voice, his face, the droop of his strong body.

"Well?" she said inquiringly, and pressed her lips together.

"I was thinking that all you said about seeking a harbor was rather immature," he went on, trying to summon his skilled mastery of persons. "I hesitated because somehow it seemed to me that you should consider that in ten years I will be an old man while you will still have ripe young love. I wondered what I would say to you then. I wondered how I could do the courageous thing and give you up then. I was thinking of you."

If, in her reply, she had hurled anger at him, it would have been different and for him better. Instead she suddenly took his hand in a friendly way as one who understands, and led him toward the marble seat. Standing before him there, she put her palms upon his shoulders.

Would he reach out and draw her to him? Perhaps not. Better to hear what she would say. She appeared now so far away from him in spirit.

"Listen to me, Alfred, old fellow." She was going on in the tones which young Stimpson calls "Muriel's country club voice." "Listen to me. There's no use putting it on consideration for me. You know as well as I do what the matter is."

"And what?" he asked fearfully as if premonition was upon him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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Curling Fluid

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New Liquid Discovery Makes Straight Hair Wavy, Soft and Wonderfully Curly

YOU have always longed for soft, curly hair. And now—at last—you can have it! For scientists have perfected a wonderful new liquid, which when applied to the most stubborn hair, gives it a beautiful permanent wave effect, making it wonderfully curly, delightfully soft, gloriously wavy—*and keeping it so for a week or more!*

This new liquid is called Domino Curlette. Nothing like it has ever been known before. All you need do is moisten your hair with a few drops of it, using your good old-fashioned kids or silk curlers—and behold! A miracle of beauty will have been performed. Not only you, but your friends, will be astonished at the sudden, beautiful transformation in your hair.

To Druggists and Department Stores

Practically every jobber in the United States is now stocked with Domino Curlette. If you have not already received your supply, you can order from your jobber, or wire direct to Domino House, 269 So. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Marvelous Beauty Discovery

Domino Curlette makes your hair fall in soft, silky curls, and wonderfully natural waves. It gives even the dullest hair a new entrancing lustre. And the best of it is that a single application keeps your hair gloriously curly and wavy *from seven to ten days!*

Just think what this means! No more costly fees to hair-dressers. No more devoting many tiresome hours a week to curling and waving your hair. No more sitting for hours undergoing the tortures of permanent wave methods. For now, in just a short time in your own home, you can acquire charming wavy hair that your friends will always envy—and you can have it at a cost of less than 10 cents a week.

Domino Curlette is *just* what you have been waiting for. On all sides, beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

Now Sold at Druggists and Department Stores

Formerly Domino Curlette was sold only by mail, price $1.45 plus postage. Now, however, it is sold at good drug and department stores everywhere—and at the remarkably low price of only $1.00 for a full size bottle.

Furthermore, you do not risk a penny in trying Domino Curlette. For under the terms of our guarantee, if after trying it you are not more than delighted with the beautiful wavy hair it gives you, your money will be instantly refunded, without question. This guarantee is backed by a special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. So you are fully protected.

Use Coupon for Trial Bottle

If you wish, you may try Domino Curlette entirely free. Simply fill out the attached coupon and bring it to your druggist or favorite department store. The generous size Trial Bottle (sufficient to give your hair a beautiful wave for a full week or more) will be given you entirely without cost.

If, by any chance, your dealer's supply of samples is exhausted, simply mail the coupon direct to Domino House, Dept. C-156, 269 So. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa., enclosing 10 cents. The trial size bottle of Domino Curlette will be sent you by return mail.

Already Domino Curlette has brought new beauty and charm to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you. So go to your druggist or department store for the big dollar package or mail coupon above for free sample package.

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Nights in June

Puffed Wheat in milk

Whole wheat and whole milk—two premier foods—made tempting and made easy to digest.

What other night dish can compare?

The wheat grains are puffed by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. The food cells are thus broken, so the whole-wheat elements feed.

The grains are puffed to globules, flimsy, flavory, crisp—eight times normal size. So the whole grains are made tempting—airy food confections.

Ideal summer breakfasts

The finest breakfast dainty you can serve in summer is Puffed Rice. These are rice grains puffed by steam explosions. And the fearful heat gives them a nut-like taste. Think what a dish this is—grains as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. Yet a scientific food.

More whole grains—more milk

Serving Puffed Grains means more whole grains and more milk—two foods that children need.

Whole wheat supplies, among other things, 12 needed minerals. Millions of children suffer for the lack of some. It also supplies bran.

Serve Puffed Grains all day long, in every way you can. Children will always welcome them, and they'll be better fed.

Puffed Rice . Puffed Wheat

Mix Puffed Rice with your berries

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FRESH WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"Why you are such a liar?" she said. "You'd never have given a thought to my future if to-night had been ten years ago."

He groaned almost inaudibly as one who hears a sentence of a court.

"Why, you must realize, Alfred Bascom, that youth—your youth—has gone!"

He stared up at her painfully.

"We can't discuss that, can we?" she inquired. "It's rather awkward and I'm not heartless—I'm going to stroll off, back to the bridge-tables, alone."

"Oh, all right," he managed to say. "Here's your cigaret. My last."

"Keep it."

"No."

She leaned down and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"Suppose, as they say, I can't live without you?" he asked.

She laughed. She said almost tenderly, "Oh, then, come for me again. Perhaps I'm wrong."

"Perhaps."

"Good night."

He watched her go, a wraith of white now among the darkening trees. The band across the wide sweep of water played a faint two-step which came to these woods, rising and falling as if registering the undulations of the gentle night wind. Over there they were dancing—young girls, pliant of waist, flushed with the joy of movement or a whispered word. Soft arms, the thrill of touch of hands, perhaps a kiss for good night; the present warm, vital reality with the dreams of the future, breathless expectancy, hope, promise—youth. And his had gone!

He buried his bowed head in the cup of his upturned palms.

"It can't be true," he said in a guttural voice. "Youth! Youth!"

HE WAS not used to defeat. After they had gone he remembered vaguely, as one who has been in drunken uncertainty that he had said good night to his guests with rather more brilliance of conversation than was usually attributed to him.

A dreadful sense of loneliness came over him. He was defeated. He was out of the game for good. Life had come and gone before he knew. It had slipped away; it had run out like broken his fingers while he had failed to clutch it.

In a panic of disordered personality he paced the bricked terrace, listening to the pulsing chorus of the insects. The band at the Casino had ceased; the lights went out. It must be two. No, after two. This was Saturday. Saturday and April. The days and weeks and months to come began to afflict him round as a prison sentence. There would be days without thrill, without zest; worse yet, without emotion. Something in him would die a lingering death, a slow, horrible wasting death. The waters of life would dry up. He could see himself doddering in a corner of the club in town, like those old bachelors who were always watery of eyes, as if undignified we had left the criminals of grief long after the eating worm had ceased to find any heart to consume in infinite mouthfuls.

Of course, he could go back for Muriel. He could swing it if he wished. He could bargain with her. Perhaps another time the lead of youth would be in his veins and sinews and in his brain and soul. Or, at any rate, he could buy her. She would marry him. If not Muriel, then some other.

It became grotesque; he thought if all rejected him, perhaps some maid from the employment bureaus, some pink-cheeked, fresh peasant— As a last resort—to act out his lost youth.

And then his courage broke, and he was left with his own dead, listless life. He went into the club and stood looking into the long mirror, while all the house was as still and empty as he himself. This image in the glass!—was that of an old man. It was saying to him, "She wouldn't give you any youth. No youth at all!" and his own lips in moving appeared to him gray and cold like those of a thing out of a mortuary which had come to life for a breath of protest against the wasted years and against the empty end.

In the library the clock was striking four. Who would believe that Bascom would sit up half the night like this, like a thing in a cage of its own new convictions, talking to itself in the voice of a man unbalanced? Who would believe that he would stand here, in this dim light from the one tiny lamp in the ceiling, while ghostly feet creaked softly on the stair-treads and the gray of predawn crept through the long windows, trembling, defeated, weary, facing the monotony of weary loneliness? He put his arm out suddenly to seize the newel-post of the stairs, but his feet dragged up with painful slowness. Well, youth had gone.

In his own room, he stood looking about in the cold, dim haze of morning at all the familiar possessions like a man who has come to bid them farewell. But there was to be no farewell to these things, for these were things he would live with to the end.

"And so to bed," he quoted wearily.

But as he pulled the collar of his evening coat down one shoulder he stopped suddenly. He had heard a voice, a faint, vague voice. He looked up half frightened at that cool and smiling portrait of his wife. It had spoken! He thought for a moment of a miracle—that the portrait had spoken to him!

As he stood looking at it, half frightened, he heard the mumbling voice again, tight, pleasant of tone—his daughter! Yes, his daughter, there in the next room. The servants had left the door ajar or perhaps the wind of that night had blown it open. She was dreaming. She was mumbling in troubled sleep.

He pulled his coat on again, and, going to the door, he crept in on tiptoe. Surely his daughter was not ill!

He knew as he bent over her French painted bed that she was not ill. Her head was resting on her slender bent arm; the light, flaxy hair was spread out over the white pillow; her lips were slightly parted in a smile, and her closed eyelids were quite marvelous in their unworn beauty, with the long lashes spread upon her satin cheeks. This was a moment of awe for Bascom. He was awed by her beauty. He was awed, it seemed, by her very presence and existence.

He walked quietly across the rug toward the long window which led to the stone balcony outside her room, and there he stood looking at the sea. It was lightening fast now; there was in the light of its sky a trace of amber of the morning, and little dark clouds hung over the horizon. He could hear the swish of waves brought in by the dawn's breeze breaking monotonously on the beach below the rocks, and in his heart-ache was the fresh aroma of the open waters.

"Oh, is that you?"

It was his daughter's voice, filled with surprize, but also there came to his ears her pleasure, her delight at waking to find him standing there, and for a moment he felt shaken by the thrill of it.

"What you doing?"

He did not answer.

"You hävn't been in bed?"

"No, dear one, I was looking at the sea."

"I want to look at the sea, too—wih you."

With a rush of impulse he crossed the room and, untying his strong arms beneath her slender warm body, he swung her up and held her close to him. She might have been surprized by the fierceness of his embrace, as he was. He knew now that no love of woman could ever inspire the hunger of heart expressed as his was now expressed in the tensity of his muscles, in the eagerness of his own face as he held his daughter in his arms. She might have been surprized, but she only yielded and gave a little cry of gladness.

He took her to the balcony and put her on the flat top of its thick stone wall, where the wind blew the edges of her filmy nightdress about her slender ankles, and with one arm about her he felt the coolness of her wrist as it thrust its delicous roundness into the curve of his hand.

"Why don't you come like this every morning?" she asked. "It's fun."

"With me?" he inquired in a breaking voice.

"Yes, with you. Of course."

She was looking out over the morning sea as he had looked. She said, "I'd like to go over there."

"Where?"

"Oh, over there. I'd like to take a little boat and go away with you. Not a big boat. And not anybody else."

And then she said something familiar to his ears. "I'd like to see what is beyond the edge of the world over there. I'd like to go with you forever."

"Would you?" he said. "Oh, would you? I'd be so much obliged, my dear one. Look here."

HE TOOK her down and rang the servants' bell. Some one was always supposed to be on watch, and it was Jerry who came, collarless, trying to hide unpreparedness for the day's toil—collar around his neck, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, to-morrow—to-day, I mean—as soon as you can find Olson, tell him to get the catboat ready. Not the yacht, you know—the catboat—the little one with two bunks. My daughter and I are going to find something."

"I beg pardon—where did you say, sir?"

"Oh, over there—we don't know—over the edge of the horizon!"

"It will be fun," his daughter said, as the door closed.

"It will if you go back and get some sleep," replied Bascom. "Lots of folks have said I'm a pretty good sort."

She smiled. "I say so too."

"Good night, again."

"Good night."

As he bent over to kiss her lightly, he saw in her eyes all the hope, all the expectancy of the future burning bright in an inexhaustible present of youth and love. As he bent over her, he saw the years running ahead with his life carried by hers, with his mind opening into the expanse of hers, with his heart tuned to her heart.

He closed the door quietly and leaned back, gazing up at the portrait on the opposite wall of his room.

"My girl," he said to it, "I've been a fool. I didn't know what you were trying to tell me always. You gave me our daughter, and it is she who is my new dawn of youth."

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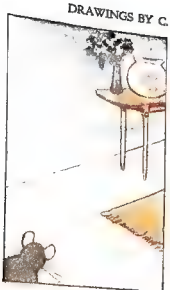
The Nibbler Boys

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES

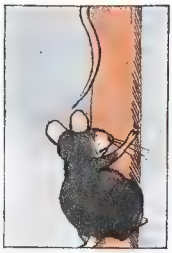
THE MYSTERIOUS BOWL

VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN



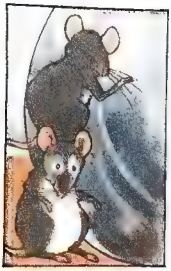
1 "Ooh! There's a bowl—it may hold meat
Or cakes or beans or rice to eat."

2 "I hope it's Roquefort cheese or Brie,
For I'm as hungry as can be."



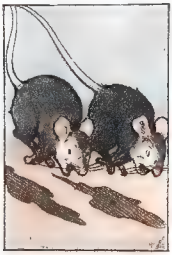
3 "Hey! Hurry up—don't anchor here—
And keep your tail out of my ear."

4 "Oh! Fudge! It's just an empty ball;
There's not a thing in it at all."

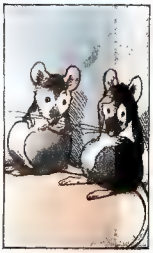


5 "Hold still awhile! There's something queer
That's swishing round inside it here."

6 "Wow! Murder! Help! It's coming out!
He'll eat us both without a doubt!"



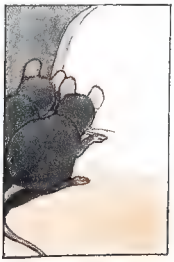
7 "I'll bet the monster's on our trail—
What can the thing—a snake or whale?"



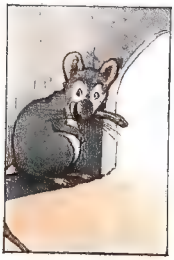
8 "That was the closest shave we've known!
From now on let's leave bowls alone."

THE FUZZY BALL

1 "Oh, boy! I've news to knock you flat:
Old Snoopy's got a baby cat."



2 "I'll bet that funny sound we hear
Is Snoopy's kitten coming here."



3 "Now while I'm sentry at the hole
Tuck in your head and out you roll."

4 Poor kitty dashed across the hall
To pounce upon the fuzzy ball.

5 Her heart within her nearly froze
When suddenly that queer "ball" rose.

6 They pulled her whiskers out as well,
Which made that little kitten yell.

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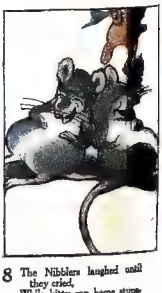
7 And as she left to weep and wail
They kicked her farewell on the tail.



8 The Nibblers laughed until they cried,
While kitty ran home stupefied.

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When the June Hostess Entertains

Here is a Suggested Menu

Fruit Cup
Jellied Chicken Jewel Salad
Rolls and Coffee
Nut Frappé or Strawberry Parfait
and Sponge Cake
Candies—French Dainties

ALL these dishes are not only beautiful to the eye but dainty and delicious to the taste.—Other menus may be had for the asking.

JEWEL SALAD

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cucumber
½ cup canned sliced pineapple
½ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
½ cup mild vinegar
½ cup pineapple
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
Few grains of salt

Pare, chop, and drain cucumber. Chop and drain pineapple. (There should be ½ cup of each.) Mix cucumber and pineapple, add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved in boiling water; add remaining ingredients. Turn into large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nest of lettuce leaves. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing and any garnish desired.

NUT FRAPPE

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup sugar
1 cup cooked pineapple and strawberries
1 cup cream or evaporated milk
½ cup of milk
1 cup chopped nuts
White of one egg

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to whipped cream, milk and sugar; stir in beaten egg white. When cold, add the pineapple and strawberries, which have been chopped in small pieces. Also the chopped nuts. Serve ice cold in sherbet glasses.

FREE Recipes and Menus

WE shall be glad to send you, not only Mrs. Knox's book containing recipes for over a hundred dainty desserts and salads, but also a list of suggested menus especially selected for June entertaining. Just send 4 cents, to cover cost of postage, and your grocer's name.

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

she had insisted that her husband's name appear on the bill-boards in connection with her own. For some reason, however, the requested mention of Tellegen did not appear. When Farrar became aware of this omission, what did she do but take an automobile all through Los Angeles and tear down with her own hands every offending poster. I admit that I was infuriated. She, when I called her up over the phone, was scarcely more serene, and for some time it was a case of Farrar versus Goldwyn.

At this moment she was in the midst of a second picture, and she made prompt use of that advantage. "Very well," she threatened, "if you will not feature Mr. Tellegen's name I am going to stop work right in the middle of this new picture!"

"All right," retorted I, "you do that and I am going to show the first part of the picture and then announce on the screen that at this point Madam Farrar would not proceed because the producer did not feature Lou Tellegen's name."

Lost to all consideration of business values as she then seemed, this threat succeeded. She went on with her story.

STRANGE is the parallel experience of these two Goldwyn stars, Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick. For each is now separated from the man for whom she once so turbulently set aside her own interests. Nor does the parallel stop there. Lou Tellegen was at the very most only a moderate film success. The good looks which first caused such a flurry among the feminine portions of his stage audience never seemed well on the screen. Likewise, in a different sphere, Willard Mack failed to live up to his stage tradition. His stories were always really good picture material, and to Pauline Frederick's insistence upon appearing in them I ascribe the fact that her Goldwyn dramas were not so successful as those made by Mr. Zukor.

She herself slowly awoke to such realization. In those California days when her New York romance with Mack was beginning to ebb—and it did ebb rapidly—she saw her mistake. But it was then a little too late.

My memories of the great Metropolitan opera-singer close with the year 1919 in a way that reveals the bigness, the sweep of mind and spirit that distinguish Geraldine Farrar. At this time I had a contract with her providing a salary of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for twelve weeks of annual service. The contract had still two more years to run when, very regretfully, I went to Miss Farrar and asked if she did not think it might be better to stay off the screen for a year. Gently as I could do so I added that very often a star's popularity went under a temporary eclipse and that a limited absence from films did much to restore the public demand.

The reason back of this difficult approach was, of course, that lately her pictures had not been drawing. She was prompt to perceive my meaning, and with head up she took it.

"Very well!" said she promptly in her familiar tones that are both flowering and incisive. "Only don't you think that perhaps it would be better to quit entirely? If you think so, say so, Mr. Goldwyn, and we'll tear up the contract now and here."

It was hard to tell her, but I did, that I thought this course might be wiser for us both. Thereupon, without another word and with the greatest look of pride in the world, she destroyed the contract which meant two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Of course she was then infinitely better to be remembered by the pictures of her prime than to go on to a lusterless close. Here was the evidence of that reliable business judgment which nothing but her infatuation for Tellegen ever dimmed. But this act herself might have pointed to this conclusion, her utter lack of resentment, her failure to voice a single reproach of me, made this an experience absolutely unique in my career.

My valedictory regarding Madam Farrar is that her word is as good as her bond. This characteristic fits in with that business morality which makes her hate to lose a single hour of her time. I never knew anybody with a keener sense of responsibility to the clock. When she first came to make pictures with the Lasky Company we provided her with a room in the studio where she could practise her music. The Goldwyn Company made the same provision for her. In this way she utilized the long waits between sets.

More than this. Every day of her time was so arranged months beforehand that not a break occurred in the links of industry. On the day that she stopped grand opera she made records for mechanical players; from her records she went straight to California, and the day that she left California for China she went on a concert tour. This program went on for years.

I have already indicated that the prima donna's last pictures were not a financial success. Fully conscious of the surprise that this later information may create in the minds of many people, I am going to add that even her first films, executed when she was in the prime of her beauty and at the height of her operatic fame, were not dazzlingly remunerative. Her "Joan the Woman," a great artistic achievement, brought no commensurate financial returns. The fact of it is that Geraldine Farrar's chief value to the picture-producer lay in the publicity she brought rather than in the films she sold.

Not for a moment does this fact reflect upon the great Farrar. If reflection there be at all, it is upon the small town where, as I have asserted, some obscure little motion-picture actress may have a following which the world's greatest singer can never hope to enroll. I can not emphasize this point too strongly.

ALTHO I had heard much of Charlie Chaplin from various friends we shared in common I did not meet him until after I had been in the industry for two years. That first sight of him surprized me as much as it always does those who know only the familiar comedian of the black mustache and baggy trousers. A slender fellow; smooth-shaven; waves of crisp black hair; dark-blue eyes that have that peculiar smoky quality of the Autumn hills—here is the catalog of his outward self. But of course you can not compress into a catalog the charm of his face. There is a charm there—even beauty. And in this connection, indeed, I remember Chaplin's telling me laughingly that his mother once protested indignantly at his make-up.

"Why do you want to make yourself look hideous," said she, "you who are so beautiful?"

But altho his contours are satisfactory and his eyes exceedingly handsome, the real interest of Chaplin's face lies in its perpetual and sensitive absorptions. He seems always listening. Even when he is talking most animatedly he is watching you, wondering about you, quite evidently trying to fit you and your words into some pattern. When you yourself are talking, you get the full force of this vivid listening.

Mack Sennett has often spoken about this characteristic message of his face as it was revealed to him during Chaplin's first studio days. "He'd sit there for hours," records Mack, "just studying people. I couldn't make out what he was thinking about."

Since that first meeting of ours acquaintance has developed into a friendship which I certainly count one of the privileges of my life. From that friendship it is hard to detach myself for an objective survey of the gifted pantomimist. Even had I not been so close to him I should find formidable the task of analysis. For Chaplin is a maze of contradictions, and no sooner have you affixed to him any one attribute than lo, the next moment has swept it away!

Chaplin loves power—as no one else whom I have ever met does love it. Money contributes to this sense. Therefore he sticks out for his large contract and therefore he saves a great deal of his earnings. But it affords him just as much consciousness of power to think that he, Chaplin, can afford to walk away from those assembled actors and stage-hands. Ergo, he does that.

I HAVE often been asked if Chaplin is amusing when away from the screen. He is—thoroughly so. His mimicry is delightful. His dancing is perhaps even more so. I see Chaplin improvising a London street scene with William de Mille; to hear him deliver the speech of a Jewish manufacturer is a rare treat. Before he had been presented with a loving-cup; to watch his imitations of some fashionable rhythmic dancer—at one of the Ritz before he had been presented with a loving-cup; to watch his imitations of some fashionable rhythmic dancer—at one of the Ritz before he had been presented with a loving-cup; to watch his imitations of some fashionable rhythmic dancer—at one of the Ritz before he carried a cuspidor as a Greek vase and concluded by deftly catching it in the crook of his knee—such are the memories of Charlie treasured by those who know him.

I always like to think of the day when he got back Empress. From my office straightway to my office to see me, and I never heard anything so infectious as those descriptions of his triumphal tour. When he came to the story of his decoration with the Legion of Honor he reached a high peak in that imitative narrative of which he is such a perfect master.

Yet here again you are faced by another of those contrasts which bewilder the biographer. There are certain days when, instead of drollery and pungent narrative, he presents a well of unfathomable silence. On such days he runs away from his studio and from everybody. For hours he will sit motionless in his room, or perhaps, starting off alone, will wander into an orange-grove or tramp through the hills around Hollywood.

He suffers at such times—undoubtedly But make no mistake. The blackness of the universe, the torturing puzzle of existence, which sometimes engulf so many of us, are never repudiated by Chaplin. He does not desire madly to lose himself in something that is nothing apart from his own life. He would not in his most tortured moment shift places with the merriest. No, for the blackness is his blackness. And what he wants is experience, no matter whether that be happiness or pain. This hunger for a high measure of sensation is found in his horror of old age. With a kind of fierce rebellion he looks into a neighboring glass at the streaks of gray in his hair. "Ugh!" he will shiver. "To think the time is coming when I shan't be young any more!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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Queen Victoria of Spain
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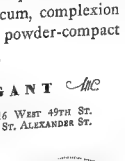

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

His reaction to life is, you see, intensely personal, intensely emotional. Nothing is more persuasive of this than is his interest in certain impersonal topics. Chaplin loves to talk about government and economics and religion. Mention of a new "ism" or "ology" brings him loping from the farthest corner of a room. When Rupert Hughes came out to Hollywood he and Charlie were much given to what somebody calls "topics—just topics." Nothing could have been more illuminating. While Hughes conducted his side of the discussion in a spirit of dispassionate inquiry, the less scientifically trained mind of the comedian struck out with a poet's frenzy at everything which he did not like. One could see it was not really abstract truth which he desired. It was the theory which most successfully represented his own prejudice.

His prejudice is against anything which interferes with his own personal freedom. The censor, the income tax, any supposed obstruction—these are hateful to him in the degree to which they infringe upon that coveted sense of power.

ONE day when I first came to know Chaplin well, he was with me in my apartment at a Hollywood hotel. While we were talking the telephone rang. Charlie looked terrified.

"What do they want you for?" I asked, exceedingly amused.

"A guest," he answered with a grin. "Mrs. X—— asked me for dinner to-night. I promised I'd be there and then found out she had asked a couple of people. So you won't catch me going."

This was my introduction to Charlie's most notorious social failing. Often thereafter I witnessed his struggles against being taken into custody. Less frequently I was one of a group of indignant people waiting for a Chaplin who had promised to come and never did show up at all.

Not long ago a friend of mine asked him why he so hated to make or keep an engagement.

"I don't know," answered Charlie. "I suppose, tho, it's because I hate to feel that I have to do anything at a certain time. It just destroys my pleasure in doing it."

At this my friend suggested, "Ah, Mr Chaplin, but don't you think that is because way down deep you don't feel quite free? The person who is conscious of real freedom doesn't fret at any such superficial bondage."

He looked at her eagerly, delightedly—just as he always does when confronted by a new theory. "Why, I never thought of that, but I believe it's true," he assented. "You see," he added, "when I was a young boy I never was free. I was always the one who had to work for home. My brother Sydney didn't hang around as I did. He went off to Australia."

Then for the first time I suspected what was responsible for Charlie's love of power. Those early years of his in London when, the son of poor vaudeville artists, he experienced hunger and tragedy and the constant terror of the next day, have driven far into his brain. No prosperity can quite rid him of fear. That is why he wants to assure himself in every way of his present strength. For what is but fear which makes a man conscious always of the thickness of his armor, the sharpness of his weapons?

There was one engagement of his which Charlie did keep. When Claire Sheridan, the English sculptress, came to California she expressed immediately a desire to meet Chaplin. My friend Abraham Lehr thereupon invited the comedian to a dinner given for the handsome author of "From Mayfair to Moscow."

"And don't you dare fail me this time!" admonished Mr. Lehr as he proffered the invitation.

Charlie not only obeyed; he obeyed in a dinner-coat. From the first, so Lehr reports, the two seemed entirely satisfied with each other, and that occasion led to the friendship upon which Mrs Sheridan dwells so glowingly in her "American Diary."

Charlie is well liked by the average woman. Indeed, most people are attracted to him. Why should they not be? His drollery, his quick and vivid response to the moment, his friendly, boyish way, the manner which makes you feel at first meeting as if you had known him all your life—these would lend the usual person to pick him out in a roomful of distinguished people. And all this quite apart from the glamour of his reputation.

He makes another appeal. The first time I ever met him I felt sorry for him. The humor of it that I should want to help him—this young charming Fortunatus—struck me almost at once. But I could not help it. Afterward I found that nearly every one else shares this feeling.

Of course exactly the same thing is operative on the screen. For Chaplin owes his supremacy as much to the tears as to the laughter of the multitude.

This pathos of his comes from an enduring isolation. He is, and I think always will be, a lonely figure. Beloved by many, applauded by all, he is merely with—never of—the crowd—not tho he gives it back gesture for gesture and laugh for laugh. Not misleading, the look of listening which so much impressed me the first time I met him! For early in life Chaplin took his seat in the parquet of life and ever since he has been watching the rest of us actors unfolding our drama. Do not be deceived because sometimes he vaults over the footlights and behaves just like the performers. Even when he is at his merriest pranks, even when he is talking most confidentially and affectionately to his friends, he is still the onlooker, detached from the rest of us by I know not what fastnesses of spirit.

The most intimate of Charlie's friends in Hollywood are Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. He goes over to their house frequently, and the three talk pictures hard and fast. Chaplin of course, frequently sees in the creations of the other two an opportunity for characteristic suggestions.

When, for instance, he saw the mooted castle in "Robin Hood" he said to Fairbanks: "Wonderful. Big! Just think what I would do with that drawbridge on Sunday morning! I'd let it down so I could take in the Sunday papers and the milk-bottles and then draw it up tight so that nobody could get at me all the rest of the day."

One time I asked Charlie who was his favorite screen actress. "I think Mary Pickford," he answered unhesitatingly. "You see there's a wonderful quality about her—it's that more than her acting."

Unlike almost every other screen actor, Charlie does not work from a script. When he starts a new story he is apt to come into his studio and say, "Build me a kitchen and a dining-room." He has at this moment perhaps only the germ of an idea. But day by day he develops it, and as he does so his scenario writers jot a down each scene. This method has often been described, and I touch upon it here only for its value in revealing his psychology. A scenario would undoubtedly irk him as much as would a social engagement. Always, always, Chaplin must be assured that he is free, that his individuality has scope for its spontaneous play.

His emotionality is never more apparent than when he is at work. Often he becomes exhausted in his efforts to inspire one of his company with the desired emotion. "Heavens!" he will cry. "It's enough to break your heart—such stupidity!" When he sees the rashes, anger and despair are apt to break from their leashes and run away with the projection-room. Often, however, these emotions are directed quite as much toward his own part in the performance as toward that of others. Charlie has, in fact, that capacity for being dissatisfied with his own work which is a part of every great artist.

THE world at large does not seem to know much about Charlie's brother Sydney. Yet he is a very real brother and Charlie has a very real affection for him. He himself is an excellent comedian with only one disadvantage—he is the near relative of a great comedian. This relationship, I may add, could never be detected from a casual glance at the two, for Syd Chaplin is rather tall and rather blond and his features are much more sharply cut than are those of his brother.

Syd, by the way, possesses a very ready wit. Once when dining with Mary and Doug he listened to the latter's statement that the contract for "Robin Hood" had cost a hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars.

"Hmph!" commented Syd. "I should call that 'Robbin' Doug.'"

It was after completing his $670,000 contract with the Mutual Film Company that Charlie made with the First National Company a million-dollar deal calling for eight two-reel pictures. This did not sound difficult. The comedian expected to complete the order in a year. Instead, he has only just recently finished the last of the National Film pictures.

How Jackie Coogan literally leaped into the arms of Fortune will be told in "Behind the Screen" for July. How the same divinity snatched Rodolph Valentino from private life is another July story especially fascinating.

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222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City

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From the shoulder, for instance, your butcher can cut for you excellent chops, a roast, or meat for a most appetizing and wholesome stew.

The breast of lamb is also a great delicacy which many women overlook. It is delicious when stuffed and roasted, or braised.

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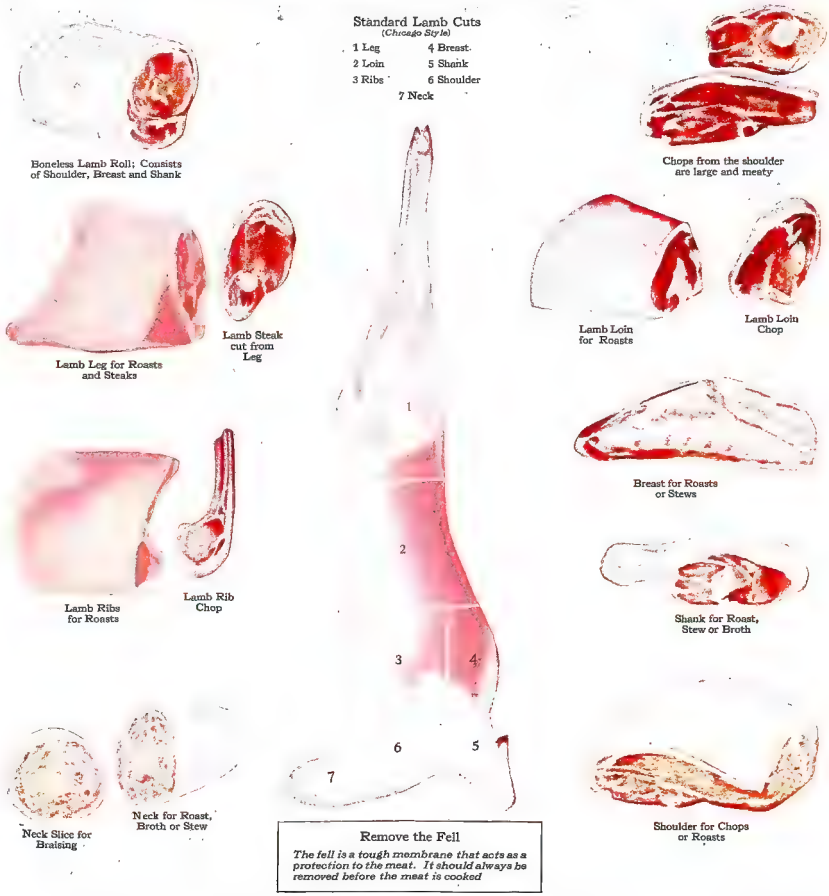
Standard Lamb Cuts
(Chicago Style)
1 Leg
2 Loin
3 Ribs
4 Breast
5 Shank
6 Shoulder
7 Neck
Boneless Lamb Roll; Consists of Shoulder, Breast and Shank
Chops from the shoulder are large and meaty
Lamb Leg for Roasts and Steaks
Lamb Steak cut from Leg
Lamb Loin for Roasts
Lamb Loin Chop
Breast for Roasts or Stews
Lamb Ribs for Roasts
Lamb Rib Chop
Shank for Roast, Stew or Broth
Neck Slice for Braising
Neck for Roast, Broth or Stew
Shoulder for Chops or Roasts
Remove the Fell
The fell is a tough membrane that acts as a protection to the meat. It should always be removed before the meat is cooked

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The ideal rug for summer, too —indoors or on the porch

Indoors, or out, in summer or winter, you'll find no other floor-covering so satisfying and so economical as a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug.

Out on the porch it stays the whole season through. Showers beat in on it, the hot sun glares down on it, feet scuff over it. But sun and rain, wind and wear mean little to a Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug.

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9 x 10½	feet	15.75	3 x 6	feet	2.50
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The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in ocher designs to harmonize with them.

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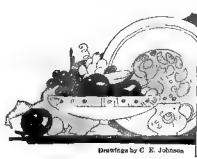
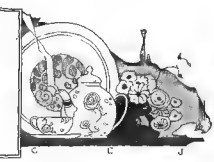


PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

HOME BUREAU

Conducted by MARIE SELLERS



WATCH AMERICA'S TEAPOT GROW!

Because of What Goes Into It, and Especially of What Comes Out of It—The Ninth of Our Marketing Articles

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

MANY a pleasant hour is spent over the teacups—symbols of hospitality. And how few of us know anything about the tea we are drinking except that we have a preference for green or black and are always ready to volunteer the usual "Lemon, please" or "With cream"!

Is it hard to believe that anything so refreshing and delightful as the tea we know was first used as a medicine, nor do we think that Samuel Johnson ever thought of the beverage this way, for he drew his own portrait as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of the fascinating plant, who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

How do you make your tea? Has it ever occurred to you that there is art in an operation so simple? In "The Book of Tea" Okakura-Kakuzo says, "Tea is a work of art and needs a master-hand to bring out its noblest qualities."

A bad cup of tea is not always due to the making, for the buying of tea is an excursion into unknown realms for most of us. In the shops we see such names as Darjiling, English Breakfast, Formosa Oolong, Young Hyson, Japan Basket-Fired, and Orange Pekoe. Does the name Gunpowder seem strange to you when associated with tea? These are only a few of the teas carried in many well-stocked establishments. Do you know what these names mean? Do not all these pique your curiosity? Take, for instance, English Breakfast. This is a black tea of northern China; Darjiling is a very choice black tea from India, having a rich flavor and strength, with a decided "snap," and many people consider this the world's finest tea. It is often used for blending. Gunpowder is a green tea of China. Some one may say something to you about Pinhead tea. This is an extra fine grade of Gunpowder and is so called because of the very small, round appearance of the leaves.

Dealers and tea-room and restaurant managers all say that Orange Pekoe is a best seller. Do not think when you ask for it that you are getting a special variety of tea. Orange Pekoe means a grade of leaf. In India, Ceylon, and Java, teas are graded into Flowery Orange Pekoe, the small end bud of the twig; Orange Pekoe, the second leaf or large leaf bud; Pekoe, the next larger leaf; then Souchong, and lastly Congou, the largest leaf. Souchong is a popular-priced tea.

Constantly More Tea

MORE tea is used in this country every year, as it is becoming increasingly popular as a luncheon, supper, and afternoon beverage. Do you know that even the selection of your teapot is important? The marketman often has a consultation on tea which he is sure is very good, because his customer has used either a tin pot, or a broken enameled one in which the metal is exposed. Either of these will give the infusion a peculiar metallic taste, due to the action of a very minute amount of tannic acid on the metal. Or perhaps the tea has been allowed to stand in the pot for several minutes when the temperature is so high that it is practically boiling. The tannin is extracted and gives a very bitter flavor, and the delicious aroma is lost.

Our teas come to us from the gardens of India, Ceylon, Formosa, China, and Japan, and they are classified as green, black, or oolong. The same leaves may be cured to produce any of these teas, but some leaves are better for one kind and some for another. Black tea means rich color and mellowness; green, pungency; and oolong, delicate flavor and aroma.

Merchants tell us that we often bewilder them when we are buying tea. For instance, no dealer knows just what a customer wants when he is asked for China tea, for it may be green, black, or oolong. Black teas are fermented in the process of manufacture and contain less tannin than green. Green teas are unfermented, so that the leaves retain some of their green color and are not artificially colored, as is sometimes thought. Oolong teas are partly fermented and stand between green and black teas in color and flavor. They are popular to serve in the afternoon with lemon.

China produces green, black, and oolong teas; Japan, only green; Formosa, oolong, and Ceylon, India, and Java produce mainly black.

Teas are graded in China according to the size and roll of the leaf; the smaller and tighter the roll the more desirable the tea. The trade-names Gunpowder, Imperial, Young Hyson, and Hyson all refer to green China tea. Gunpowder indicates a small tight roll; Imperial, medium; Young Hyson, a long leaf or loose roll; Hyson, the longest leaf and loosest roll. The black teas of China are Congou, Souchong, and Scented, the last known commercially as Caper. The black teas of India are sold under the names Assam and Darjiling. When you see the names Pan-Fired and Basket-Fired, you know that they are green teas from Japan. The oolong tea from Formosa is sold under the name Formosa Oolong.

No matter how excellent a certain kind of tea is, it seems to be quite useless for the marketman to attempt to force a new blend or brand on a customer, for she usually has her own personal likes and dislikes, and all that he can do is to suggest one which he thinks might meet with approval. Any good market will sell a customer an ounce package of tea to sample, so that there may be entire satisfaction in the matter of flavor.

There is almost no call for green tea alone, as it is too astringent. It is usually blended with an oolong or black tea.

Do you know how many cups of tea a pound will make? About two hundred, we find. High-priced teas are seldom extravagant in use, for it takes less good-quality than poor tea to make infusions of equal strength. In a test two qualities of the same kind of tea were selected; one cost 40 cents a pound and the other $1.25. It took three times as much of the cheap tea as it did of the expensive kind to make infusions of equal strength, and the flavor and quality of the cheap tea were inferior.

Package teas generally have a uniform flavor and are clean. Tea should always be kept in containers which are as nearly air-tight and water-tight as possible, for the fragrance is lost very rapidly if exposed to the air. Keep your tea in a dark place and never use an old tin can as a container. If you can obtain your favorite kind in bulk, or feel that package tea is not worth the price to you, take care to store it as suggested just as soon as purchased. It is a good plan to keep a small amount for daily use in a little canister so that the larger container need not be opened too frequently.

As a general rule buy package tea by the pound, as there is always a greater proportionate charge for half and quarter pounds. For instance, tea selling at 65 cents a pound package costs 35 cents a half pound and 20 cents a quarter pound.

There are little bags of tea with a string attached which are convenient when one wishes to have just the right amount measured out. Each bag contains enough for two or three cups. They can be purchased containing any one of several kinds of tea. It is easy to make these little bags at home and, after filling, store them in an air-tight jar.

The teaspoon with a perforated bowl and cover is becoming very popular. It holds enough tea for two or three cups. Stir the spoon, which is half filled with tea, in the cup containing hot water. This is an advantage over the tea-ball, as it is easier to clean. Like the spoon, the tea-ball should be only half filled to allow the leaves to swell. Always be careful to empty and refill the spoon or tea-ball before the leaves are spent.

Learn What You're Buying

TO FIND out the quality of the tea you are buying see if it is clean, without any sawdust, and that it does not contain bits of wood or stems. Look for the little fine buds of an orange color, as this is an indication of good quality. You can go further and judge the quality of the tea after it has been brewed. Pour off the liquid and empty the grounds on a saucer. If the leaves are small and whole and there are but few broken leaves, or midribs, you have a good-quality tea; if the tea contains small particles or bits of dirt, it is not cheap at any price.

If you serve iced tea be very careful what kind you buy, for not all are good for icing. Ceylon, Oolong, and Congous, as well as various blends, are suitable for this purpose. If you are not sure of your tea, brew several samples and let cool. Never use one for icing which grows milky upon cooling.

All the tea which comes into this country is examined for purity and quality by the Bureau of Chemistry, which administers the Tea Inspection Act. At many of the large ports the bureau maintains tea-examining offices, and, according to law, all teas entered for human consumption must be placed in Government bonded warehouses and not be used until samples have been drawn by the Government offices and submitted to the Government tea-examiners for comparison with official Government standards both as to purity and quality. If they measure up to the standards they are then released to the importers; if they do not, they must be either exported or destroyed.

This special law which regulates the importation applies not only to purity, but also to quality, because the Government has a standard for quality. If it did not it would be possible to bring into the country teas that are absolutely pure but made from old leaves that do not contain the stimulating and aromatic qualities that are contained only in the young tea-leaves which produce teas that can be considered commercial products.

In making tea, measure it carefully. The amount of tea to use depends upon individual taste and the kind and quality you buy. One level teaspoonful for each cupful of water is the average amount for English Breakfast and Oolong. Unless you like the beverage very strong allow only half a teaspoonful of India and Ceylon tea to one cupful of water. Green teas from Japan require from one-half to one teaspoonful to the cup. Use freshly boiling water, as it has sparkle and life. Use two earthen pots, both warmed by pouring hot water into them. Steep the tea three to five minutes in one pot. Never boil. Always strain the infusion from the leaves into the other heated pot. Keep hot, but take care not to boil.

The best iced tea is made by pouring hot freshly brewed tea over chipped ice. When serving a few guests brew the tea in your regular teapot and then pour it into individual tall glasses which have been half filled with ice. Lemon and sugar should be served with it.

The Sovereign Power of Tea

Over the tea-table, Madames, the world's affairs soon will be settled! Witness the prediction contained in the following stanzas from a poem by the English Poet Laureate of the year 1700.

YOU Statesmen, who in Storms, the Publick Helm
Wou'd Guide with Skill, and Save a sinking Realm,
TEA, your Minerva, shall suggest such Sense,
Such safe and sudden Turns of Thought dispense,
That you, like her Ulysses, may Advise,
And start Designs that shall the World surprise.

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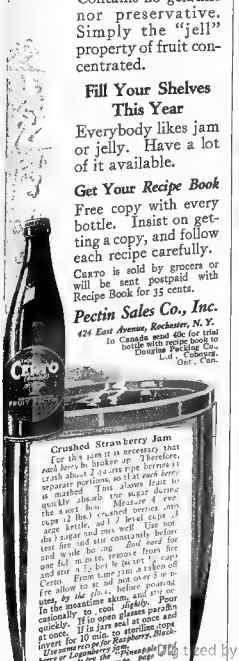
CERTO
Crushed Strawberry Jam
For this jam it is necessary that each berry be broken up. Therefore, crush about 2 quarts ripe berries (1 quart) at a time, so that each berry is mashed. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boiling. Measure 4 cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, and 1 level cup (1 lb.) sugar and mix well. Use not more than 1 cup sugar to each cup fruit. Bring quickly to a full boil (a boil that cannot be stirred down) and stir a minute. Add 1/2 bottle Certo. Remove from fire and skim. Fill glasses and cover with hot paraffin. Pour quickly. If in jars seal at once and process for 10 min. to sterilize cups. Use same recipe for Raspberry, Blackberry, Loganberry, Pineapple or Peach Jam. Recipe Book

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

CAMPING WITH THE "KIDS"

BY MARGOT BEETON SCOTT

YOU don't mean to say you took a four-months-old baby camping!" We certainly did, and we took his baby sister also in her first Summer, when she was ten months old. It never occurred to either of us that we were planning to do anything out of the ordinary. Why should we break into our established practise of spending a month or two in the woods each Summer? Why should we remain at home in the city with our infant son or take him to some crowded seaside resort? Why should he not travel with us to the Canadian wilderness?

We did not suddenly turn our thoughts to camp. My husband and I had camped or sailed part of every Summer since we were children. So it was that with all our Summer expeditions we came to include in our thoughts the baby we longed for. We had planned for him so long, and had always counted upon him as one of the party, that we had long since planned his outfit, his "grub list," and his sleeping-bag. It had never seemed that the so-called sacrifice that so many out-of-door mothers and fathers make when their children come to join them was at all necessary. So many of our friends have said in the past, and still say, "But of course when the children came we gave up all of that. One must spend so many years out of their lives raising their children."

It seemed to us that here was the root of a great deal of trouble; that parents, and especially mothers, did that very thing—"gave up" all of their natural recreations, "devoted their lives to their children," spent "so many years out of their lives," literally "out of their lives," years in which they lost touch not only with all the moving thought of the world, but with its great dramatic gestures as well.

Was not our little fellow one of the family? And had it not been the practise of all of the family to go camping every Summer?

Or, on the other hand, was the entire current of family habit to be diverted at the advent of a tiny baby that could sat in the palm of one's hand?

"Certainly," I hear the wise ones say, "hasn't every family settled down and founded a home when the first child arrived?" The only answer I can make to that is that I know one family that did not.

THE FIREPLACE, PAVED WITH FLAT STONES, HAS MADE A PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY STOVE

"In all fairness, now, why should this time-honored change take place? Why not take the baby to the woods? What harm could come to him there?" These were the questions that we asked ourselves, and made our plan.

But when our friends heard of it!

"You have to travel by canoe after you leave the railroad?"

"Yes."

"You have to carry every bit of clothing and food with you?"

"Certainly."

"There isn't a doctor in reach, is there?"

"None that we know of nearer than Ottawa, and that is about two hundred miles away."

"Well," with an air of finality, as tho the last word had surely been said, "you wouldn't take a baby that far away from a doctor, would you?"

"That depends entirely on the baby and the doctor; there is just as much difference in babies as there is in doctors. If there is anything the matter with the baby, certainly not. There isn't anything the matter with this baby."

"Think of the diseases he might catch up there in the woods with no one to look after him!"

"Just a moment. Did you ever hear of a child catching whooping-cough or measles or scarlet fever or diptheria or a bad cold in the woods in Summer?"

"No, but it can easily enough, can't it? I don't know anything about the woods, but why can't a child catch all the children's diseases in the woods as well as in the city?"

"The presence of other children is considered necessary for the spread of these diseases. There has to be some one to catch them from."

"Have you consulted your doctor? He'd never let you do it."

"We have and he will. That is why we know what we are talking about. When we asked him if it would be feasible to take the boy with us or to go at all, his response was, 'Certainly: the boy is perfectly normal. There is nothing the matter with him or with his mother. It will do both of them good. I think that if you have to paddle to headquarters for milk at first, the rest and quiet of the woods will restore the little fellow's natural supply and that you will be able to take all the care of his feeding yourself.'"

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME," ON A WOODED POINT AN HOUR'S PADDLE DOWN THE LAKE

So we lashed his tiny four-square hammock in the Pullman drawing-room when the train pulled out of the station, and, swinging easily in his own bed that he knew, he rested serenely the journey through. With the packs and the tent and the rods and the ax and the camera, the baby went along.

That hammock served as his bed the Summer through. With a little mattress and pad and rubber sheet and his tiny blankets, it traveled with him to the little log hotel at the end of the rails, where he swung in it from two screw-eyes in a roof-beam across the foot of the bed, where I could reach him at a moment's notice. He required attention very seldom, but slept the night through.

Before our tent on a beautiful island seven miles from headquarters, he swung during the day from one of the branches of a clump of glorious canoe-birches that shaded our doorway.

At night he left his nest to rest with us on a deep and fragrant bed of balsam that was rebuilt and added to until it rose a foot or two above the ground. Later, when on our travels we spent several nights in the hospitable hut of a forest-ranger, we swung his hammock again from the poles that joined the rafters of our shelter-roof.

We had discussed the fact of the presence of black-flies, those incessant little tormentors of the early June and July woods. The doctor had assured us that if we kept the boy under netting and tucked it in about his mattress the occasional black-fly that bit him would do him little

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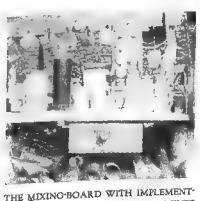

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Hair needs food

NO matter how unattractive your hair may be, it can be made really charming and lovely with this dainty new shampoo that does more than merely wash.

Your hair needs food just like a plant needs water—And Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo feeds it with purified crude oil and tar.

Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

Its purified crude oil and tar feed the scalp.

Its antiseptic qualities keep the hair healthy.

Sold everywhere

in a 6 oz. bottle much larger than this for 50¢

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

CAMPING WITH THE "KIDS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

harm, that in fact the baby would hardly feel it. "Babies are not as highly developed nervously as adults," he had assured us.

His clothing? That was a simple matter. It is essential to a good camper that he "travel light." Our son on his first journey into the "bush" took more clothes than he has ever taken since or ever will again.

We erred on the side of preparedness. Into his pack went extra shirts and extra bands and extra socks that we imagined he might need in case of prolonged rain or cold. In the years that have passed since then we have many times had occasion to smile at the amount of "duffel" that we accumulated for one tiny baby. Many of the garments that we felt that he would surely need we never unpacked from the reserve trunk left at headquarters.

His wore the same clothing in camp that he did at home except that he wore more of it at the same time. At night an extra sweater was added, with a blanket wound papoose-fashion over all, and day and night he wore a cap.

Here is the list of what the boy actually used during his stay of two months in the forest

4 woolen shirts	4 pairs of woolen socks
3 woolen jackets	2 woolen caps
3 dresses	18 outing diapers
2 outing petticoats	4 woolen crib blankets
3 woolen pinning blankets	1 baby-coat
2 cotton caps	1 feather pad for hammock
1 rubber sheet	2 flannelet blankets
3 rubber nipples	3 barrow-coats
6 woolen bands	2 nursing-bottles
3 outing night-dresses	safety-pins

We remained at the little headquarters hotel for a week or more to see how the little fellow had stood his long trip and to see how a baby born at sea-level would react to an altitude of over two thousand feet. We

"ALL TENTS ARE EQUIPPED WITH A TARPAULIN GROUND-CLOTH AND A CURTAIN OF ENGLISH BOBBINET"

took daily paddles to the near-by lakes to hunt for an ideal camping-site. Daily our excursions took us farther from our base until at last we reached our old camp-ground, over seven miles distant.

At first we had thought this entirely too far, but it was so beautiful, so quiet, so a part of the horizon of civilization, this pine-clad island in its crystal lake, that all resistance was broken down; and we packed the duffel-bags, stowed our "grub," nested the baby on his tiny blanket bed in the bow, spread over him a primitive awning made of a burlap bag, and began our life under canvas.

A wooded seclusion altogether delightful and within a comparatively few miles of home can often be found, without the risk or the expense of a journey deep into the forest country.

OUR daily life in camp now that the baby was with us differed very little from the habit of other years. True, we did not suddenly decide to pack a bag and go exploring off beyond "that high ridge back of Bluff Lake," or launch the canoe and search for unmapped lakes as we had in the past.

Of course it rained, but that worried us no more now than it did when we were alone. We kept the baby warm and dry and well fed. There was always a hot-water bottle tucked in among his blankets. A complete bath every day is not necessary for a baby. He should be kept clean, certainly. All portions of his little body need not be exposed to the air at the same time if the day is cold and rainy.

The second Summer after saw us again detraining at the log hotel. The boy by this time had gained his feet and his little sister was ten months old. We found now that we could not camp in as casual a manner as we did with only one child.

It became necessary to build a larger and more permanent camp. So we selected a site on a wooden point in a quiet and sheltered lake about an hour's paddle from headquarters.

Here we went in with the ax and the cross-cut saw, and, leaving a screen of pine and fir and cedar along the shore, made the clearings for our tents. We built from boards, ferried from abandoned lumber-camps in our canoe, tables and a dock. With finished lumber from a near-by mill we built a sturdy floor for a much larger tent than we had been using. In this larger tent we placed a sheet-iron stove with a smoke-pipe that passed through an asbestos ring in the roof. At each season's end this stove is folded and stowed away in a surprisingly small space.

All tents that we own are equipped with a tarpaulin ground-cloth and a curtain made of English bobbinet. Without these accessories our night's slumber might often have been far from sound. There are mosquitoes in what is supposed to be mosquitoless country. There are friendly frogs that love to investigate a light. There are innumerable unwelcome visitors that these accessories keep at a proper distance

The fireplace needed careful construction and location. We placed it in the bank of the lake. Cutting a shelf in the clay, we paved it with flat stones for a kitchen floor, and, sheltered from the prevailing winds, we cut the hearth shelf still deeper in. This we floored with a heavy flat stone that has remained unmoved throughout nine years of hard use. This hearth-stone rested at about the level of the knees, allowing any one cooking on the grate above it to reach the cooking-pots without stooping. It has made a perfectly satisfactory outdoor stove. At the left hand and at right angles to the fireplace we drove in stakes for table-legs and on them placed our mixing-board and implement-racks. A drawer beneath held knives and forks and all the smaller equipment.

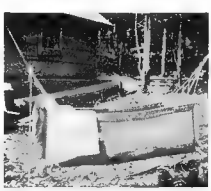
Our cooking-utensils we selected of the best heavy aluminum. We provided a complete rain outfit for each of us, the baby included, and enough rubber blankets and tarpaulin bags to insure dry wood for the breakfast fire, and keep our extra clothing and other supplies always ready for use.

When one is housekeeping without a house it is necessary to improvise shelter for equipment as well as for oneself. The matter of food-containers was of great importance. Silk-and-cotton bags, treated to keep out moisture, we used for sugar, flour, corn-meal, cereals, and macaroni. For bread, cheese, dried fruits, dates, raisins and nuts, we used large biscuit-tins obtained from headquarters.

A large tarpaulin stretched above the table provided shelter not only during meals—and many a meal has been prepared and eaten in the rain—but provided us with an outdoor reading- and game-room as well. At our base camp we have a shelf full of all kinds of canned things—vegetables, fruits, meats, powdered milk, and powdered egg, with evaporated milk for coffee and cocoa. However, we do not confine ourselves to the use of canned goods. Eggs, potatoes, cheese, bacon, and ham, with an occasional piece of fresh meat, are obtainable at headquarters, and our orders shipped in by express from the nearest city contain everything from green vegetables to imported fruits and biscuits.

The actual daily care of children remains very much the same whether the children are at home or in camp, so last Summer we took with us a most competent Finnish girl seventeen years of age. She slept in the tent with the children and assisted generally in the work of the camp.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69



SWUNG OUTDOORS THROUGH THE DAY, THE HAMMOCK SERVED AS THE BOY'S BED THAT FIRST SUMMER

When you dance

WHEN you glide over the floor close to your partner—

Are you one of those fortunate women whose hair is fluffy and soft to his cheek—*perfumed with cleanliness?*

Or is your hair greasy, dry, lifeless, with an odor that offends?

That is the thing a man notices first—and it can make him like you immensely or it can ruin his interest.

Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness—that it makes hair soft, wavy and lustrous.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair *Tonic* into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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It tells the story of the Woman's Institute—the largest woman's school in the world—and the new plan it has developed by which you can learn at home, with surprising ease, to design and make pretty, becoming clothes for yourself or others.

This is a new plan by which you start at once to make actual garments; a new method so fascinating that it makes sewing a joy; so interesting that you will want to spend every spare moment planning and making the many distinctive clothes you have always wanted but never felt you could afford to buy.

Already thousands of women and girls in all circumstances and in every section of the country have found the answer to their clothes problems with the help of this booklet.

If you would like to know how to have more clothes for yourself and other members of your family at half their usual cost; if you would like to be able to plan and design distinctive, becoming clothes for yourself or others; if you would like to have a dressmaking or millinery shop of your own or would like to earn money sewing for others at home, then you, too, will find inspiration and a practical plan in this booklet.

"Dressmaking Made Easy" is an expensive booklet to print and we do not wish to send it to those who are merely curious. But if you are really interested, mark and mail this coupon and we shall be glad to send you a copy free.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-T, Scranton, Penna.

TEAR OUT HERE

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2-T, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, *"Dressmaking Made Easy."* I am most interested in the subject before which I have marked X in the list below:

☐ How to Design and Make My Own Clothes
☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
☐ How to Design and Make My Own Hats
☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs or Miss)

Address.....

HAVE A HOME-MADE CIRCUS

It Will Make Fun and Money for Your Town

BY MARTHA CANDLER

With clowns and trick-riders, peanuts, popcorn, and all the rest of it."

Such was the informal suggestion made at a round-table conference held in Bloomfield, N. J., to decide upon a get-together celebration which would be the peak of the Summer community's activities. The suggestion was seized upon, put in the form of a motion, speedily seconded, and passed. And because Bloomfield is accustomed to doing things on short notice and large scale, committees were appointed on the spot, and machinery was set in motion, full speed, for what later developed into the big head-line attraction:

BLOOMFIELD'S FIRST ANNUAL CIRCUS!
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
AMATEUR CARNIVAL EVENT!

The American Legion, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Elks, the High School, the Community Players, the Bloomfield Club, the Women's Guild, and various church organizations were represented at the conference, which was held in the Memorial Community House. Each agreed not only to furnish an "attraction" for the circus, but to do its portion of the preliminary work as well.

This preliminary work, at least the advertising part of it, was so well done that when the gala day arrived everybody in Bloomfield who was without active part in the "big show," and presumably a large part of the countryside in addition, were on hand for the "Monster Parade."

Promptly according to schedule it came sweeping into view, flags flying and the band playing "Ain't We Got Fun!" Clowns, Wild West performers, and "animals" bowed and gesticulated right and left, and instantly a resounding chorus of hurrahs went up from the youngsters, lined six and eight deep along the outedges of the passed spectators.

Gradually, as the actors passed, the whole crowd fell in at the tag-end of the line of march until they had melted away toward the big tent. Then the general scramble for admission began. The Community House grounds had been transformed for the occasion by the simple expedient of stretching canvas over all vulnerable spots in the fences. Admission tickets, sold at thirty-five cents apiece, paid for everything, including a seat in the new bleachers and entrance to all "midway" attractions except the side-shows.

Stunts on the Program

The first thing on the program was a grand pageant of performers in the big ring. This included the spectacular Jolly Joshers, a group of clowns; "Addie Hindshaw's Performing Elephants—The Most Marvelous in Captivity"; the acrobatic squad; and Jostok's Wonders—"The World-beating Collection of Wild Animals."

Number followed number on the program—eight of them in all, besides the "extras" and the side-shows. Children shrieked with delight at the antics of the clowns, and even the elders held their sides with laughter when "Elephantis Elite" came on for his "stunt" with the policeman and the country bumpkin. The acrobatic antics (for which an athletic squad from a neighboring Y. M. C. A. volunteered its services) were loudly acclaimed as "good enough for a Hippodrome show," and encored time after time, terminating finally with a dance by Acrobeva and his "famous dancing partner" (a double-jointed dummy fastened somehow to his feet so that whatever he did she was always amazingly in step).

The Boy Scouts gave a series of demonstrations, including wall-scaling with a wounded comrade, and ending with a picturesque tilting conquest. The High-school Girls, not to be outdone, appeared in a variety of drills and gymnastic "stunts," including a dizzying Roman ladder event. The wild animal event was the most exciting thing on the program, with its individual "sketches" in which the fiercely bristling trainer put the bear, the lion, the donkey, the rooster, and the monkey through their paces, and in which there were first group acts and then an ensemble act including the entire menagerie.

There was a "midway," of course, and inside the Community House the women operated a cafeteria where dinner was served. There was an emergency hospital on the grounds, but the boy and girl volunteer policemen managed the crowds so efficiently that it was not needed. The carnival spirit permeated the crowds so thoroughly that the merrymaking, dancing, and frolicking continued until midnight. And then the crowds went home enthusiastic with plans for a bigger and better "next year show."

But the fact that Bloomfield has an unusual community organization need not discourage the smallest town that suddenly feels the carnival impulse. Bloomfield gave the circus to celebrate brilliant community achievements. Southport (a small North Carolina coast town), on the other hand, gave an equally successful circus to create community spirit. Southport's circus, like Bloomfield's, proved to be a "first annual" event. (They seem inclined that way.) It was a whirlwind affair. On January 17 a group met to see if the circus would be possible. On January 25 they gave it!

Advertising the Show

Committees on advertising, refreshments, decorations, costumes, music, side-shows, and concessions went their separate ways after that first meeting. Posters sprang up from every vacant lot. The sidewalks were chalked over with announcements, while the attractions committee was making up the program, giving out the parts, and holding rehearsals; and while the costume committee was sewing and fitting. The music committee organized an orchestra, borrowing numerous "pieces" from the near-by fort.

When the night arrived the Community Club had been transformed into a "ring," with sawdust floor, and with booths and side-shows thickly clustering around the walls. Some of the most dignified citizens developed into convincing "barkers" outside these side-shows, while a bevy of young men and girls competed with them as they went around among the crowd selling popcorn and peanuts. The circus offered eleven acts of fifteen minutes each, including such advertised attractions as Karelese Kate, the Bareback-rider (who went careening around the ring on a fiery steed made of two pieces of bristol-board strapped to her sides). It included Winsome Winnie, the Wire-walking Wiz (whose "trick" was to dance, skip, and balance herself on a tight rope, and pick up a handkerchief from it with her teeth while it was held flat on the floor by two clowns). Nitchevo, the Man with Iron Muscle, struggled convulsingly to wrench apart a thick chain and straighten a horseshoe, which both appeared very natural to the audience, and to raise a 70,000-pound weight, made from a newspaper-covered hatbox with a curtain-ring fastened into the lid.

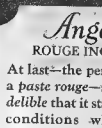
A dance followed the circus. By the end of the evening every refreshment-booth was sold out, and every one was agreed that it had all been "the most fun Southport ever had." There were permanent gains. A wardrobe of costumes, an orchestra which decided to become the Southport Community Orchestra, and seventy-five dollars, to go into a community treasury fund, were among them.

Your town may be looking about this Summer for a way of celebrating some achievement or as a way of working up community spirit. Why not a home-made circus?

Even Paris has nothing to equal these NEW *Angélus Rouges*

Angélus
ROUGE INCARNAT

At last—the perfect rouge—a *paste rouge*—so nearly *indelible* that it stays on under conditions which make *ordinary* rouges smear, streak or disappear! In three natural shades—Light, Medium and Dark.



50¢ *the case*

Angélus
LIP STICK

Like Angélus Rouge Incarnat, Angélus Lip Stick is as nearly *indelible* as can possibly be made, and it will not smear or cake. It spreads smoothly and quickly and appears neither over-brilliant nor artificial! In an exquisite gilt-metal case. Two shades—Dark for Day—Light for Evening use.

$1.00 *the stick*

Angélus
WATER PROOF
LEMON VANISHING CREAM

This new creation of Louis Philippe is a *day-time* cream that serves as a *base* for rouge—and powder, too—and protects the skin against sun and wind. It also whitens the skin so marvelously that very little face-powder is required and that which is used adheres *perfectly!*

In dainty handy-top jars, $1.00 the jar.

At all Drug and Department Stores

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TAKING A "FRESH-AIR COCKTAIL" TO RADIO MUSIC

INVESTING IN HEALTH

Ten Minutes Daily for Endurance Will Richly Repay

BY LOUISE WALLACE HACKNEY

HEALTH, like money, can be accumulated, invested, doubled, and redoubled. But as in all business ventures, you have to use judgment, patience, and careful husbandry. Or else some day you will send in your check and it will come back from the "Bank of Endurance" marked "Account overdrawn." The deposits required are small. Only ten minutes a day of thoughtful practise, and you can draw your interest at any time.

The first and best deposit to begin with is to learn to breathe correctly. The it is the first thing we do at birth, and the last at death, it is the one thing we do most poorly. When we were babies we automatically breathed correctly, but as we grew older we wore tight clothing, sat in cramped positions, took little exercise, and, by degrees, forgot what was our natural heritage, our first accomplishment. We can do without food for nearly a month and a half; we can dispense with water for days together; but desprive us of breath for five seconds and we perish.

The average woman changes the air in her lungs completely only once in three days. Yet what housekeeper would tolerate such poor ventilation in her home? Then why should she in the house of her body? The reason her lungs are so poorly aired is that she is using only one-third of them to breathe with; the rest is left a musty, unused room. She has forgotten how to breathe all the way down to the back of them. Notice a baby when it sleeps. You will find that its little stomach rises and falls with each breath. This is what is known as diaphragmatic breathing and is the natural way; it is the method consciously used by all great singers.

When you breathe in this manner all of the lungs are filled even as far back as the part that lies under the shoulder-blades. The portion used by the average woman who is not a golf- or tennis-player is the small part just under the chest, the small end of the bellows, the shape the lungs most closely resemble. You say it would be intolerable to have to watch each breath you drew. So it would be; but you don't have to. A little practise for ten minutes a day will soon reestablish the old habits of childhood. And with them *good health.*

Deep breathing, is one of the surest cures for the "blues." You simply can't be depressed after ten minutes' vigorous "breathing." It has set your blood coursing more rapidly through your veins, and you feel happier, younger. There is a recognized physiological reason for this exhilaration: the new, fresh air in your lungs has come in contact with the waste matter in your blood, and, by a chemical process, burned it up

A Fresh-air Cocktail

TRY to-morrow morning a "fresh-air cocktail" upon rising, and see how much brighter the day will be. Stand with the weight well forward on the ball of one foot; raise arms slowly from sides until they are level with your shoulders; stretch out as far as you can; continue to raise them until they are above your head, but far enough in front of you for you to see the back of your hands without effort. Clasp your fingers, and push upward as if you were trying to push the ceiling away from you. Inhale as you raise your arms to the count of five; hold while you count one and arms are pushing upward; then exhale to the count of six, lowering arms gradually in reverse order. Repeat this exercise four times.

If you will measure yourself after it, you will find that you are a fourth of an inch taller than you were before. This is a good exercise to repeat at any time during the day when you find yourself growing tired and nervous and want to freshen up.

The habit of deep breathing prevents colds and other illnesses, and keeps the tissues of the body firm and young.

Another way in which we overdraw our account at the "Bank of Endurance" is in incorrect sitting. We curl ourselves up in a ball, sit on one foot, use our spinal column as a prop, and then wonder why, when we have been sitting for an hour, we are so tired. The correct way of sitting, as the Greeks learned centuries ago, and as every carefully trained grand-opera singer of to-day knows, is not such a haphazard affair as most people think, but one that has been carefully thought out, and which gives endurance and grace, as it accords with the law of gravitation.

The way to sit for endurance (and incidentally for grace) at a desk, a table, or in any ordinary chair, is to sit so that your body makes two right-angle triangles with the chair. One triangle is from your head to your hips and across your lap, the other from your lap down your legs to the floor. You should sit so that the end of your spinal column does not touch the seat of your chair—high on your haunches, as it were.

Spinal Telegrams

THE spinal column is so arranged that there are little spaces between the vertebræ that make a cushion to absorb shock. When you slouch down in your chair you close up these spaces, and make the spine a telegraph-pole that sends every jar to the brain. This is why you get so tired when riding in a street-car or automobile. A test as to whether you are sitting correctly or not is to place your hands on the hluges of your hips and bend forward as far as you can. If you can do this without effort or having to rearrange your position, you are sitting correctly. If not, you should sit higher on your haunches, your spinal column free from the seat of the chair.

Sitting with your spinal column telescoped shuts off the blood from your brain and makes you dull.

Every one says, "I'd rather walk five miles than stand half an hour." And the reason is that few carry their bodies so that they bear their own weight, but have to hold them upright by sheer force of will. The grand-opera singer who sings "Parsifal" knows how to place his body so in line with the line of gravity that he can endure the forty-five minutes of motionless standing in the Hall of the Holy Grail. Otherwise the aches of his muscles would be intolerable. There is only one way of being sure that you are standing correctly and that is the method used by the sculptor in molding his statue.

The curves in the back and front of a woman differ with her stoutness or thinness; but if her ear, shoulder, hip, and instep are in a straight line she is standing correctly.

At first this position may seem to you too far forward, as your habit is to stand on your heels, closing your spinal column into a sort of invisible walking-stick. After a little practise you will find this new position is not only more comfortable and less fatiguing, but takes ten years off your age. Look at yourself in a mirro', sidewise, and see for yourself what a difference it makes.

These deposits in the "Bank of Endurance" can not be made at any old time; they must be made regularly, a good ten minutes of thoughtful practise; no passing of bad coin by skimping the practise or thinking of something else while automatically following the exercises. One of the strict banking rules of this institution is daily deposits, made in the bright new coin of thoughtful practise. But even while you are depositing you can draw your interest in health and happiness.

Even the busiest woman can have them

THOSE in-between moments which one may devote to the care of one's nails! In the rush and busyness of modern life, they are becoming increasingly difficult to find. But however crowded your days, you can always have the perfectly groomed nails that present social standards demand, if you manicure the Cutex way.

The Cutex manicuré is not only marvelously quick and easy, but every one can use it. The basis of the Cutex method is Cutex Cuticle Remover, a cleansing, antiseptic liquid which eliminates two tedious processes from the manicure. There is no soaking of the fingers, no cutting of the cuticle.

You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover, work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them with a towel. Now, examine the nails carefully, and you will see that every tiny stain has vanished, torn and ragged edges of cuticle have disappeared, and the nail rims are smooth, lovely and unbroken.

Then—for the Polish

It takes but a moment to give a dazzling finish to your manicure with any Cutex Polish—whether in the cake, paste, stick, powder or liquid form. The new Powder Polish, for instance, requires no buffer. With just a few strokes of the nails across the palm, you have a brilliant lustre that is as quickly renewed. The new Liquid Polish is applied with a brush, dries immediately, and leaves a delicately tinted finish that lasts a week. Obtainable at drug and department stores in United States and Canada, at chemist shops in England.

CUTEX

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Send for this Introductory Manicure Set—Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures—*only 12 cents*

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12 cents in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P-6, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail with 12 cents in coins or stamps to-day.

Northam Warren, Dept. P-6
114 W. 17th St., New York City, N. Y.

I enclose 12 cents for Cutex Introductory Manicure Set.

Name.....

Street
(or P. O. Box).....

City.....

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Know the Joy of A Smooth Healthy Skin

WHAT person today can be a success–socially or in business–with a skin that looks unhealthy or repellent? The present demand for absolute cleanliness, freshness and vigor of health accepts no substitute.

The first step towards attaining a healthy skin is right living—spending hours in wholesome outdoor activities, etc. But the second, and equally important, is *proper* cleansing. Your skin is like a delicate fabric—easily injured by rough scrubbing or the use of a harsh, caustic soap. Why run the risk of hurting it by using anything that happens to be handy, when you *know* that Resinol Soap protects it?

Resinol Soap is exquisitely pure, with a rich cleansing lather, the most refreshing fragrance, and just enough of the Resinol properties to make it the ideal toilet and bath soap for everybody—from youth to old age.

Try it for your complexion and see how gently yet thoroughly it cleanses the pores and helps to overcome skin defects. Take a Resinol bath and note the healthy, vigorous glow that follows. Place it in the nursery and keep baby sweet, clean and contented.

A trial size cake will prove to you the delights of Resinol Soap. May we send you one free? Write Dept. 8-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

BUY RESINOL SOAP BY THE BOX FROM YOUR DRUGGIST OR TOILET GOODS DEALER

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN BABYCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

TRAVELING WITH YOUNG CHILDREN

PLEASE tell me what you think about traveling with young children. Is it better to remain at home than to take the risk of a long journey? If the trip must be taken, is it wiser to go by train or motor? What is the best way to manage about bottle-food, diapers, and general care of a baby or small child on the trip?—A CRY MOTHER."

Letters like the above flood my mail every year about this time; therefore it is hoped that the hints noted below will help many mothers.

When you have a comfortably cool house or apartment near some park or pier where the baby can enjoy his daily carriage-rides, it is usually less risky to remain at home with a baby under one year of age than to take a long journey and change the milk-supply and the baby's regular habits. When a child has reached the runabout age, however, it is usually wiser to leave the hot city for a time if possible. The freedom of green grass to run on and shady trees under which to play, and wait water with its fascinating beach, is much enjoyed by the older babies. They stand a journey better, and if the milk-supply has to be changed it does not make so much difference to them, as they depend largely on other foods also.

When a Summer trip is a necessity choose the quickest way of travel. Usually this means going by train rather than by motor. A Pullman or drawing-room is fairly comfortable; if you can go by steamer this is the best way of all, for there is less noise and dust, and babies are very seldom seasick. If a baby is breast-fed traveling will be much less of a risk than if he is fed from a bottle. There are always some difficulties connected with feeding a bottle-baby on a journey, but it can be managed if really necessary.

When the trip is to be a short one the usual food for the first twenty-four hours may be put up at home; the milk should be boiled and put in tightly corked bottles. These bottles must then be packed in ice and kept there until meal-time. Traveling-refrigerators for babies are to be had in most large cities now, and are most convenient both on the trip and after the journey is over. There are certain milk laboratories in some of the cities which prepare milk for long journeys, and pack the food in special cases, all ready to be warmed at feeding-time. This method is rather expensive, however, and if one can not afford this, then it is best to use some form of powdered milk which can be prepared by the addition of hot water at each meal-time.

For a short journey the hot water may be kept in a vacuum-bottle, but for a longer one a small stove, usually with solidified alcohol, will have to be taken for the preparation of the food. Never carry milk or prepared food warm or hot for the baby in a vacuum-bottle; germs multiply too rapidly to make this safe.

There are numerous forms of milk-powder on the market. The family doctor should be asked to prescribe the one he thinks will agree best with the baby in question, and if this is tried at home a few days before the journey is undertaken, there will be very little risk of an upset baby. Country milk is sometimes not handled nearly as well as milk delivered in large cities. If there is any question as to this, the milk should be boiled while away from home, or else the powdered milk may be used during the vacation.

Mixed herd-milk is much to be preferred to milk from one cow. Herd-milk differs less from day to day than milk from a single cow. If the country milk is much richer in its percentage of butter-fat than the milk the baby has had at home, then one or two ounces of the cream should be removed from each quart bottle before the baby's usual formula is made up. Too much fat or cream, especially in hot weather, is responsible for many attacks of diarrhea and vomiting in babies.

I will send any mother a set of modified-milk formulas if she will enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request. Directions for preparing gruels and other foods and for the care of bottles and nipples, and the rule for Pasteurizing the milk, will also be sent on request. No one set of formulas will agree with every baby. The set we have has been found to agree with thousands of babies, however, and is worth trying.

Keeping a baby dry and clean on a long journey is something of a problem. Old, soft linen and pads of gauze should be saved up for use inside the regular diapers. The soiled pads may then be done up in paper and thrown away. If one has a stateroom or drawing-room with a little bath attached it is quite possible to wash and dry some of the diapers. A good-sized bag lined with rubber is very convenient for carrying wet diapers and clothing for a young baby.

A light straw suitcase lined with enamel or oilcloth and with pockets for the smaller toilet articles is very valuable when traveling with a baby. All of the baby's belongings should be kept by themselves in this suitcase. Several changes of clothing should be taken for the baby. If the little dresses and skirts are made of crêpe they may be rinsed out easily in the basin of the toilet-room, dried, and used again without ironing. One mother who had to travel with a tiny baby took a large suitcase packed with bedding and used the case for the little bed for baby while on the trip. Very useful traveling-baskets for a baby may be had once the baby may be carried in the basket, and may also use it for a bed at night.

Folding rubber wash-basins are also useful. The mother may give the baby a very good bath in one of these basins. If it is kept cool, clean, and comfortable the baby will be much better-natured on a journey than if all his home routine has to be dispensed with.

Boiled water should be taken along for the baby's use the first twenty-four hours of the trip. For a longer time a bottle of some good, tasteless spring-water is best. Frequent changes in water may upset a baby considerably. If the baby is taking orange-juice it is wise to take several good oranges with you, having the porter keep them in a cool place until needed.

Never make the mistake of giving a baby or young child sweet crackers or other foods that taste good but to which he is not accustomed at home, just to keep him quiet on the train. A few minutes of quiet do not make up for an attack of indigestion or a sleepless night.

Children who are old enough to like picture-books will enjoy looking at magazines and having some of the pictures cut out for them. If scissors with rounded ends are taken along the child may be allowed to do some of his own picture-cutting. Making pinwheels and kites to use at the car-windows, coloring pictures with a set of crayons, and playing with paper dolls or animals are all useful ways of entertaining young children on a journey. This is far better than giving extra lunches or sweets.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join our special Correspondence Course in Babycraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. If you want help for older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class, and you will be assisted in their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

No letters will be answered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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Make This Test

Send the coupon for a ten-day tube. You will be amazed and delighted. And the results may lead to lifelong benefits, both for you and yours.

What Women Gain

By combating film on teeth

Millions of women are now brushing teeth in a new way. You see them everywhere, with glistening teeth. That is one reason why women have gained so much in beauty and in charm.

Still there are countless people who do not know this method. They have not seen or felt the benefits it brings. This is to urge those people to make a ten-day test and learn what this method means.

Why teeth lose luster

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it, so old-way brushing left much film intact.

Food stains, etc., discolor the film, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That is why teeth grow cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. So 49 in 50 people suffered from tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that dread disease became alarmingly common.

Two combatants found

To meet this situation, dental science sought for film combatants, and eventually found two. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research.

Those two great film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Careful people of some 50 nations now employ it, largely by dental advice.

Aids nature's fights

Nature gives alkalinity to the saliva, to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. That is to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

But research proved those agents generally too weak, because of the frequent lack of certain essentials in modern diet. So Pepsodent multiplies that alkalinity, multiplies that starch digestant. Thus it gives these tooth-protecting factors manifold effect.

Thus Pepsodent is bringing, all the world over, whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. And to millions a new dental era.

It is a revelation

The Pepsodent benefits are quick and convincing. You will know in a week why you and yours should ever use this method.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Then judge by what you see and feel how much this method means. Cut out coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1175

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 969, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

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BROADWAY'S FIXED STAR—APPARENTLY

The Story of Lenore Ulric's Extraordinary and Rapid Success

BY PERCY WAXMAN

IN NEW YORK theatrical circles, when a play turns out a pronounced success, it is a regular custom for the managers to organize two or three subsidiary companies and send them on tour throughout the rest of the country. In the language of the theater, these are known as "road" companies. Some time in 1913 one of these "road" companies was formed to journey through the country to play in Richard Walton Tully's stirring Hawaiian melodrama, "The Bird of Paradise," and the New York success of that tense sample of dramatic art was more than upheld during its long tour. After having performed in almost every sizable town in every State of the Union, in April, 1915, this "number two" company of "The Bird of Paradise" opened for a brief final engagement in a small up-town theater in New York city. The leading rôle was taken by a young actress, entirely unknown to Broadway, who certainly needed no prompting in the part, for she had played nothing else for almost two years.

When not actually on the stage during this "suburban" engagement the young woman was much occupied with vague conjectures regarding her future, for she knew that in two weeks' time she would have to look for another job, but she had made up her mind that it would not be in a "road" company if she could help it. Like every other actress in America, the secret ambition of her life was to appear in a leading rôle on Broadway, but in spite of considerable experience in stock companies since childhood, the possibilities of that "miracle" coming to pass seemed as remote as the moon. However, on April 24, 1915, a wild idea took possession of her, and on that momentous date she took her courage in one hand and her pen in the other and wrote a letter to Mr. David Belasco, who in this way for the first time in his life heard of Miss Lenore Ulric.

In that historic letter (now framed and in a place of honor amongst the treasures of the Belasco Theater) the ambitious young "stock" actress begged the dean of American producers to come and witness her performance in "The Bird of Paradise." She told him that he was the one man in all the world she most wanted to come and see her, and as she had most serious intentions for her future, she would esteem it an honor to get Mr. Belasco's opinion on her work.

There must have been a guardian angel watching over Miss Ulric, for it is a matter of record that every manager in America receives dozens of letters along the same line as this, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are disregarded, and it speaks volumes for her gifts as a letter-writer that hers was not. Something of her own innate sincerity must have seeped through into its pages, for when Mr. Belasco read it he determined to take the unknown writer at her word. Unable to make the trip himself, he sent one of his representatives up to the theater, and in order that no inkling of his visit should reach the young actress herself this man watched the performance from the gallery.

On returning to Mr. Belasco he made a highly favorable report of Miss Ulric's evident ability to portray emotional rôles of an exotic nature, a verdict which was later to prove of tremendous importance to her career.

At the moment, however, Mr. Belasco apparently paid little attention to what his representative told him, for he took no further action, while Miss Ulric herself, believing that the great man had taken no notice of her plea, finished her engagement and went out to California to act in a motion-picture.

Early in 1916, however, the late Charles Frohman joined forces with David Belasco in order to produce a play called "The Heart of Wetona," by George Scarborough, in which the leading part was that of a half-breed Indian maid. The producers were having considerable difficulty in securing a suitable actress to play it, when Mr. Belasco suddenly remembered the girl who had impressed his representative with her ability to act emotional exotic rôles. A telegram was sent, and as fast as a transcontinental express could carry her to New York Lenore Ulric arrived, breathless with excitement and anticipation. In appearance she seemed ideal for the part, and because she so thoroughly "looked" the character she was instantly selected for a "tryout." "At my first rehearsal," she has since confessed, "I read my lines in fear and trembling, and I kept looking out of the corner of my eye to see if Mr. Belasco liked me or not."

She need not have worried, for from the instant she stepped on the stage David Belasco, with his unerring judgment in such matters, knew that he had a "find." Miss Ulric as *Wetona* wove herself so wonderfully into the character that she scored an instantaneous success, and early in March, 1916, wherever one went in New York, people were talking of that remarkable new young actress—Lenore Ulric.

Her next rôle was in a play by Willard Mack called "Tiger Rose," a melodrama of the great Northwest, in which she played the part of a French-Canadian girl. In this play, to say that she was a success is to understate the fact; she created a veritable triumph. "Tiger Rose" was played in New York no fewer than 422 times, and long before the end of the run Lenore Ulric's life ambition had been achieved: she had been made a star under Belasco's management.

Her next leading rôle was in a play of New China called "The Son-Daughter," which again provided an opportunity to display her emotional abilities, and again a personal success was achieved. These three successes, however, striking as they were, turned out to be merely a sort of prelude for the greatest of all her successes, "Kiki," in which, as these words are being written, she is still playing to crowded houses in New York.

Photo by Strauss Peyton, © 1921

LENORE ULRIC

AS SHE APPEARS IN REAL LIFE. HER FACE, EVEN WHEN IN REPOSE, EXPRESSES THAT DETERMINATION AND ALERTNESS WHICH HAVE SO LARGELY HELPED HER IN HER RAPID RISE

"Kiki," a character study by André Picard, adapted from the French by David Belasco himself, opened in New York on November 29, 1921, and on February 8, 1923, had its five hundredth performance!

"Kiki" is a most unusual play, particularly difficult to classify, and without Miss Ulric it is impossible to conceive of it as a play at all. Briefly, "Kiki" is the name of a tempestuous little Parisian chorus girl who is just about to be expelled from a music-hall show when the director intercedes for her merely for the sake of peace. At the time this happens he is just about to consider the possibility of remarrying his divorced wife, but *Kiki*, on learning his intentions, resolves to win him for herself, and the next two acts are hilariously occupied with her frantic endeavors to do so.

Finally when failure stares her in the face and a reconciliation between the music-hall manager and his former wife seems a foregone conclusion, *Kiki* is suddenly carried into their presence in a pretended condition of catalepsy, and for nearly thirty minutes the audience is treated to one of the most marvelous feats of physical endurance *and* acting ever seen on the American stage. Through this ruse *Kiki* succeeds in scoring over her less attractive rival, and the curtain descends on the happy little chorus girl about to start life with the man she loves.

Miss Ulric fits this rôle like a glove.

She moves with ease from one mood to another. She sounds every depth in the character. She plays this paradoxical heroine as if for the sheer love of it, and with physical energy and a sense of humor that are unflagging. She is always on the stage and always incessantly active. It is a masterpiece of versatility. In the final act, when she is unceremoniously tossed about for nearly half an hour, her performance is astounding. In short, Lenore Ulric is *Kiki* and *Kiki* is Lenore Ulric.

This extremely clever young woman was born in Minnesota, but taken as a baby to North Dakota, where her father held a position in the commissariat at Fort Custer. From there, however, her family moved to Milwaukee, Wis., where her childhood and school-days were spent. Her first conscious attraction to the play world took place at the age of five, when she remembers seeing her first circus poster. The glamour and color attracted her tremendously, and she made up her mind either to go on the stage or be a bareback rider. Curiously enough, to this day she has never seen a circus.

At a very early age she joined a stock company in Chicago and played a variety of parts, including *Viola* in "Twelfth Night" and other formidable rôles for a mere child to undertake. Even when playing obscure parts in a small stock company she took it upon herself to study every rôle in each play. On one occasion when in a play called "The Climax," in which she was the only woman, she found it necessary to prompt every man in the cast, and was easily able to do so because she had memorized the whole play. Leaving Chicago, she spent several months in another small stock company in Schenectady, N. Y.

"Of course," says Miss Ulric, "I always had my eyes fixed on Broadway, but I felt sure that it would take many years before I could ever hope to appear in a New York theater. Then came my engagement in 'The Bird of Paradise,' with its wonderful sequel."

One of Miss Ulric's outstanding characteristics apparently is thoroughness. She makes up her mind to master anything she undertakes. She is an indefatigable student of every character she creates. From the time a part is assigned to her she literally lives it night and day. When she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Photo by White Studio

FEIGNED CATALEPSY—MISS ULRIC'S DAILY FEAT OF ENDURANCE

Photo by Ira L. Hill

KIKI, THE FASCINATING *GAMINE* OF THE PARIS STREETS

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How do you picture the woman you would like to be? Do you think of her as a happy wife—a happy mother?

The Woman You would Like to Be—

How do you picture her? A happy wife—a happy mother—a great artist, or an accomplished woman of the world? In a hundred ways—it lies in your power to make yourself the woman you would like to be. Below you will read of one way—simple as it is, no girl can afford to neglect it.

Do you wish, more than anything else, to be beautiful? To have a face that charms and attracts the people about you?

Make up your mind, then, that you will have a beautiful skin; that you will not rest until you have made your skin absolutely clear, smooth, flawless.

For how can woman's face be lovely and attractive if her skin is disfigured by blackheads—by ugly little blemishes? if the pores are too large? if her nose is shiny with oil?

Any of these faults can be overcome

If you are troubled with any of these faults—begin, now, to overcome them. You *can* make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give the *new skin* the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in this booklet. Two of these famous treatments are reproduced below.

By using these Woodbury skin treatments regularly, thousands of girls and women have overcome the faults in their complexions and have gained the lovely clear, soft skin they longed for. Begin, today, to give *your* skin the treatment that will make it fresh, radiant, flawless, as a beautiful woman's skin should be.

Why skin disturbances often occur on the face

It is a well-known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of the face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and see what an ideal effect it has on your skin. The regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet will tend to improve the whole tone of your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Three Woodbury skin preparations —guest-size—for 10 cents

For 10 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 306 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 306 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London E. C. 4.*

FOR CONSPICUOUS NOSE PORES

To reduce conspicuous nose pores, use this special treatment:
Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once* if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION

To keep your skin free from blackheads, use the following treatment:
Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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gay spring-flower frocks are kept soft and colorful when Mother washes them with FAB tiny soap flakes made of cocoanut-oil

Est. 1806 FAB COLGATE & CO.

We will send you a trial package of FAB for 4c in stamps. Address Dept. F-10, 199 Fulton St., New York.

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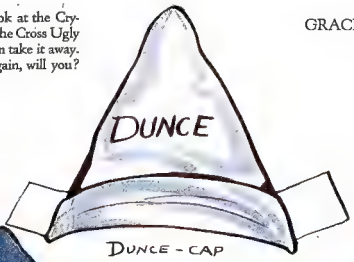
DOLLY DINGLE'S GOWNS AND FACES

BE HAPPY

LOOK at the Happy Face first; then look at the Cry-Baby Face. Which do you like? Place the Cross Ugly Face over Dolly Dingle's sweet face and then take it away. You'll never, never, want to look cross again, will you?

Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON



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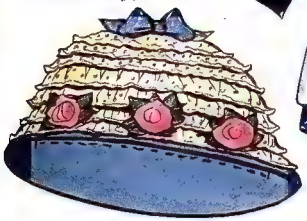
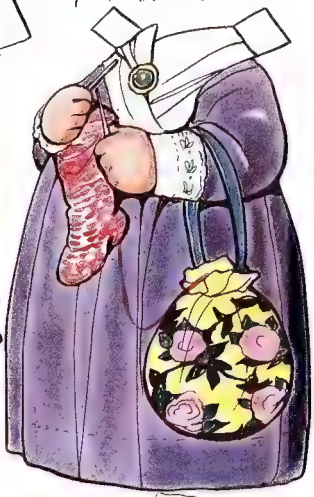
BRIDES-MAID DRESS

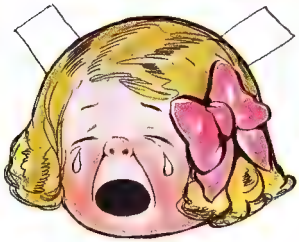
SCHOOL-DRESS



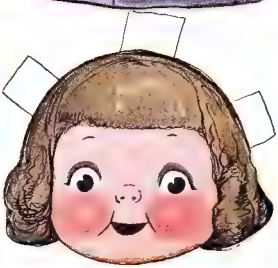
CUT ON DOTTED LINE

GRAND-MA'S DRESS



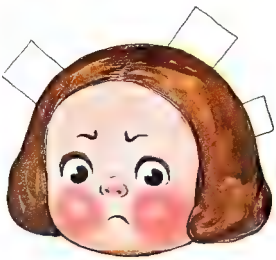


CRY-BABY FACE



HAPPY - FACE

PLAYING GRAND-MA FACE



CROSS UGLY FACE

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LOUISE HUFF, as in "Mary the Third," a comedy about flappers and those who are flapped.
PHOTO BY NICHOLAS MURAY

DOROTHY GISH, as she will appear in a forthcoming First National Exhibitors' Picture in which she plays the part of a Spanish dancer.
PHOTO BY ALBIN

PHYLLIS POTAH, whose remarkable imagination "astounds" at once the features of this unusual play produced by Sam H. Harris Orch.
PHOTO BY LOUARD TRAVER MCBOB

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Palm and Olive oils —nothing else—give Nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Face to Face —as if you were another girl

WHAT do the eyes of others see? This is a question every girl should be able to answer. Do the glances which rest upon your face express admiration, or turn away with indifference?

Meet yourself face to face in your mirror and pass judgment upon what you see as critically as if you were some other girl. Don't condone complexion defects. Don't console yourself by hoping they won't be noticed. Don't excuse sallowness and blemishes by blaming the light. Instead, take note of every fault and learn the remedy.

The First Step

Whether your problem is the improvement of a poor complexion or to keep a good one, this first step is the same. The network of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must, every day, be cleansed from clogging accumulations. The natural oil of the skin, which nature has provided as a beautifier, is often secreted in excess. In combination with dirt, powder and perspiration it quickly fills up these minute pores unless carefully washed away.

Soap and water is the only effective means of cleansing yet discovered. Cold cream alone only increases the clogging, while other remedies are often unnecessarily harsh. The selection of the soap you use is the only problem and this is easily solved. Facial soap must be pure, mild and soothing in its action. Thus you should select Palmolive. Once a day, and the best time is bed time, wash your face thoroughly with the profuse, creamy Palmolive lather. Massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly and dry with a fine, soft towel.

If your skin is very dry, this is the time to use cold cream. Oily skins won't need it. A week of this simple cleansing treatment will work wonders in the condition of your skin. Blackheads will disappear and an attractive natural color replaces that dull, sallow look.

Blended from Beautifying Oils

Women who fear that the use of soap ages their skin have made the mistake of using harsh soap. They will change their minds once they use Palmolive. The blend of palm and olive oils has produced the mildest cleanser science can produce. The lather of Palmolive is actually lotion-like in its action.

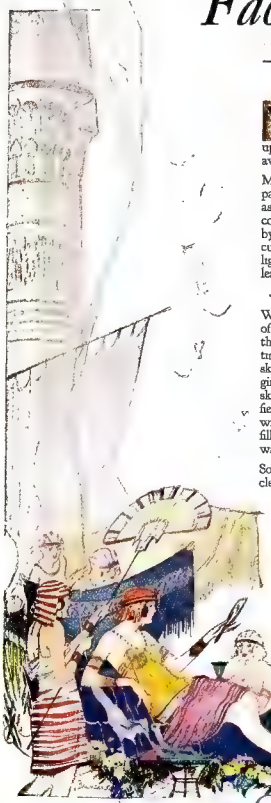
These two rare Oriental oils are historic beautifiers, and have been valued for their cosmetic qualities since the days of ancient Egypt. These rare Oriental oils impart their rich, green color to the attractive Palmolive cake. Palmolive green is as natural as the color of grass and leaves.

A 10c Soap

If Palmolive cost many times this modest price it would be considered worth it by the millions of users who find it the only satisfactory soap. But it is these millions who make it possible for us to offer Palmolive at a popular price. The gigantic demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and allows manufacturing economies which makes the 10c price possible.

Volume and Efficiency Produce 25c Quality for

10c



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also manufacturers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

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Such a wonderful taste thrill for a warm summer's day!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fresh fruit and a friendly pitcher of ice-cold milk or cream!

Why—eager appetites can scarcely hold their peace till the magic words—ALL READY—come! And such a cooling, delicious, sensible feast when the thermometer's hitting-on-high—Kellogg's Corn Flakes, all crispy, crunchy and sunny brown; keenly appetizing, digestible, satisfying, sustaining!

Never was a cheerier summer breakfast or lunch for big and little folks to thrive on! Because, Kellogg's Corn Flakes teach one and all what it means to good health to eat lightly during the warm weather!

Kellogg's let you feel mighty snappy all day long; they help you work harder and play harder, and put you across the finish line in fine fettle! And Kellogg's lighten home work because they're all ready to serve to hungry folks!

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

WHY THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON

BY MYRTLE L. BARGER

Illustrated by Harrie Wood

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The Mouse ran up the clock!

AND do you know why, my dear? Do you know why the Mouse ran up the clock? He ran up the clock to make sure of the time. Yes, he was right. It was nine o'clock *—nine o'clock at night*—and The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe hadn't put her children to bed yet.

This would never do, for Old King Cole had recently made a law that every girl and every boy in Mother Goose Land must go to bed at eight-thirty, or nine o'clock at the very latest. You see

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,

and he knew that boys and girls must go to bed early if they would be merry, too.

So the Mouse ran quickly down the clock to the shoe. There were no signs of getting ready for bed in the shoe. Children, children everywhere, and to his surprise they were weeping, weeping, weeping; but guess who was weeping loudest of all: No other than The Old Woman herself.

"OLD KING COLE KNEW THAT BOYS AND GIRLS MUST GO TO BED EARLY IF THEY WOULD BE MERRY"

This was most unusual, and the Mouse thought he had better inquire a little before he scolded her. So he quietly said:

There was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
So she gave them some broth——

But right here The Old Woman fairly screamed. "Yes, yes, I gave them some broth—some good warm milk broth, but how can I give them broth now? Boo—hoo—hoo!"

"Why, Old Woman," asked the Mouse, "why can't you give them some milk broth now?"

"Haven't you heard? Haven't you heard?" cried The Old Woman. "There is no milk—no milk," she sobbed, "for

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The Cow has jumped over the moon."

"H'm—h'm-m," said the Mouse in surprize. "So the Cow has jumped over the moon!" The Mouse was so surprized he forgot to tell The Old Woman that he felt sorry for her, and walked off, thinking, thinking, thinking.

"Of course, it was pretty bad if the Cow had jumped over the moon," the Mouse thought. "And then The Old Woman and her children need not take on so. There were other things to eat. She ought to whip them all soundly and put them to bed, anyway." Before he got excited he was going to consult some other people in Mother Goose Land.

The very next man he met was one whom you all know.

There was a Crooked Man
Who walked a crooked mile!

"Ho, there, Crooked Man!" called the Mouse. "The Old Woman in the Shoe has gone nearly crazy because the Cow has jumped over the moon, and she doesn't know what to do because she can't make any milk broth for her children. Now, isn't she foolish? Surely something else will do as well!"

The Crooked Man turned quite pale at the news. "That is sad, that is sad," he said. "See my crooked legs? They are bow-legged. See my crooked back? I am round-shouldered. See my crooked teeth? They are soft and decayed. All because when I was young I had no milk to drink—no milk to build strong hard bones. One day Little Boy Blue fell asleep under the haystack and let the cow get into the corn, and we never found them again. So we had no milk, and that is why I am a crooked man. I feel very sorry for The Old Woman in the Shoe."

"H'm-m-m," thought the Mouse. "This may be serious, after all, but I won't take his word for it. I'll ask some one else in Mother Goose Land."

Very soon the Mouse passed by the house where Jack Horner lives. Jack was nowhere to be found, but his mother was standing in the doorway, looking—oh, so sad! When she saw the questioning eyes of the Mouse upon her she said:

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie!

But, oh, Mouse, it wasn't long after he sat in the corner eating the pie that he had the most dreadful stomachache. I wish I had never let him have the pie; but, you see, the Cow jumped over the moon and we have no milk, so I let him have the pie. Oh, I wish I hadn't, I wish I hadn't! If the Cow would only jump back again," and she straightway burst into tears.

By this time the Mouse was convinced that the matter was serious and decided to notify Old King Cole. So he began to run. Faster, faster, faster toward the palace he ran, but as he was about to run across the town square he saw that something unusual was going on, for all of Mother Goose Land was gathered in the town square. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—they were all there.

The Mouse inquired the reason of Humpty-dumpty (he had not yet had his great fall) and found that Old King Cole had already heard the awful wailing because the Cow had jumped over the moon, and had called a meeting in the town square of every one in Mother Goose Land to decide what ought to be done. Many of your friends were there, I am sure.

Little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet was there, looking very sad because she did want her curds and whey so badly.

Old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard was there. She said she didn't care if her cupboard was bare. She always had plenty of milk in the refrigerator. But now that the Cow was gone she would indeed be in a sorry plight.

Saddest of all, tho, was The Maiden all Forlorn. She missed the Cow and the Crumpled Horn, for now she had no cow to milk, and who knows but she might be put out of Mother Goose Land!

But just being sad would not bring the Cow back. Something must be done at that meeting in the town square, so they elected a very wise man to make a plan to find the Cow. And who do you suppose that wise man was? Of course you remember that

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise.

So, of course, he was the one who thought out a plan for finding the Cow.

First he sent The Old Woman from Banberry Cross riding away on her cockhorse to search every road in Mother Goose Land.

Simple Simon wanted to help, but no one trusted him. They knew that if he met a pieman he would forget all about the Cow.

One of the wisest things that The Man Who Was So Wondrous Wise did was to engage The Little Man Who Had a Little Gun, whose bullets were made of lead, lead, lead. The Little Man was to keep his little gun and bullets of lead, lead, lead handy in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

New and Smart!—Wash Dresses Fashion's vogue for Summer

OF course you have heard of the Resort Frocks! You know they are offered to you only after having been "passed" by eminent style critics in the Fashion Salons held frequently at the Waldorf Hotel. Naturally, dresses so unique and individual can be made only in limited quantities.

So if you have not been fortunate enough to secure some Resort Frocks, you may get smart wash dresses, made by the same house, and created under the direct supervision of the designer of Resort Frocks.

Fashion Salons cannot be held often enough to pass upon *all* the lovely dresses we make—big critics are always busy—so, many dresses worthy the name "Resort Frock" are in our already famous "Queen Make" line. In both there are the same fine materials, unfading colors, brilliant bits of hand embroidery and touches of real lace.

Since Cotton is fashion's favorite this season as never before, wash dresses have achieved a recognition that lifts them from the merely useful, to distinct smartness. Depending upon perfect designing, in the most popular wash fabrics, these dresses exemplify the season's most fashionable successes.

Queen-Make dresses have such varied originality that they can be worn with perfect appropriateness for a day at the Country Club, a trip to town or an informal tea. They are also so inexpensive that you will want some for your morning's tasks at home. And every charming model in our entire assortment is exquisitely finished down to the last tiny stitch.

Cool, dainty, what an ever-fresh charm wash dresses have for the languorous days of summer! You will need many of these smart frocks to complete your summer wardrobe.

Ask for Queen-Make dresses tomorrow at your favorite store

No. 6041 (at the left) is of fine tissue gingham. The color note is repeated in the embroidery edge on sleeves, collar and panels of organdy. A ribbon bow adds a coquettish touch.
Colors: helio, blue, black, brown, green.
Sizes, 16 to 46. Price $9.75

No. 1054 (in the center.) This charming collarless dress of ratine shows Russian influence in its design and Hungarian embroidery in its trimming—making a most unusual dress. Colors: lavender, green, blue. Sizes, 16 to 46. Price $6 50

No. 6053 (at the right) is of Monte Carlo dotted voile, whose smart lines are enhanced by inserts of real hand-made filet lace; collar and sleeves are of fine net; side drapes and satin tie add interest; dots guaranteed.
Colors: blue, black, brown. Sizes, 16 to 46. Price $7.75

When ordering

—direct from us (providing your favorite shop cannot fill your wants), give number, size, color desired, and send money order to House of Queen Make, 102 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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may mean summer safety for your baby

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Johnson's is the powder on which to rely these hot summer days

It is a JOHNSON & JOHNSON Red Cross Product —famous for thirty-five years. Millions of babies are happier and healthier because of this pure, beneficial powder. Use JOHNSON'S on *your* baby.

About rashes and prickly heat

Allay summer skin torments and rashes by using JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER several times daily.

How to make the bath's coolness last

After baby's refreshing bath comes the final touch of JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER—giving lasting comfort.

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Massage the skin with JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves; the powder brings comfort—and sleep comes.

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A too constant flow of saliva results in chafing and irritation. Touch the corners of baby's lips with JOHNSON'S.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Best for Baby—Best for You

YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

With knowledge acquired through long training he protects health. Be appreciative.

Try the drug store first.

Photo—Community Service, Inc.

DANCERS IN A COMMUNITY FÊTE-DAY PAGEANT

AMATEURS OUT-OF-DOORS

BY EDNA E. COLLADAY

Formerly Managing Director of the American Entertainment Institute, New York City

THERE is something about an outdoor performance that has an indescribable appeal. Whether it is a children's dramatized fairy-tale, a Shakespearian play, or a historical pageant, it is the ideal medium for delivering a message of whatever purport during the warm-weather period.

A natural woodland amphitheater, such as the Forest Theater of the Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill, N. C., adapts itself, in ways with which no indoor scenery could cope, to create the right atmosphere for performances which should reflect their surroundings.

The Forest Theater, of which Professor Frederick H. Koch is the enthusiastic and efficient director, is a natural theater in the heart of the native forest, canopied by the foliage of ancient oaks. The stage has been carefully surveyed, leveled, turfed, and the "backstage" drained. Native cedars and arbor vitæ have been planted to form a permanent setting; make-up huts have been provided behind the scenes as dressing-rooms for the players. The hillside is perfectly adapted as an amphitheater, capable of seating five thousand people. The acoustic properties are admirable, the background is furnished by a variety of forest trees—cedar, sweet-gum, dogwood, etc with interlacing honeysuckle-vines. A semicircular rock wall forms a suitable proscenium, fittingly separating the real world from the land of make-believe. The description here given will enable any community to perceive its own natural advantages as to selecting and making an outdoor theater.

At Chapel Hill, an infinite variety of plays, correctly costumed, are enacted by a group of amateurs who have become almost professional by reason of their enthusiasm, experience, and excellent coaching. The Carolina Playmakers write and produce their own plays, about their own people and lives; stage them, and make their own scenery and costumes. (When on tour through their State they use a portable stage.) Their aim is to build up a native literature in North Carolina, drawn from the abundant store of tradition, as well as from the life of the present day. It is to be hoped that their accomplished success will stimulate similar movements in other States which also have a rich background for the making of folk-plays. Thus will be contributed something of permanent value to the art of folk-drama. In addition to these native plays, the Carolina Playmakers give at least one Shakespearian performance a season.

Children's outdoor plays are usually May-day fêtes, song festivals, or dramatized fairy-tales. These are lovely in the setting of an open-air theater, and children who participate in them, as well as adult spectators, are delighted with the results obtained in such a beautiful setting. Music for these should be simple and melodious, the orchestra concealed behind shrubbery, stringed instruments only used, unless a fanfare of trumpets or roll of drums is necessary, in which case a cornet and drum may be included. In most cases, however, a harp as substitute for piano, in combination with violins and cello, will be found to meet the requirements. A flute is the one wood-wind instrument best adapted for open-air performances.

Pageantry is winning increased favor as a means of popular education and entertainment. The instincts to which it appeals are elemental and universal. Local pride and patriotism are quickened by contemplation of the great past out of which the present has come.

There are three forms of American presentation in pageantry. First—the parade, composed of floats, marching companies, and troops of horsemen. Second—out-of-door performances at selected sites of historical events, such as the recent "Landing of the Pilgrims," at Plymouth, a mammoth production directed by Professor Baker, of the Harvard Workshop. These are sometimes produced in a natural amphitheater (of which the Forest Theater, already described, is an excellent example) or in an artificial one, such as the stadium just completed at the University of Virginia. Here is larger opportunity for action, music, spoken drama, or pantomime. Third—indoor entertainments made up of scenes so related as to possess unity. A theme, such as the growth of national spirit, the struggle of a people for liberty, the progress of science or education, may be the keynote.

The following brief outline of practical suggestions will be helpful to individuals or organizations in planning a pageant. Much of the success of any pageant depends upon its careful organization before the work is actually begun.

1. Consider committees and their duties. Select capable, conscientious, responsible people, whose individual characteristics, qualities, talents, and walks in life are consistent with the particular duty to which they are assigned.

2. Use care in the choice of pageant grounds. The stage should be leveled, the filled-in places covered with sod, and all dangerous holes in the grounds covered up. The stage-wings should be so arranged that the actors will be hidden from the audience when not actually on the stage. Trees that interfere with the view of the stage should be trimmed. Stage and aisles should be marked off. Roads to the stage should be made passable for cars and ample parking-place provided. A small loop in the road, so that cars may enter at one side of the grounds and leave from the other, will avoid much of the danger of accidents. All this should be in charge of a Grounds Committee, who will also arrange for the seating of bands and choruses, and provide necessary signs to guide the public.

If possible, choose for the pageant grounds a flat grassy space at least one hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet wide, with trees at the back and at each side. Trees are necessary to form screens for the pageant stage. If there are no trees growing, screens can be constructed of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

THE "SPIRIT OF THE RIVER"

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Courtesy of Frederick H. Koch

THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

AMATEURS OUT-OF-DOORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

chicken-wire fastened to posts about seven feet high, painted dark green. Weave into the wire vines and branches. Place small pine-trees in front of these. Privacy must be assured behind the scenes if the effect is not to be entirely spoiled. Dressing-rooms may be constructed back of these, the participants should be instructed to dress at home and the huts used only in case of emergency.

3. If elaborate lighting can not be planned, strings of electric lights should be used along the outlines of the stage, masked, so that the side toward the audience is covered, and all the light focused directly on the stage. Arc-lights in center of stage, and spot-lights borrowed from the local theaters will add greatly to the general effect. Light-cues must be taken up promptly, otherwise the entire lighting effect of a pageant given at night will be spoiled.

4. Rehearsals for a pageant should last about a month and be conducted out-of-doors when the weather is fine, so that participants will become accustomed to performing in a large space. The actual pageant ground will be found to be by far the best place for these. The performers should be familiar with the distance to be traversed and the director able to note inaccurate effects in time to correct details regarding them.

Nothing should be left to chance. Realization of the space necessary is an absolute essential during rehearsals, otherwise performers will be self-conscious, groups will not judge distances properly, and the picture will lose in every way. Episodes should be rehearsed in sequence, exactly as they will occur in the pageant; then the actual staging will be a comparatively simple matter.

5. The essential thing to remember in selecting costumes is that they must harmonize with the spirit of the production. Each costume must symbolize an idea that is related so closely to the ensemble that the audience recognizes the idea upon sight. In rural districts the attics of many of the older residents will furnish models for period costumes, which should reflect the time your vehicle represents. A practical costume-book should be consulted in making them. Bright colors that blend and do not clash will be found most effective. Scarlet, emerald green, bright yellow, brilliant blue, vivid orange, white, royal purple, cloth of gold, silver, and bronze can be used best. Beware of pale shades; they will most colors used in connection with them. Symbolic costumes are surprisingly lovely when made of cheap, light-weight materials, such as cheese-cloth, cotton crêpe, cotton poplin, Canton flannel, silkateen, cretonne, and burlap. Inexpensive dyes and an artistic sense can produce wonders in the way of effective and striking costumes from these materials.

6. Acoustics should be carefully considered when planning the musical program for a pageant. A band is recommended where wide spaces form a necessary part of the pageant's mounting. A concealed orchestra will be essential, and it should be as large as possible, carefully rehearsed, and under the direction of a capable conductor. Volunteer services of church choirs, glee clubs, soloists, and community or school choruses should be enlisted.

THERE follows a practical list of necessary committees. Great care should be exercised in the selection of people who are asked to serve upon them.

Grounds	Music
Ways and Means	Dance
Finance	Band
Transportation	Stage and Properties
Cast	Law and Order
Costumes	Information
Publicity	Executive
Programs	Advertising

The director of a pageant should be chosen with more care than any other one item in connection with the performance, for upon her (or him) depends the success of the entire production. Assistants can be procured for the preparatory work, but the responsibility must rest upon one pair of shoulders, and the individual chosen should be an experienced person who is entirely capable, who inspires confidence because she has it herself, who is tactful in the handling of the various participants and committees, and who is possessed of practicality, plus a keen dramatic sense. The director conducts all rehearsals, and her word is law in all that pertains to the production.

Pageants teach valuable lessons of cooperation and common endeavor. Instruction in history, science, language, art, literature, and music is direct and vital. People live in the scenes they are enacting or witnessing. The process is constructive, not analytical, because the appeal is to all the faculties. Pageantry is thus responsible for the discovery of much dramatic, literary, artistic, and musical ability; also it teaches history by the objective method.

The chief difference between pageantry and drama is that the former aims to depict actuality, the latter to create illusion. Play is continuous action on one theme; pageantry is interrupted action on related themes.

Of outdoor presentations in general there are several things to be remembered in staging them. Costumes need not be expensive nor difficult to make; a very beautiful effect can be secured in making esthetic dance-costumes by draping pastel shades of cheese-cloth, silk muslin, or any soft material which will lend itself admirably to grace of movement and accentuate the spiritual theme which is usually the keynote of productions calling for this sort of costume.

OUTDOOR electrical effects are comparatively easy to produce and are very beautiful if enough attention is paid to detail and all of it thoroughly tested out in advance of the performance. In addition to the regular electrical equipment, strings of small, varicolored bulbs, Japanese or art lanterns—if they harmonize with the idea of the production, of course—lend an atmosphere of romance and mystery, stir the imagination, and create an illusion which will tend to make the performance distinctive and different.

Make-up must be very carefully applied if the performance is to be a matinée, and used plentifully and of a darker shade than is desirable for indoor plays, if the production takes place at night. Distance makes this necessary.

Amateur outdoor drama has a distinct place in the field of this art. As a means of instruction, of inculcating literary appreciation, of producing the historic sense, dramatic work of this kind has no equal. Far-away incidents become vital experiences, names and facts take on actuality, and the imaginative power, so unusually keen in children, needs no urging when "the play's the thing." Nothing sends children to the library shelves so willingly as the desire to know something of the times they are going to portray, the costumes they are going to wear, and the manners they shall depict.

Popular taste delights in action. It responds quickly to the appeal which the past makes to the imagination. Acting teaches more than printed fact and trains more than the voice or bearing. It is due to this fact that the motion-picture companies owe their success, and the frequently they seem unaware of it theirs is a great responsibility. Particularly is this true where children and young people are concerned.

It is to be hoped that more communities will realize the tremendous possibilities involved in teaching vital lessons in a way that stimulates the imagination and leaves a permanent impression upon young minds, and be inspired to do all in their power to aid the great constructive movement that is surging over the country along amateur lines.

READERS are cordially invited to write Miss Colladay, in care of Pictorial Review, for information and help. Other articles on amateur theatricals will follow in later issues, including valuable lists of plays suitable for special groups. Please enclose return postage.

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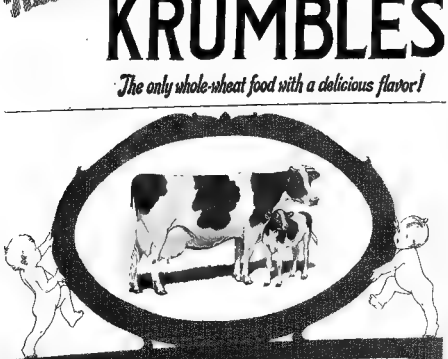

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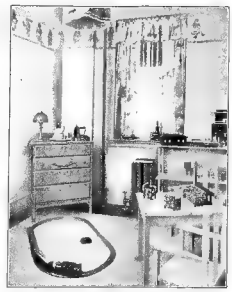
THE UP-TO-DATE NURSERY

BY MAE SAVELL CROY

THE nursery, is a very important part of the house, and fortunate the mother who can have a separate and distinct division for it.

Where there is more than one child to share a nursery it should be large enough and have windows aplenty to supply a sufficient amount of fresh air for all. Ventilation during both day and night hours is very important.

An open fireplace affords splendid ventilation, but it is not a necessary thing for the nursery, and, indeed, unless one is very sure that it is well screened and so tightly that prying little fingers can not find their way to supplying flames with fuel, it had better be eliminated from the nursery plan entirely.



SIMPLICITY IS THIS NURSERY'S KEYNOTE

The plan shown here is of a nursery on the second floor of a house where the mother takes care of her own children, and it is really the second floor of the house-plan the first floor of which was shown in the October, 1922, number of Pictorial Review. In a home where a nurse is employed to take charge of the children, the third floor, *properly ventilated*, makes an ideal place for a nursery.

The parents have as their own the largest bedroom, a sleeping-porch, used as a sewing-room during the day (which, by the way, is a wise use to which to put the sleeping-porch), and their own separate bathroom. The nursery space could well accommodate four children instead of the three children now occupying it, since it consists of a bedroom or night-nursery, a playroom or day-nursery, and a sleeping-porch in addition. The arrangement of these rooms is such that after the children have grown beyond the nursery stage there will be required but few changes to make this section of the house into two nice bedrooms, with good closets and a door opening out on the sleeping-porch from each room.

The bathroom, which is small, is quite large enough for equipment for adults, and the space now occupied by the nursery kitchenette may be either transformed into a large closet or it may be made a part of the room by taking down the light-weight but fire-proof partition separating it at present from the bedroom.

The clothes-closets are equipped with two poles each, one installed high and from which hang coat-hangers with the best clothes and coats, and the other low enough that the children can reach it to hang up their own clothes. Shoes, slippers, and overshoes are placed on the two lower shelves in the passageway between the two rooms, each child having a shelf all to himself; and each child has his own chest of drawers. The baby's clothes are kept in the closet with the two doors, so planned that this closet may be used for either room.

There are two beds in the bedroom and a crib high enough that the baby can not get out of it by himself. The bars of the crib are close enough together that there is no danger of portions of a little body, possibly a head, protruding to a dangerous extent.

The three beds on the sleeping-porch, inexpensive but strong, are more frequently used, since all daytime naps and many of the night sleeping hours are spent there. Two of these porch beds are swung upward back into a closet and out of the way when not in use, and when the porch is desired for play purposes. The baby's porch bed is a special screened bed, which can be rolled to whatever spot is catching the sunshine during his daytime nap.

The wide doors for closing the closet serve as a protection against strong currents of air if they are left open near the sides of the beds.

It is a rule that all untidy play is to be performed on the porch, since there are fewer objects to collect débris or litter and so the cleaning is less difficult. The box seats at each end of the porch are for holding toys, and the two children old enough to be so taught are instructed to put away their own toys. The porch is likewise used for the meals which are served in this part of the house, and which are carried out on a wheel tray-wagon. The nursery kitchenette is completely equipped with a gas-plate, a double-cooker, and a small portable oven, in almost daily use for baking potatoes, as well as an electric table-stove for general use in cooking those foods which require but a short time. The only foods which one needs to have brought up from the kitchen are those which are eaten by the whole family. The gas cut-off is automatic, and when not in use no child can turn it on.

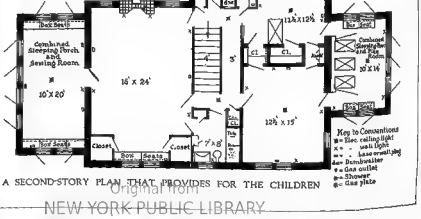
In the window of the kitchenette is installed the ice-box, which has an air-draft and requires no icing in cold weather. It is easily reached and has a door opening direct into the kitchenette. The ice is sent up on the dumb-waiter.

Also there is a sterilizer and a Pasteurizer added as a part of the baby feeding equipment as well as a good supply of bottles, nipples, and a boiler for the bottles and a bottle-holder and a brush for cleaning them.

THE walls of the bathroom, kitchenette, and bedroom are painted with washable enamel-paint, a plain color without decoration other than a few well-chosen and non-exciting pictures in the bedroom. The walls of the playroom are covered with a sanitary and washable wall-covering which will answer just as well should this room be changed to an adult's bedroom. The only thing about the wall which really makes it appear as a child's room is the border at the top of the room and the figured draperies, and this border could be removed without disturbing the balance of the wall-covering.

Cleaning the nursery apartment is a simple piece of work. The walls are brushed down weekly with the wall-brush on the electric vacuum-cleaning equipment. The rugs are taken up and cleaned with this same necessary labor-saver, and the floors either washed or dusted with a dustless and long-handled mop, which is kept in a corner of the linen-closet along with a long-handled dust-pan. All trash is placed in a non-leakable waste-basket, and placed on the dumb-waiter and forgotten until some one is down-stairs to take it off without making a special trip for the purpose of disposing of it. Bathroom and kitchen-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



A SECOND-STORY PLAN THAT PROVIDES FOR THE CHILDREN

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PERMANENT ENAMEL BAKED ON STEEL

Eight years ago, when Dodge Brothers originated the all-steel motor car body, they took advantage of the absence of wood in the framework to bake an enamel finish on the surface of the steel.

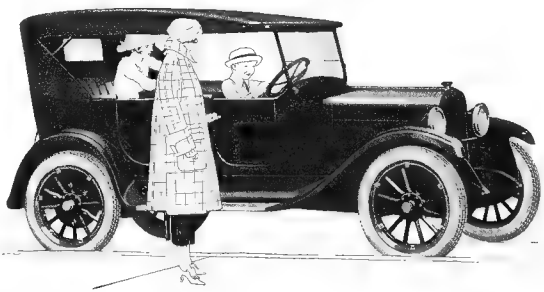
In a vast series of electric ovens, especially designed and built by Dodge Brothers' engineers for this process, three distinct coats of black enamel are successively baked on the steel at an intensely high temperature.

The result is a finish so hardy and durable that it seldom requires more than a good cleaning and polishing to restore the original brightness.

Even in sections of the Southwest where alkali in the soil is especially destructive to body finishes, Dodge Brothers enamel retains its beautiful lustre after years of wear.

DODGE BROTHERS

The Price of the Touring Car is $880 f. o. b. Detroit



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THE lustrous beauty of Holeproof Hosiery is but the outward expression of superfine quality that gives unusually long service. This famous Holeproof combination of style and durability is offered in a wide variety of regular and fancy styles in Pure Silk, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children. Buy Holeproof and both your hosiery and money will go farther. If not obtainable locally, write for price list and illustrated booklet.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
© H. H. Co

A complexion as fair as the roses in June can so easily be yours

DO YOU know how truly beautiful your complexion can be—what delicate freshness, what fineness of texture you can gain for your skin?

You can attain a complexion as radiant as the roses in June, if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—*revitalize*—the sluggish tissues. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections—achieves for you a complexion that is genuinely beautiful.

Begin the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream today. Buy it in either the 50 cent or $1.00 jar—the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
Established 1885
Detroit, Mich.
39 Tenth St. In Canada, Windsor, Ont.

Posed by Lois Wilson, attractive Paramount motion picture star. Miss Wilson is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for preserving beauty of complexion. From a photograph by Donald Biddle Keys.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin, artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, Dark, or the newest popular tint, American Blush—50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Send us a dime with coupon for Ingram's Beauty Purse

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 39 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find a silver dime. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse, containing samples of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Face Powder and an elderdown powder pad.
Address .....
Name ..... State .....

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

THE UP-TO-DATE NURSERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

ette floors, as well as floors of both sleeping-porches, are slanted and drained into the gutter, so washing them with a mop in standing position is a task easily performed every day. Of course all edges of floor-covering are cemented that the water can not get down under the covering.

All the furniture is of simple design, light in color, and washable, while the floor-covering of the whole nursery plan is a composition that is soft, resilient, non-absorbent, and easily washed. The bedroom has small washable rag rugs spread where little feet are likely to step, and the floor of the large room has a woolen rug on it, since sitting on the floor, even on cold and damp days, is too delightful a practise for children to forego.

Most of the furniture is child's furniture, and young legs rest comfortably on the floor when suspended, tho there are one or two chairs for adults, who always find this nursery a charming place to visit. While each child has an individual writing-desk and chair, there is one table for common usage, that they may be taught to share as well as to look after their individual things.

The bathroom equipment was built for children. There is no need for an additional nursery chair for this household, for the toilet is low and the tub just comfortable for even a very small child. The tub is low enough that it may quickly be filled with sufficient warm bath-water for immersing a little youngster to the shoulders, instead of leaving half of him exposed to the air, so much cooler than the water. The basin can be reached easily by children for washing their own hands, but kitchenette, sink and drain, and stove are set high—high enough to be comfortable for the adult worker—and out of reach of little people.

Also there is a hinged shelf set high and reaching from the wall of the dumb-waiter shaft to a support on the linen-closet opposite, and on this shelf the baby is laid after taking him from his rubber bathtub, which sets inside the large tub, and is drained into it. When on this shelf, padded with a soft covering, the mother finds it easy to dress him, and much more quickly than if he were held in her lap. Since a young baby is a helpless little animal to dress for many weeks, it would pay any mother to provide one of these shelves in her bathroom.

THE linen-closet taken from a part of the bathroom holds towels, sheets, and other linen used exclusively by the wee members of the family, and all are marked so that no time is lost in searching for the proper sheets and blankets midst the family supply in the larger linen-closet. Medicines for nursery use are kept on the top shelf of the linen-closet, the shelf being narrower than the other shelves, and set back beyond them.

There is no gas-outlet for the children's bathroom, tho there is one in the other bathroom for use in the cool Spring or Fall days. Instead, an electric heater is used for the children, since there is no danger of asphyxiation should meddling fingers proceed to investigate.

The electric lights are mostly wall-lights, placed high so that they can not be reached except by adults, with the exception of a button for the ceiling-light should it be necessary for a child to turn on the light for himself.

Of course, everything in the line of draperies is washable, and all cushions have removable, washable covers. The furniture, too, is easily washed, so that there may be no necessity for contagious admonitions. The nursery is the children's home, and they are taught the care of things more particularly in other parts of the house.

The pictures are bright, wholesome, and attractive, and mingled among the simple nursery pictures are prints of the old masters in as good color as it is possible to procure them, and the children are taught the name of artist, picture, the story of the picture when there is one, and given some idea as to how long it has been since the original picture was painted. All books are wholesome and do not tend to create fear in a young mind nor to drive a child to bad dreams. The goody-good book is tabu, for the modern child is far too intelligent to believe that any child is always good, and too practical to like him if he were.

NECESSARY equipment for this nursery consists of an electric heating-pad, with three degrees of heat and a safety-cut-off so there is no danger of fire. This frequently takes the place of a hot-water bottle, tho a metal hot-water bottle, which retains heat longer than a rubber one, and is not clammy when cold, is likewise on hand.

An electric bottle-warmer, shown on the chest of drawers in the picture, is worth many times its price every cold morning when the baby demands his first feeding, and it is also used when a small quantity of hot water is needed in the night. An electric fan is provided for each room, set high to avoid direct drafts, while other equipment in frequent use consists of:

Scales for weighing all the children.
A screen, covered with washable material, tied to the frame.
A shirt-waist box covered with cretonne and having pockets on the inside of the lid and the inner sides and ends for holding baby stockings, shirts, and other small articles which can so easily get misplaced when mixed with the clothing.
A pincushion for use over the dressing-shelf in the bathroom.
A croup-kettle.

And among the medicinal supplies kept on the "top shelf" are:

Castor-oil.
Argyrol.
Benzoin.
Bicarbonate of soda.
Olive-oil.
Iodin.
Peroxid.
White vaseline.
Liquid albolene.
Stearate-of-zinc powder
Talcum-powder.
Boric acid.
Castile soap.
Absorbent cotton.
A roll of cheese-cloth.
Sterilized gauze.
Non-absorbent cotton (for stoppering bottles).
Scissors—exclusively for cutting sterilized gauze and cloths.

If all parents who can afford it would plan their nurseries so conveniently and so attractively, the work of caring for children would be so simple that there would be no temptation to neglect the little things which have such an important bearing on the general health.

WANTED:

50,000 Girls for a Great Opportunity

YOU girls and young women who are finishing school and college this year and are determined to get out into the world and do something big, here's your chance. It is ready and waiting for you. It is something big enough for the most daring.

For you who long to know "life," to encounter people of all sorts and conditions, to get deep into the great human stream, while rendering humanity a tremendous and desperately needed service, here is a supreme opportunity. There is need in the United States to-day of no less than fifty thousand public-health nurses. Peace, no less than war, sounds its call. Brave, strong, alert, hard-working, sympathetic young women, of as much personal charm as may be, are the kind that are wanted.

Herbert Hoover has recently forecasted the time when "one public-health nurse will replace ten policemen." Dr. William Welch, Director of Johns Hopkins School of Health and Hygiene, declares, "America's great contributions to the public health and sanitation of the world are the Panama Canal and the public-health nurse." Think of the future of a service to which these men of great vision give so high a rank!

Backed by the medical and nursing professions, a great campaign is now beginning to bring more bright and energetic girls into this far-reaching service, the pathway of which extends not only into the dark streets and crowded slums of the great cities and smaller towns, but out into the wide stretches of open country as well. It may be a delicate baby, it may be a sick child or a frail, little woman, it may be a spent old man whose arms are reaching out, each with a personal need for that which even with special training can give.

The required basic training which makes this service effective has been standardized in most hospitals of the first rank. Three years, shortened to two years and four months for college graduates, is none too long. The days of floor-scrubbing for probationers are passed. In a modern hospital student nurses do no manual labor that is not directly connected with the care of the sick. In all schools the student is practically self-supporting, and at her graduation can command a salary that compares favorably with those in other lines of work.

The young women of Pictorial Review's vast "family" are cordially invited to write for further particulars of this inspiring movement, addressing Public-Health Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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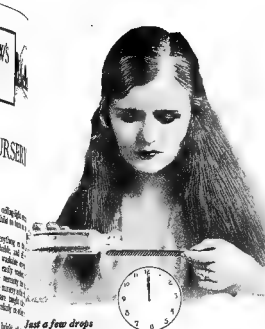


Just a few drops
imbed into the hair almost immediately you can see lifeless locks' begin to take on new life, lustre, new silky gleam—stray ends and straggly strands meld into glorious waves and curls.

And in 20 minutes
your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a lovely wave.

Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair beautifully curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Tom Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-headed Tom Harvey who used to put burrs in our pigtails and angleworms in our inkwells.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betty Davis and Leah Cohen—all with wonderfully curly hair. But Charity and I could never coax ours out of a straight line.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school.

Then Charity's family moved to Spain, where her father was in diplomatic service, and I didn't see her again for five years—not until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. When the bobbing vogue first came in I had my hair cut, hoping against hope that would improve its looks. Realizing my mistake, I permitted it to grow again and by New Year's eve it was just long enough to be unmanageable.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognize her then. No—it—it couldn't be.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. I had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really she—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel. We excused ourselves and rushed to Charity's room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story:

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

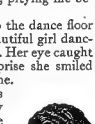
"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. There he sat all day long, asking alms from the passers-by. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I was leaving Madrid I stopped to bid him good-by and pressed a gold coin in his palm. That was the best investment I ever made."

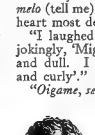
"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, senorita*," he said—"what you wish is even simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los rizos* (curly hair).



Matchless Marcelle



Lovely Curls

Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish. *Adios, senorita, voya con Dios*."

"You can't imagine, Winnifred, how funny it made me feel. I did not take it seriously, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some whim changed my mind and I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. Nervously I stammered out my explanation. When I had finished, he bowed and vanished into the rear of his store. Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

"By this time I was terribly excited—could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was finally in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Breathlessly I watched Charity take a bottle from her wardrobe trunk. Tremblingly my fingers undid my hair and applied the liquid.

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Then the thought came to me I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give anything to know my precious secret.

So I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin who is a chemist at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now he told me, the Century Chemists were prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I was only too glad to know the formula was to be so easily available. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

That is the opportunity you have now. Please believe me, who was once called tousel-head—no matter how straight, dull and unmanageable your hair is, this Spanish Liquid Curler will work magic for you.

Simply comb a few drops of Liquid Marcelle into your hair—then twirl the hair a bit with the fingers, or put up on your favorite curlers. When you are ready to dress, you are staring at a wealth of curls and waves.

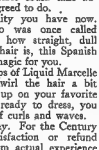
Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. I know from actual experience that you will be more than pleased.

Free Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

IN accordance with our agreement with Miss Ralston we are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size bottle of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Liquid Curler, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at this actual cost price—without a penny profit.



Wavy Bob

And you do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage when he delivers the bottle. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly.

This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS

(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)

Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

CENTURY CHEMISTS, DEPT. 97
Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, when he delivers it. It is understanding that, if not entirely satisfied with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

If not to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent to you postpaid.

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To the Bride.
May sunny skies follow this shower and all your days be as bright as these silver-like utensils.
"The Jolly Ten"

Fortunate is the Bride who receives a set of

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

This trade mark appears on the bottom of every genuine "Wear-Ever" utensil

WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK
Made in U. S. A.

"Wear-Ever" includes steam jacketed equipment and a full line of utensils suitable for use by hotels, restaurants and hospitals.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

MEATS THE CALIFORNIA WAY

BY HESTER M. CONKLIN AND PAULINE D. PARTRIDGE

SUNNY California leads in unusual dishes for warm days. The recipes given here are family favorites in many homes of the Golden State.

Beef Steak Saint Francis

1 Sirloin Steak (1½ Lb.) | 2 Tablespoonfuls Olive-oil

RUB the steak on both sides with the olive-oil. Place on a china plate in the refrigerator for from ten to twelve hours. Broil, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve.

California Pilaf

2 Cupfuls Boiled Rice | ½ Cupful Fine Crumbs
1 Cupful Seedless Raisins | 1 Tablespoonful Chopped Mint
1½ Cupful Chopped Cooked Lamb | ½ Teaspoonful Salt
Meat or Rice Stock

MIX the rice and raisins and line a greased baking-dish with part of the mixture. Mix the lamb, crumbs, mint, and salt, and moisten with enough stock to make the mixture hold together. Pack this in the center of the baking-dish and spread the remainder of the rice and raisins over the top. Cover and steam for twenty minutes. Turn out on a platter and serve surrounded with hot tomato sauce

Veal and Spinach Loaf

1½ Pound Chopped Veal | 6 Crackers, Finely Rolled
1 Cupful Finely Chopped Spinach | 1 Egg
½ Cupful Water
½ Teaspoonful Salt | ¼ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Pepper

MIX all ingredients thoroughly and form into a loaf. Place in a greased roasting-pan and pour hot water around it. Bake for one hour (350 degrees F.) and serve cut in slices The liquid in the pan may be thickened and served as gravy.

California Baked Ham

1 Piece Ham (3 to 5 Lbs.) | 3 Cupfuls Grape-juice
1 Tablespoonful Whole Cloves | 1 Tablespoonful Corn-starch

BOIL the ham for one hour. Drain, remove the rind, and stick the cloves into the ham. Place in a roasting-pan and pour two cupfuls of the grape-juice around it Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) till tender, from one to one and one-half hour, basting every fifteen minutes with the grape-juice. When done remove to a hot platter Put the remainder of the grape-juice in the pan and add the corn-starch mixed till smooth with a little cold water Bring to the boiling-point, stirring constantly, and boil at least three minutes Serve as a sauce with the ham.

Fish—Santa Barbara Style

6 Slices Fish | 1½ Cupful Water
1 Tablespoonfuls Fat | 2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
1 Tablespoonful Flour | 1 Tablespoonful Onion-juice
½ Teaspoonful Salt | 3 Chopped Red Pimentoes

ARRANGE fish in a greased baking-dish. Melt the fat, add the flour and salt, and then the water, vinegar, onion, and pimentoes. Stir till the mixture boils and pour over the fish Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) forty-five minutes

Stuffed Beef Heart with Olive Sauce

1 Beef Heart | 1 Chopped Onion
2 Cupfuls Crumbs | ½ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Salt | 1 Cupful Hot Water
1 Teaspoonful Sage | 2 Tablespoonfuls Fat

MELT the fat with hot water, add crumbs, onion, and seasoning, and mix thoroughly. Remove arteries, veins, and superfluous fat from the heart. Fill with the stuffing and sew it together Sprinkle with salt and dredge lightly with flour. Melt one tablespoonful of fat and brown the heart in it. Cover with boiling water and boil ten minutes; cover and cook below the boiling-point till tender Remove to a hot platter as part of stock is used to make olive sauce.

Olive Sauce

2 Cupfuls Stock | 1 Tablespoonful Chopped Onion
1 Cupful Chopped Ripe Olives | ½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Green Chili | 2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour

CREAM the fat, salt, and flour together, and add to the stock. Bring to the boiling-point, stirring constantly. Add the olives, chili, and onion, and serve with the heart.

WHY THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

case the Cow were held captive by an enemy.

The Mouse watched all the proceedings very intently, but didn't feel quite satisfied Of course The Woman from Banberry Cross and her rockhorse meant well, but the Cow might not be on a road at all; and of course the Little Man with the Little Gun, whose bullets were made of lead, lead, lead, meant well, but after all he was a little fellow, and his gun was little, too Then the Mouse had a bright idea—a very, very bright idea, I think. He climbed up on the trunk of a fallen tree, climbed up to the very highest knot, where he could see all the sky over Mother Goose Land, and said:

"Twinkle, twinkle, Little Star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

Little Star, you can see over all the sky and over all Mother Goose Land. Won't you tell us where the Cow jumped?"

The Little Star twinkled and blinked as stars often do, then shot way down close to the earth so that the Mouse could hear. Then said the Little Star, "I'll tell you if you promise to keep it a secret—

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.

"Now, the Cow heard about Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater, and thought that maybe if Peter fed his wife on some good, wholesome milk Peter could keep her. So the Cow jumped over the moon to where Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater lives and, sure enough, I saw Peter take some of the Cow's good, wholesome milk to his wife and she returned to him. So, after all, maybe it was a good thing the Cow jumped over the moon, because Peter's wife will stay with him if he feeds her milk instead of pumpkin"

"But," interrupted the Mouse eagerly, "what can we do? I am glad you can tell us where the Cow jumped, but what will become of us? The moon rides higher every night and the Cow may not be able to jump back again"

The Little Star smiled a twinkly, little-star smile, then answered, "Why, what do you suppose the Milky Way is for, if it is not to lead the Cow back to Mother Goose Land? To-night the sky will be very blue, the stars will be very bright, the moon will ride very high, and the Milky Way will run pure and white to Mother Goose Land. Tell Old King Cole that the Cow will come walking back on the Milky Way to-night, and will never jump over the moon again."

This news made the Little Mouse very happy. He was glad because Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater's wife had returned, and very, very glad that the Cow would return to Mother Goose Land that night So he joyfully thanked the Star and ran to tell Old King Cole the news. Old King Cole sent a messenger to tell The Man Who Was Wondrous Wise, and The Man Who Was Wondrous Wise told the people in the town square. When they heard it they were delighted and set out to watch the Milky Way. Sure enough, the Cow who had jumped over the moon came ambling down the Milky Way. She looked rather tired, but oh, so happy, for had she not persuaded Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater and his wife to live together happily and to drink milk? A great shout showed the Cow that all Mother Goose Land was glad to have her return to give them all milk again.

When the little Mouse saw that all was going well he ran away to his clock and once again -

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The Mouse ran up the clock!

By the time he arrived there all Mother Goose Land was quiet again, for they had all had their milk and had gone to bed feeling quite happy He felt quite exhausted when he was alone and looked back on all that had been going on since nine o'clock. As he sat there thinking over the exciting happenings of the day

The clock struck one.
So he ran down!
Hickory, dickory, dock!

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The new use for Lux robs dishwashing of half its drudgery
54 dishwashings in a single package

And now—relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look

This new way to wash dishes is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

So natural—so obvious—you wonder it wasn't thought of before!

Lux for washing dishes. Of course it would bring relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan-look. Of course, too, it would be as gentle on your hands as on the dainty things you have always trusted to its pure suds.

Your skin needs just as careful attention as fine fabrics, for it is even softer and finer in texture than the most delicate silks or chiffons.

Won't roughen hands

Every day your hands are in the dishpan for an hour and a half—sometimes even longer. How you dread this constant roughening of your hands! But dishwashing needn't make your skin rough and dry. It is the coarse soaps in your dishpan that play such havoc with your hands—robbing your skin of all its indispensable natural oils.

Nature provides these oils in abundance in millions of tiny sacs just beneath the surface of the skin. Their generous supply of healing, nourishing fluid is constantly refreshing the tissue-thin outer layer of skin. That is why the normal skin is so pleasantly soft and supple.

But the supply is not plentiful enough to hold out when harsh, alkaline soaps are used for washing dishes. They are irritating to the skin and drain all the oil sacs dry. Your skin becomes so coarse and scratchy that you can't even touch a piece of silk without roughing it up.

With Lux in your dishpan you won't have any of these annoying after-effects. Lux won't dry the natural oils. It won't redden or roughen your hands. These delicate, tissue-thin flakes are as easy on the most sensitive hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

That is all you need—just one teaspoonful in your dishpan. It sounds incredible—but try it.

A single package of Lux lasts for at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china for special occasions, but the regular, every-day dishes as well.

Spotless and shining in half the time

You will be delighted with your bright, sparkling dishes. Lux leaves them without a trace of film or murky cloudiness. Glasses, silverware and china all come out spotless and shining in half the time.

Just toss a teaspoonful of Lux in your dishpan. See how the delicate flakes dissolve the instant the hot water touches them. The Lux way is so much quicker and easier than waiting for bar soap to melt or stopping to beat up a lather with an awkward soap-shaker.

Now just a swish of your dishmop and your pretty dishes are cleaner and more lustrous than ever before.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX *for washing dishes*

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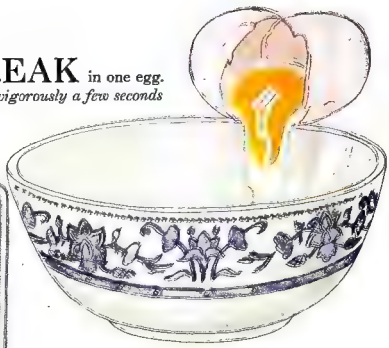
MIX half a teaspoonful of salt
a teaspoonful of sugar
a teaspoonful of dry mustard
and a pinch, each, of paprika and red pepper—
Add a tablespoonful of water

STIR until the salt and sugar dissolve.
Put in a tablespoonful of lemon juice
or vinegar.

BREAK in one egg.
Beat vigorously a few seconds



POUR in about a tablespoonful of Wesson Oil—
Beat vigorously until the dressing starts to thicken
Add two cupfuls of Wesson Oil
in larger amounts—

BEAT *well after each addition*

It will take you two or three minutes—and you will have more than a pint of delicious MAYONNAISE that will last you several days—(unless you eat more of it than usual because it's so much better.)

Try it!

R C

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HOW DO YOU MAKE THIS?

BY EDNA SIBLEY TIPTON

"HOW do you make this?" is the most complimentary question you can ask the hostess who spends much time and thought on her menus. The following dishes are some of those which have been the cause of many a thrill for not only myself but others.

In the picture set for service at an afternoon tea are shown the Five-course Sandwiches and Chocolate Roll for which I am giving recipes.

Of the recipes which follow some are suitable for luncheon and dinner, some for tea, and some for supper dishes.

Watermelon in Green Pepper Cups

A BEGINNING course for dinner is made by scooping out large green peppers and filling them with watermelon-balls, thoroughly soaked in maraschino-cherry juice. Pack the peppers into finger-bowls containing cracked ice. Scatter small colored hard candies through the ice. The effect is lovely! The taste is more than that!

Marshmallowed Sweet Potatoes

SWEET potatoes baked with marshmallows is one of those "How do you make it?" and "Is that all you made of it?" dishes.

First boil the potatoes, then mash them just as you would Irish potatoes, using butter, salt, pepper, milk, etc. Next place them in a buttered baking-dish and cover with the marshmallows. Put the dish into a hot oven, and let it remain there until the marshmallows are slightly melted and browned. Serve with dinner course.

The Five-Course Sandwich

THE Five-course Sandwich is one that makes a great hit at afternoon teas and sewing-parties. The little top round of bread is the appetizer. It is spread with caviar and a bit of hard-boiled egg. (A slice of deviled egg or a covering of pimiento and hard-boiled egg would do as well.) The next round contains the fish course. It is spread with anchovy-paste. Next comes the meat course, which is a slice of chicken on another round of bread. The round below it is the salad course, composed of tomato and watercress, and underneath it is the dessert course. This is the bottom round of bread, spread with a mixture of cream cheese and jam.

The sandwiches in the picture were made with, first, a round of whole-wheat bread, then a round of white bread, and so on down to the bottom round. Of course each slice of bread is buttered before adding the "course" to it.

Frozen Pear Salad

FROZEN Pear Salad is another of the delights of the successful hostess. It is usually served on a bed of lettuce-"nests" and with cream-cheese balls as an accessory. Either mayonnaise or French dressing can be used with it. Usually no dessert is served after this salad. Bury a can of Bartlett pears in salt and ice for about three or four hours. When time to serve, empty the can and place a pear and some frozen juice on each lettuce-"nest."

Chocolate Roll

CHOCOLATE Roll is never big enough to provide the repeated helpings called for! And this is not because the recipe is not big enough. No matter how big you make the roll it will always be just one or two slices too small to suit the occasion. The recipe is as follows:

2 Egg Yolks
2 Heaping Teaspoonfuls Sugar
2 Heaping Teaspoonfuls Cocoa
2 Egg Whites
Vanilla

Beat the egg yolks and sugar together until well creamed, add the cocoa and vanilla, enough to flavor. Lastly add stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread in a shallow pan and bake thirty minutes. When cool spread with sweetened whipped cream. Roll as you would a jelly-roll, spreading with more of the whipped cream with each rolling. Cover the whole with the remainder of the whipped cream and place in the ice-box till wanted for serving. A "roll" made with four eggs requires one-half pint of cream for covering and will serve six people.

PARADE OF THE GUM-DROP PEOPLE

FASCINATING party favors can be produced by using gum-drops, raisins, and imagination to make animals and people such as never walked on land or sea.

For a "gazabo" favor, a large plump gum-drop makes the body; attach four long toothpicks for his legs, finishing each with a small gum-drop hoof. The "gazabo" has a long, ungraceful neck, being made, just like his legs, from a toothpick. A small gum-drop head with a yellow jelly-bean beak makes him expressive. His tail may be a real feather, or a bunch of toothpicks.

Guests fond of sports will appreciate the bouncing boxers. A boxer has a round marshmallow head, with features painted on with chocolate. His body is formed by running a toothpick through two gum-drops with their flat sides together. He has slender toothpick arms, but large raisin boxing mits. He sits while boxing, and his toothpick legs stick out in front of him, but his jelly-bean feet toe in. His hat, a small colored gum-drop, is tilted rakishly over one ear.

For a going-away luncheon a Pullman porter is appropriate. Black licorice gum-drops form his head and body, black wire legs hold his flat, black, jelly-bean feet, and another black wire, run through his body, holds his black jelly-bean hands. His large ears are loops of black wire, and his jaunty red gum-drop hat is not on quite straight. If you have a tiny paper suitcase for him to carry so much the better.

To learn fates through daisy petals, give the guests candy daisies. As each jelly-bean petal is pulled off it can be eaten. These petals are fastened to the yellow gum-drop center by wires, and a green jelly-bean leaf grows on the wire stem, which has been wrapped in silver ribbon. These favors are all shown in the photograph above.

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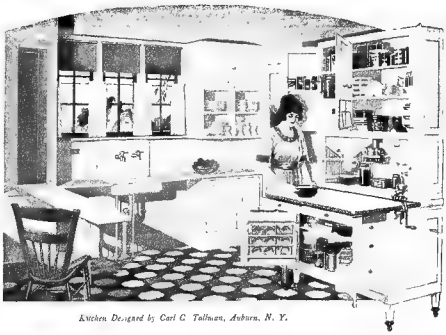

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Get Rid of Your Hardest Kitchen Work

Actual tests prove that even in the so-called "modern" kitchen you take miles of useless steps each day. You are forced to stand on your feet for hours—when you ought to be sitting down. Your nerves are kept on edge by a host of petty worries—when you ought to be enjoying yourself—relaxed—in an easy chair.

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Many HOOSIER owners tell us that while they thought they had "easy" kitchens before they bought the HOOSIER—they now see that they were actually wasting hours each day.

No woman can realize the amount of useless standing, walking and lifting she is forced to do, until she uses the HOOSIER in her own home.

This statement is proved true by the two million women who formerly worked as hard as you do—but who have won freedom from their most trying drudgery by means of the HOOSIER.

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And that is not all. A high grade kitchen cabinet is made to last a life-time. The average family buys but one. You can not afford to take chances on securing anything less than the best.

According to the verdict of its two million users, the HOOSIER is that best cabinet.

A HOOSIER for Every Type of Kitchen

Even if your kitchen is equipped with built-in cupboards and cases, you need the HOOSIER. For built-in equipment causes you to scatter your steps—unless you also have a HOOSIER.

Special HOOSIER models have been created for every type of kitchen. Some even fit in under the window. So no matter what type of a kitchen you now have, there is a HOOSIER to fit it—and to fit your purse.

Easy Terms Enable You to Afford the HOOSIER NOW

The best news of all is the fact that you do not need to go on doing your work in the hard, old-fashioned way while you save up money to buy a HOOSIER. Your dealer will put the HOOSIER in your home on dignified, easy terms.

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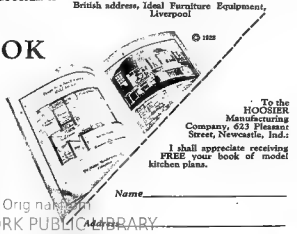

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Same old pudding

SPRINKLED!

Flavor is what they want!

HUSBANDS grow tired of the same desserts. What they crave is a change of *flavor*.

You can make scores of ordinary salads or desserts extraordinary, by varying the flavor with a sprinkling of Dromedary Cocoanut. Sprinkle it over the sauce; sprinkle it into the recipe itself before cooking; sprinkle it into the dressing of salads.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut for *flavor*—that's the secret.

During the hot summer days when you want something simple to prepare, try these simple One-Minute Sprinkle recipes below. And make sure that you get the delicious, full flavor of cocoanut by asking your grocer for Dromedary—guaranteed to retain its original tenderness and moisture in the ever-sealed package.

One Minute Sprinkle Recipes

(Clip these and file with your recipes)

Sprinkle Dromedary Coconut on cut-up peaches.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut over marshmallow-covered sardines. Toast. Then serve with salad or tea.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut on chilled cantaloupe.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut over fruit salad.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut over plain ice cream.

Send for the free Dromedary Book, "*One Hundred Delights*"; it contains many other simple new dishes in which Dromedary Cocoanut, Dates and Sliced Peel can be used to bring new delights to the table. Simply address Department 101

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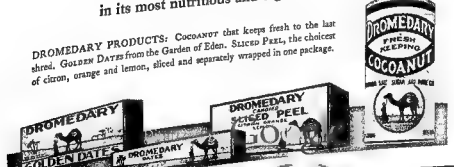

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

A LOAF of bread—preferably yesterday's—some good butter, a sharp knife, an ice-box and pantry well stocked with supplies, and the sandwich repertoire is unlimited. The hot luncheon and the hearty picnic sandwiches, the dainty tea and salad accompaniments, all have infinite variety.

SANDWICHES

THERE are as many types of sandwiches as there are meals, if we except breakfast. There are the hot sandwiches which may form the main dish at luncheon and the "meaty" sandwiches which delight the palates of the picnickers. There are the minute particles which accompany afternoon tea and the savory mouthfuls which belong with the salad or which serve as an appetizer before dinner.

In cutting the bread for sandwiches it is usually more satisfactory to spread the loaf and then cut the slices the desired thickness. Use a sharp knife—a special bread-knife with a saw edge is a help—and hold it straight while sawing rather than cutting the loaf. In this way bread may be cut almost as thin as paper.

Remove the butter from the ice-box an hour before ready to use and stand with a spoon or a stiff knife. Do not soften the butter over heat. While the crusts of the bread are usually removed for luncheon or tea sandwiches, for the picnic varieties the crust is often left on to retain that nutty flavor which well-baked crust gives. The crusts may be removed before slicing by shaving the four sides of the loaf, or they may be removed after the sandwiches have been put together.

Club, or other sandwiches made with toast, hot roast beef or chicken served with gravy, and combinations of cheese are suitable for luncheon-dishes. Sliced meat, well seasoned, sliced cheese, and combinations of cheese with lettuce and other vegetables, between slices of bread cut medium-y thick, make the best picnic sandwiches. Dainty mixtures of nuts, cheese, fruits, and fish-paste seem to fit with afternoon tea, while highly seasoned cheese, pastes, pickles, and vegetables serve best with salad and as appetizers. With the usual supplies of left-overs in the ice-box and of supplementaries in the pantry sandwiches may be suited to any occasion.

Picnic Lettuce Sandwiches

White Bread — Lettuce
Butter — Mayonnaise

SPREAD the bread on the loaf and slice as thin as desired. In making the sandwich place a piece of lettuce on a slice of bread, spread with mayonnaise, and cover with another piece of lettuce before covering with another slice of bread. This method of combining prevents the dressing from soaking into the bread and is desirable where sandwiches are not to be used at once. In preparing tomato or cucumber sandwiches for picnics lettuce may be used in the same way.

Picnic Combination

Rye Bread — Sliced Ham
Butter — Swiss Cheese
Mustard

CUT the loaf on the slant and butter before slicing. In putting the sandwich together arrange the ham on one slice, spread with mustard, cover with thin slices of cheese, and cover with another slice of bread. Garnish with sliced sour pickles.

Lobster Salad Sandwiches

Bread — Mayonnaise
Butter — Diced Celery
Lobster-meat — Lettuce
Seasoning

SPREAD the bread upon the loaf and cut in slices one-half inch thick. Mix the lobster-meat, cut in pieces, with the same amount of diced celery and with enough mayonnaise to well moisten. Season with salt and pepper if necessary and put with a lettuce-leaf between slices of bread. Chicken- or crab-meat may be prepared in the same way.

Summer Luncheon Sandwiches

Bread — Tomatoes
Butter — Green Pepper
Lettuce — Cream Cheese
Mayonnaise

SPREAD the bread upon the loaf, which should be of large size. Remove the crusts. Prepare a "double decker" sandwich, placing lettuce and mayonnaise between the first two slices, and sliced tomatoes and mayonnaise between the second and third slices. Stuff the pepper with cream or cottage cheese, slice thin, and place on top of each sandwich.

SANDWICHES (Continued)

Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches

White Bread — Salt
Butter — Pepper
Sliced Roast Beef — Horseradish
Gravy

CUT slices of rare roast beef and place on buttered slices of bread from which crusts have been removed. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and grated horseradish. Cover with slices of bread and serve at once with brown gravy. With these sandwiches pass mustard pickle or garnish with sliced Bermuda onion.

Club Sandwiches

Toast — Lettuce-leaves
Sliced Cold Chicken — Sliced Tomatoes
Sliced Cooked Bacon — Mayonnaise

FOR each sandwich toast three slices of bread from which crusts have been removed. Arrange lettuce, chicken, bacon, and tomatoes on one piece of toast. Spread with mayonnaise, cover with another slice of toast, and repeat the process, making a "double decker." Garnish with lettuce-leaves. The tomatoes may be omitted.

French Toast Chicken Sandwiches

10 Slices Bread — 1 Cupful Minced Chicken
2 Egg Yolks — 1 Teaspoonful Onion-juice
1 Cupful Milk — Seasoning

MIX the chicken with the onion-juice, salt, pepper, and paprika to taste. Spread between large slices of bread from which crusts have been removed. Mix the milk and egg well and dip the sandwiches one at a time into this mixture. Fry in a hot frying-pan until brown on both sides.

Savory Sandwiches

Bread — ½ Cupful Catchup or Tomato Purée
Butter — ½ Cupful Finely Minced Beef
½ Cupful Cheese

HEAT the catchup or purée and into it stir the cheese, cut in small pieces. When the cheese is melted add the dried beef, ground fine. Spread between slices of buttered bread. This mixture spread thinly on delicate slices of bread makes delicious tea sandwiches, or spread more lavishly on thicker bread is an acceptable picnic combination.

Supreme Sandwiches

Toast — Lettuce
Butter — Cream Cheese
Guava Jelly

TOAST the bread on one side, butter the toasted side, spread with lettuce, cheese, and jelly. Cover with lettuce and toast and serve at once.

Tea Daisies

White Bread — Hard-cooked Eggs
Butter — French Dressing
Seasoning

BUTTER the bread on the loaf and cut slices one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut into rounds with a large biscuit-cutter. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs. Mash the yolks and mix with enough French dressing to blend, adding more seasoning if necessary; form into rounds, and place on the center of each round of bread. Chop the whites, mix with dressing, and pile smoothly around the yolks. Anchovy-paste or minced sardines may be mixed with the yolks. Serve on a sandwich-plate and garnish with watercress or parsley.

Fig Dainties

Whole-wheat Bread — Salted Nuts
Butter — Lemon-juice
Figs or Fig-paste — Lemon-rind
Orange-rind

GRIND the figs with half as many nuts and add grated lemon- and orange-rind and lemon-juice to taste. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread and cut into finger-lengths. Steamed apricots may be used instead of the figs.

Caviar Sandwiches

Toast — Sliced Lemon
Caviar — Chopped Onion

CUT bread into rounds before toasting. Spread thinly with caviar. In the center of each piece place a slice of lemon and cover the center of the lemon with finely chopped onion.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S HOME BUREAU

CAMPING WITH THE "KIDS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Have these ten Summers that our children have spent with us in camp proved anything? That is extremely difficult to answer. We have enjoyed the children and I think they have enjoyed us. It has brought them, as well as ourselves, abundant dividends in health and in knowledge of wild life, and a feeling for nature that I do not think would have come in any other way. In all these Summers we have never had occasion to consult a doctor had one been at hand. Of course there have been accidents, but no one should go into the woods, or walk the streets of any city, for that matter, without a knowledge of simple "first aid." There have been bumps and bruises and cuts and insect-bites, but with the aid of the medicine-chest and a day or two of healing the affair was forgotten.

Inevitably in any discussion of camps and camping the question is always asked, "What do you do in camp; how do you spend your time?" It seldom occurs to some people that often one does not go to camp to *do* anything, but rather to cease from *doing*. Camp should first of all provide a rest. If it fails in that it has failed utterly. But one does many things. There is of course the daily routine of cooking, airing of blankets, cutting the daily supply of wood, and, in general, keeping the camp neat.

There is a family of partridges up the trail about whose domestic arrangements we are curious; it takes time to observe them. There is a beaver pup following his mother as she swims around and under the logs of the ragged shore-line. There is the great pileated woodpecker booming away back in the bush on some old dead stump. There are the sapsuckers and the crossbills, and the porcupines that come lumbering into camp and who must be invited to leave at once if one does not wish to have ax-helves and paddles ruined. There are the deer stamping and snorting just back beyond that clump of trees. There are berries red and blue to pick by the bushel. All these take time. It takes time to listen well, and to see well, and to observe.

One also reads in camp. Some Summers one reads a very great deal. There is always the canoe and its invitation to further wanderings. Equipment must be kept up to the point of efficiency, for in your life in camp you are "on your own." If you don't take care of the things that may mean life or death to you no one else will.

Then there is the camp-fire built on a jutting point, with its warmth and its cheer and its invitation to the passing guide or ranger to stop and chat. Then there is night with all the woods noises. Late in the Summer there are sometimes the wolves howling in the dark, and the terrifying screech of the great-horned owl; then there are the deer close to your tent. And sometimes in the clear cold of early Fall, there is the streaming glory of the northern lights waving transparent banners of opal across the night sky. No one in camp can see and hear them and not share them.

THIS is not the only way to take an out-of-door vacation. As the children grow older and you desire change and travel the automobile camping-trip makes a most delightful Summer. There is nothing that offers greater latitude in camping and no kind of vacation that adapts itself better to the amount of money you want to spend, from the poncho-roll on the running-board of a flivver to the complete equipment of a trailer. The speed or leisure with which you travel is a matter of your own pleasure.

Look over your car and put it in perfect condition. Your equipment must be complete enough to afford you comfort. If you have a tent use it, but if not buy a tent which is adapted to automobile camping. Make sure that it has a net curtain, or else take a liberal supply of netting with you. You may use cots, blankets, or air-mattresses to sleep upon.

If you are fond of cooking over an open fire, there are grates of several kinds and sizes, but the surest way is a small stove which packs neatly into a car, burns gasoline, and is ready under all conditions. If you want to cook a few provisions, the same kind of oil-bags that is used in the woods may be used for the car. Be sure that your cooking outfit rests. It is well to have either a small ice-chest or a vacuum-bottle.

Your personal equipment must be determined largely by your own demands. Every equipment, nevertheless, must contain a duster, a wool sweater, a rain outfit, and a heavy coat.

The packing is also a very important part of the trip. Pack so that each person will be comfortable. The kind of containers you use for packing will depend largely upon your type of car and whether you prefer a blanket-roll or a suitcase variety.

As to whether it is practical to take a baby on an auto camping-trip, I can only say that many people do it. There is a crib made which fits into a closed car.

Make up your mind early to spend part of the Summer out-of-doors, for the more carefully you plan, the more satisfactory will be your vacation.

Could this be you in these hopelessly old style clothes?

DECIDEDLY not, you say. How ridiculous—what a terrible thing to ask.

You are right, it is a terrible thing to ask of any girl, and especially you, whose clothes are always the last word in style.

But clothes are not the only things that express a girl's good taste. How about your letters? Are they correctly dressed? Are they smart and up-to-date? Your friends judge you by your letters just as they judge you by your clothes. Only you are not there when your letters are read. You don't know what people say about them.

So many girls are judged harshly by the letters they write to their fiances, their friends, or their business associates; and often they are judged quite incorrectly.

"Her letters are worth keeping!"

Isn't it worth a little trouble to make a man say that? Maybe you think he won't care. But he does. A little formality, a little courtesy, a little elusive correctness—these arouse his interest nine times out of ten.

Use a paper that makes your letters look their best; a paper that is made in nothing but the correct shapes and sizes and shades; a paper that portrays your good taste to critical hostesses, up-to-the-moment friends, or the nicest man in the world.

Such a paper is Eaton's Highland Linen.

If there is anything about letter writing you want to know, the wording of invitations, acceptances, regrets, the etiquette of cards, the arrangement of wedding announcements, just write to me. I will be glad to answer your questions, because I know how important these matters are to every young girl who wants to get on in her social world.

Or, if you would like all of this information in a pretty desk book, send me 50c for "Social Correspondence" and usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

Caroline De Lancey

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In NEW PERFECTION Live-Heat Ovens currents of super-heated air constantly circulate around the baking, scientifically forced to give up every bit of heat and pass out quickly with their load of moisture and odors.

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NEW PERFECTION Live-Heat Ovens are strong, substantial and durable but light in weight and easily lifted. A special heat-resisting finish prevents rust and corrosion.

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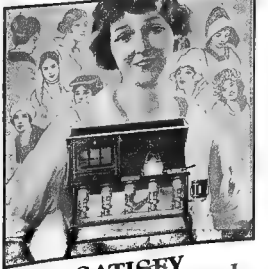

SATISFY 4,000,000 WOMEN

LET'S EAT!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

a million men to sign a petition addressed to him, calling on him for the sake of his starving fellow citizens to appoint to that office a woman who will redirect the energy of the domestic scientists *so that a man can once more get enough to eat.* There's a way for Wallace to endear himself to the American man. He might get elected President on the strength of such a performance."

"That's no joke. Common sense. Somebody'd ought to put it up to him," gloomed the dark man. "Well, I'm getting off here."

THAT evening I dined in a nationally famous hotel. I felt that *filet mignon* would be good. Noting its cost, I asked the waiter if anything accompanied it

"Oh, yes, Madam, a variety of vegetables," he assured me.

It came, my *filet mignon—mignon* was right—on a beautiful platter, surrounded by one sprig of parsley, two small mushrooms, one asparagus-tip, one cockscomb.

A variety of vegetables, to be sure. Before my vision rose those hungry men. Maybe, just possibly, there was something to it.

And when I got home the issue confronted me once more, on my next-door-neighbor's door-step. She's a white-haired old lady and a fond grandmama, and she greeted me with these words. Yes, honestly:

"They don't give him enough to eat. He's *hungry!*"

"Who's hungry?" I gasped.

"Jimsey. You know how they feed him. So much of this and so much of that. Everything just so, and never anything off schedule. And this morning he came in here when we were eating a late breakfast and he did want some of the corn bread so bad! I won't interfere with his mother's régime, so I told him to go home and ask if he could have some. He went, and he came back and said, yes, he could have two pieces. We gave it to him—and later I found out that he hadn't gone home at all. Went out and sat on the door-step a few minutes, and then came back and told that lie. Just to get something to eat. I tell you he wouldn't do that if he wasn't hungry."

It was hard to control my amusement. Jimsey is, in general, a model child, and a picture of health and activity. It was hard to consider him a sufferer from underfeeding.

"I guess he just felt a little naughty," I suggested.

"Nonsense! A child isn't hungry because he's naughty. He's naughty because he's hungry!" snapped the old lady. "Menfolks, man or child, have got to be fed good to *be* good!"

Maybe she's right! Maybe we need a new dietetic slogan:

Let's eat!

BROADWAY'S FIXED STAR—APPARENTLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

knew just what kind of part *Kiki* was she began taking daily exercises, practised holding herself rigid and standing on her toes for minutes and minutes, and any one who has seen her in the memorable last act of that play must realize that quite apart from the excellence of her acting, the physical endurance she displays is nothing short of miraculous.

Miss Ulric is a decidedly pretty brunette of petite stature, with luminous brown eyes, mobile mouth, and a sincere intensity that is at once manifested in every word and gesture. For one so small and feminine she has considerable muscular strength She has never had a failure since her first appearance in New York, and when you consider that she is still in her early twenties, and played her first part in New York only in 1915, the progress she has made in her profession is amazing.

When asked to explain what she considers the main reason for her success Miss Ulric says: "I owe everything I've got to opportunity, luck, and preparedness." She also says that Mr. Belasco could make anybody act, and attributes a great deal of the rapidity of her rise to his genius for getting the best out of a performer.

It is difficult to get this young woman to talk about herself, and when she does it is usually to let you know how dissatisfied she is with what she has achieved thus far. "There is so much to do in the world," she says, "and so little time to do it. I want to go on and grow in every way. I want to read and read and read, and listen to music, visit picture-galleries, travel, cultivate myself in all ways, study history, and of course see all the great actors and actresses of the world, but my days seem to go and I always find myself completely occupied." Miss Ulric is at the theater, the opera, or a motion-picture show whenever she has a day off.

"My life is my work and my work is my life," she says, "and I wish I had had a more romantic and picturesque history to tell you of in order to make any article about me more interesting; but all I can tell you is that I have worked hard, waited for my chance, and have had the luck to get it."

THE transformation! Shoes ready for the scrap heap restored to full rights of respectability and service.

Faded shoes again rich in color. Scuffed spots stripped of ugliness and neatly concealed. Dull, dead leather again bright with lustre.

Almost the instant it touches the shoe, Dyanshine's work is done—and well done. Shoes that grace the closet shelf or crowd the rag bag go back into service.

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Yet color for beauty. Oil to preserve. Wax to polish. And one shine lasts the week.

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From 234 lbs. to 160

The amazing story of Mrs. Horchler, who took off 74 lbs. through a novel method of weight reduction, and became a new woman in health and figure

I HAD just about given up hope when I got in touch with Wallace. Every reducing method I had tried, from fasting and Turkish baths to drugs and machinery, had failed me, and I looked with question on the Wallace method.

WALLACE

"Just like all the rest," I thought. "You either have to stop eating or work yourself to death to get any results at all. Finally I persuaded myself to try out Wallace's first-lesson reducing record in my home, on his free trial offer. *That* opened my eyes! My reduction in one week was so great and so delightfully achieved as to be almost unbelievable. Continuing with my reducing records—well, here is what I did—took off 74 pounds in 4 months, and made a remarkable improvement in my health, figure and whole appearance."

Mrs. Horchler is only one of Wallace's many cases of wonderful reduction. More than 200,000 people in all will tell you that Wallace's is the method that *works*—just as surely as heat or cold works on the thermometer!

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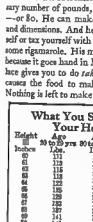
Wallace can take off *your surplus* weight just as he took off Mrs. Horchler's. He can take off the necessary number of pounds, whatever it be—20—50—70—or 80. He can make your figure normal in weight and dimensions. And he won't ask you to starve yourself or tax yourself with hard reading or any other irksome rigamarole. His method is a simple and easy one because it goes hand in hand with Nature. What Wallace gives you to do *takes care of* the food you eat. It causes the food to make only blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left to make fat.

What You Should Weigh For Your Height and Age

Height	Age 30 to 39 yrs	Age 40 to 49 yrs	Age 50 and Over
Inches	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.
60	113	118	122
61	118	123	127
62	118	120	127
63	123	130	132
64	128	127	130
65	130	131	136
66	139	137	140
67	139	142	145
68	142	148	152
69	147	153	156
70	151	157	160
71	156	161	165



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Not a cent! Just mail the coupon and get Wallace's first Reducing record (in a plain container) free for 5 days' trial in your home. Put Wallace's method to the test. Note your reduction in 5 days. Let the scales tell you. If you are not more than delighted and amazed with your reduction and the ease with which it was made, just return the record at Wallace's expense and you won't owe him a cent for anything. Fill out and mail the coupon and be prepared for a wonderful surprise.

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City ..... State .....

SARAH BERNHARDT, THE WONDER WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

She had a shrewd idea, tho, as to Sardou's value in the world of drama. One I remember, at an informal dinner in her dressing-room in a New York theater, she spoke quite savagely of Sardou to her guests. She said very bitter things about "La Tosca" and the real reasons which had led the shrewd inventor of that lurid work to shape his play, not in three acts, as a more conscientious author would have done, but in five acts.

"In Paris, *voyez-vous*," said Mme. Sarah, "they pay one more for five-act than for three-act plays."

Yes, it was just a matter of plain business. What Sardou wanted was fifteen per cent. For that he had dragged in two needless acts. And that, she thought, was simply "infamous."

ONCE when a girl reporter called to interview her, I acted for her as interpreter. That day poor Mme. Sarah had been bored to death by visitors. They had plagued her with all sorts of idle questions, about her habits and her dogs and other things.

"One would imagine that I had no soul," said Sarah. "Why won't they talk to me about my art?"

But she seemed interested in that girl reporter, and in the point on which she begged to be enlightened.

"Suppose," she had been asked, "you had a daughter who was going on the stage. What would you tell her she would need to win success?" Mme. Sarah did not answer this offhand. She evidently wished to help her visitor. So, after thinking for a moment, she replied:

"First, a beautiful voice. And next—proportion."

She meant, no doubt, a feeling for proportion; the ability to fit into a scheme, intelligence enough to fill one's proper place, good taste, not to distort, to distort or overemphasize the importance of one's character in drama.

Commingled with her high and serious qualities were others light and playful, almost trivial. I have known Mme. Sarah to amuse herself, when in private cars on trains with—a big Teddy-bear. She would toy with it and wave it from the window at way stations, and she would laugh at the amazement of the people on the rural platforms. She seldom put on airs when she was safe among friends, her intimates. She had a winning, pretty, girlish turn for humor. Coquettish in some moods, but not too eager to be flattered or admired. What could one flatterer more or less mean to a woman who had been mobbed by enthusiasts?

HEAVEN rest her, she had faults as well as virtues. A readiness to scratch if she was scratched; a little tendency at times to what in lesser women might have been called spitefulness. She could toss off cruel phrases which seemed subtle. For instance, when "defending" Duse's acting of *Marguerite Gauthier* one afternoon, I heard her tell a group of friends with a fine air of far from candid indignation, "You are too hard on her. She has no end of talent. Of course, I'm not well, the least bit *bourgeoise*." And it was true enough of Duse in that particular character. It might, however, have been applied to the great Frenchwoman, who towered above *la Duse* in most ways, to supplement the sneer her words implied by some acknowledgment of the triumphant charm of Duse in some other rôles. The Italian had an introspective quality, a gift of fine, instinctive self-analysis, which lighted up the recesses of her soul and made it glow and thrill. But she lacked Bernhardt's wings. Her feet were always firmly on the earth. She could not soar to the poetic heights, as Sarah could in her most splendid moments.

But to compare two women of such different natures is as ridiculous as to compare gray tints or green or blue with crimson. Duse, in all her characters, is Duse; a complex, many-sided, delicate being. Sometimes she shows us one side of herself. Sometimes her art lights up another. But Bernhardt could forget that she was Bernhardt. She could project herself into a hundred beings. She did not greatly change her face, her form, yet she could merge herself in *Phèdre* or *Doña Sol* and seem the incarnation of each character. She could indulge in grand, imaginative flights, forbidden by *la* Duse's limitations. In certain parts, ill suited to her nature, she was undoubtedly inferior to the Italian. *La* Duse, at her best, was a rare realist; and Sarah, on the boards, an idealistic.

La Duse, with her fiery, brooding soul, lived in a world apart. She dreamed her dreams, not many people came, but in a secret garden. She could not bring herself to mix with folk less wonderful than her d'Annunzio (who was due to make a play out of her passion). But Sarah loved companionship and people. She was not always posing on her tragic heights. At night, when she had time to relax, for hours with play-acting, she liked to enjoy herself. She would become, for a brief spell, just a mere woman. From twelve till half past one or two A. M. she loved to chat and laugh and sup with her real friends. To them she ceased to be a queen of art and blossomed out as a delightful hostess.

And what a hostess she could be at times!—vivacious, witty, merry, unconstrained. I was privileged on many nights to sup with her, in Paris, London, Rome, and in New York. And she would always have the center of the stage, of course. But she presided at her board with charming grace. She listened to and she really liked to listen—to any one who said things worth the saying. She was not, as some fancied her, an egotist. Her interests were of the most varied kind. Art, science, books, the latest phase of feminism, religion, sociology, and politics were all fish for her net. And, what was more, she could talk easily on most themes; not as a *bas-bleu*, with affected learning, but modestly and sensibly. She had no airs, nor did she pose and strain. She simply talked, discussed, and argued, like a woman with an unusual zest for life and all things human.

On some occasions she went back to "shop." And when she did she spoke as an authority. But she did not lay down the law, like some we know. She understood the rights of other people to their own ideas. I had the pleasure once, after a luncheon in New York, of hearing a long wrangle between Sarah and her colleague, Constant Coquelin. The issue was the vexed one raised by Diderot in his "Paradoxe du Comédien." The two stars disagreed *in toto*. Coquelin maintained that actors should not let emotion sway them when they were acting. He held that acting should be always purely cerebral. To him his characters at all times were illusions. To "live" as *Cæsar* or as *Phèdre* on the boards was to risk spoiling the effect upon the audience. Sarah seemed just as certain of the contrary. She *had* to feel to make her audience feel with her. When she put on the character of *Phèdre*, she shared the rapture, passion, grief, and pain of *Phèdre*. Both actors, I am certain, were sincere. Both managed to impress one by their acting. But, in the wings, while Coquelin was unmoved, Sarah was deeply thrilled by mock experiences. I have seen tears roll down her cheeks after some scenes. I never saw a trace of tears on Coquelin's.

HAD Sarah not been a past mistress of technique, she might have failed by being too emotional. But, at the base of all her acting, besides sympathy, there was technique—the art she owed to the Conservatoire. She could control herself in her most tigerish moments. She was too clever to let feeling run away with her. Her feeling may have seemed to some unbridled, yet it was kept within due bounds by art and skill. No matter how much passion she displayed, this marvelous woman never lost sight of her grip upon the theory of her art.

She won her triumphs, thanks to will and tireless work, and thanks to something else —imagination. The last was what assured her the great place she fills for over half a century. It was the gift of God or Nature or that godmother; an asset that she could never have acquired. Imagination, helped by work and will, distinguished her from her most famous rivals. Her art she had studied, mastered, and adorned, but her imaginative power was given to her. Without it she might have been a great actress. She would not have outshone all other actresses.

She realized this fact. Why should she not? And yet, in private, she had tact enough not to obtrude her knowledge of the fact too obviously. She could be deferential when she chose to be so. Much smaller women could be cleverer than she could be harsh, tho—even savage—now and then. For instance, when her companion, Mlle. Seylor, who had served her life for years and years, refused to brave the "subs" with her on her last voyage to New York, she was so angered that she sent her old friend packing and told her she would have no more to do with her.

SHE HAD strong likings, dark forebodings and dislikings. She was as sensitive as a cat when she was forced to come in contact with some people. The well-known doctor, who admired her, made her shudder. "He'll poison me some day; I know he will!" she once confided to a friend in his card. And there were others whom she seemed to like intuitively—almost, indeed, instinctively—as people like or dislike some animals. To certain of her friends and her dependents she clung all her life—to Mme. Guérard (tho her admiration for her waned) and to some servants. After an interval of thirty years or more, she would sit down to lunch or dinner with the same comrades she had known and loved in youth. They had grown white or gray, but Sarah seemed unchanged by all those years.

It was amusing to observe how unconcealed was her appetite for good food. She did not eat much and she drank only just enough to aid digestion. Her taste was simple. She could feast on a plain herring. But if she had a fancy for some dish, she made no effort to disguise the joy it gave her. I wish many could have seen her, as I did one night, when a party of six or five guests with a big chafing-dish. Her handling of the eggs and mushrooms was so dramatic that it was almost like the third act of a drama. Between those mushrooms and those eggs she talked incessantly. The way she flung them in the pan was wholly tragic. But the result was a delightful omelet, in which no critic could have found the slightest flaw.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

but is it good *exercise?*

TEETH were meant to work hard; gums are healthiest when massaged in masticating rough food. And this soft modern food of ours gives little work to your teeth and even less exercise to your gums.

Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

Because the gums get so little stimulation, they are, in late years, growing soft and flabby, and tooth troubles, due to weak gums—and most of them are—show a decided and alarming increase.

How to clean teeth *and* protect your gums!

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In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

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She lacked poise

TWO women at luncheon were engaged in conversation. Although they were apparently of the same age, one was more vigorous and well-preserved. In her every manner were displayed poise, confidence and animation that were noticeably absent in her companion.

The other woman showed that in her mind was constant fear or uneasiness. You might have said, "She was self-conscious". Really she lacked poise.

The two women had been friends in early girlhood. The first woman was the president of a large club; was prominent in many activities; and, in addition, had three children and many household duties. She was keen enough to observe her friend's sub-conscious anxiety and worry.

"Why worry over your health?"

"IT SEEMS too bad," she said, "that you should permit yourself to worry over your health, because to my mind it is entirely unnecessary. There is no reason why you should not be as vigorous and strong as I am."

The second woman told her that she had observed many women of her own age who had been obliged to drop their work and who had become semi-invalids.

Said the club president further: "You should by all means take a reasonable amount of exercise. Most women drop too suddenly and completely the exercise to which as young girls they had been accustomed. Of course you cannot do any of the strenuous things that as a girl you might have done; but there is no question about the value of dancing, swimming and walking.

"Many women are careless about their diet and the matter of regular sleep. To be careful about these things is only common sense.

Feminine hygiene

"BUT then there is one thing to which many women fail to take heed. I refer to the vital matter of personal cleanliness or feminine hygiene.

"This means more than 'soap-and-water' cleanliness. You must attain it as the doctor does—by using an antiseptic effective for personal hygiene. It is this last and highest degree of cleanliness that brings a sense of security."

"Lysol" Disinfectant, originally prepared for use by the medical profession, is ideal for personal hygiene. In proper solution with water, it is not caustic and does not irritate. Sold in all drug stores.

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution
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For personal hygiene
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Two teaspoonfuls in one quart water
For the kitchen
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COMPLETE *directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 or 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.*

Lysol Disinfectant

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The ideal personal antiseptic

SARAH BERNHARDT, THE WONDER WOMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

She allowed no pleasure to disturb her in her work. The love of work to her was almost a religion. When she had entertained a group of us at dejeuner, she would glance quickly at the clock, throw down her serviette, dip her fingers in her bowl, and leave the table, with a cry of "*Au travail!*" Not once in all the many years I knew her, till that sad trouble with her leg, was she faithless in her duty to the public. She seldom in her life missed a rehearsal or an engagement.

No matter what the cost, she would go on some nights when she was spitting blood and having fainting spells. "*Quand même,*" her motto, was her guide, her gospel. "In spite of everything," she had to act.

I have sometimes wondered if the public knew how direly Sarah suffered on some tours to serve it. For years, before she had that leg cut off, she had had anguish from a tortured knee-cap. And on the last of her repeated nights here, when she had lost the power to walk, did many guess that her poor shortened stump had never healed since that dread amputation?

Her sense of humor, tho, sustained her somewhat. She smiled and smiled and smiled despite her pain. The triumph of a great mind over matter. The power of will defying brutal facts. One evening, waiting for an hour in Albany, at the suggestion of her manager, I sent my card to Mme Sarah in her car. It had been shunted till next morning to a siding.

To my dismay, I heard a shriek of rage as her colored servant took my message in to her.

I walked away, but called again soon after, when Sarah, with a laugh, explained her fury:

"They brought your card in at an awkward moment," said Sarah, as she gave me a most gracious greeting. "I just then, you see, I was trying on my new cork leg!"

And think of all she did, with one leg missing. Held in the glory of her youth, as I can swear, did she perform for last act of "La Dame aux Camélias" more touchingly, more delicately, with more finished art, than on her final tour in the United States.

MME SARAH'S energy was inconceivable. Her curiosity was boundless and insatiable. When I was traveling in this country on her train, at every station where it stopped for even half an hour, she would alight and call a hack or motor-car, and drive about till it was time to get into her private car again. She seemed to notice every sign of change in every town which she had ever visited. And—tho she never learned to speak more than a few disjected phrases in our tongue, she somehow found out nearly all she wished to know.

When she was over sixty-four, at her own theater in the Place du Châtelet, within twelve hours she carried out this program: From 2 to 5 P. M. she appeared as *Phèdre*. From 5 to 6 she had a host of visitors. She changed her dress and rested for an hour. At 7 she gave a dinner to ten friends. At 8 she left the table, and went on again as the young hero (not the heroine) of a new three-act comedy. She changed into a dainty evening-gown and sat through a short two-act farce. She drove to her abode, three miles away, and entertained more friends at supper. She would keep up this life for months and months on end.

On the occasion that I have in mind just now, among the guests with whom I dined (behind the scenes of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt) were Georges Clairin, Gaston de Bérardi (long director of the *Indépendance Belge*), and Edmond Rostand. The author of "Les Romanesques" and "Cyrano" was a pale, bloodless man, with well-cut features, a mustache, and little hair above his lofty forehead. He seldom spoke, and invented not one epigram that evening. He impressed one by his fine romantic air and his distinction. Rostand, you know, had once saved Sarah's life, when she was sinking in the waves close to Belle-Isle.

I somehow think this fact affected Sarah's judgment of the author. She used to rave of him in the same breath with Shakspeare. While we were dallying with the roast that evening, a maid brought in a telegram. Mme Sarah opened it and passed it round the table.

"From Queen Alexandra," said our hostess. "To thank me for coddling with her yesterday on King Edward's death."

IT WAS curiosity, not passion, that induced her to try marriage for a change. Her husband, the Greek actor Damala, soon cured her of her matrimonial fantasy. He had accumulated debts on debts. He was unfaithful and he was ungrateful. And then his health broke down. Tho he had long since left her for another actress, his wife nursed him when the doctors gave him up. I hardly think she mourned his very deeply, tho, when she was widowed.

To Sarah youth appealed much more than age. Not her own youth, which she retained as by a miracle till she was almost seventy, but that of others, girls and boys, and chiefly authors. Rome one day she went into hysterics as I sat with her, because her manager would not allow the Roman students free admission to a performance she was giving there that evening. To please young people she would have done anything. She loved to help and cheer and inspire them in their struggles.

She was always grateful to Americans and English for the encouragement they gave her so unstintedly. Tho she was always facing crowds, she hated contact with what Frenchmen call "the people." She was exclusive, almost morbidly exclusive. Rather than mix with strangers in a public car, she would drive miles and miles in her auto or her carriage.

To those who had had the privilege of seeing her in the heyday of her fame, Sarah stood apart from her most brilliant rivals. She towered above all other living actresses. To those who knew her only in her later years her golden voice may have seemed less than golden, her magic art not free from artifice. She had lived too long to suit a modern crowd.

Toward the close of her career Sarah lost a good deal of her earlier charm. Her golden voice was sometimes slightly worn, her art at moments rather strained and forced. The tigerish accents which had thrilled us once were harsher. The tender lowtones had a feebler ring. And she had not quite her old self-control, her wondrous poise, her philosophic outlook upon things and men. But she had still her dogged will, her eager interest in the world, her love of art.

No woman, be assured, will take her place. There never can be such another miracle. Artists as great as she may come after her, but in the story of the stage she reigned apart. Her charm was rare indeed—her art supreme; her influence on the drama unsurpassed. Age could not wither her, nor custom stale her unconquered spirit. No one could ever hope to vie with her. She was too personal to be taken as a model. But her example has fired many actresses to whom she seemed rightly, as she long seemed to me, a queen of art.

Above all, she was a tremendous force, a vital factor in the world of art.

BETTER BRAINS OR—BEDLAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

thousand and one truly *First* Families whose souls gleam with genius and glory from every page of our history. They are to-day a dying race. And neither biologist nor statistician can easily discover their like among the inferior hordes which are bound to be bred inside our soil by such tragic birth-rates as these.

True, the average man laughs at statistics even when they tell the truth, but all nations have gone laughing to their doom. True, also, there may be counter tendencies and hidden hopes. We think there are, but they have to be sought for with prayer and statistics.

Some Important Questions

LET us see what is bound to happen if the present tendencies *all* go on without a change. I think of our complacent lying ostrich at times for a broadcasting station from which he could din the following questions of national life and death into the ears—and hearts—of the American people.

Do you know that there will never be more than just about 197,274,000 people in the United States? The credit for this brilliant discovery belongs to Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University. The number may vary a few millions either way, but not by any *large* figures, and this number will be reached by the year 2100, a short 180 years from now. Persons now born will have grandchildren who will see that hour arrive.

Do you know that *the* American problem *to-day, now,* is, what percent of people will that race of 197,000,000 be?

Do you know that we can begin to-day, *now,* to determine definitely whether them shall be healthy mental and spiritual giants in those days or feeble mental and spiritual pigmy, a nation of upstanding, forward-looking citizens or a squirming, spawning mass of incompetents without culture or leadership?

Do you know that practically four babies must be born to every married couple who have any children at all in order to keep the race from going backward?

Do you know that *one-fourth of the married people in each generation (which is about one-eighth of all persons born) produce one-half of the next generation?*

Do you know that the basic problem of all politics is, *where is that one-fourth?* Who are they? Are they the teachers, lawyers, preachers, doctors, merchants, scientists, statesmen, and skilled workmen, or are they the thoughtless, stupid, and uncreative, without skill in their hands or imagination in their brains?

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The secret of having beautiful hair

How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful, well-kept hair.

Stop and think of all the good looking, attractive women you know. You will find their hair plays a mighty important part in their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful, luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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COMMUNITY PLATE
ANNOUNCING THE
Bird of Paradise
NEVER have we produced a design which has received such immediate approval—not only from women whose social demands are the most exacting, but from artists and connoisseurs of note. For instance,
MAXFIELD PARRISH, Artist
BARON DE MEYER, Decorator
COLES PHILLIPS, Artist
ELSIE DE WOLF, Decorator
This design reflects the modern note in decoration—the new, interesting and colorful. True to the vogue.
Teaspoons
Set of Six, $3.75
AT YOUR JEWELER'S
ONEIDA COMMUNITY-MADE

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BETTER BRAINS OR—BEDLAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

Do you know that if the Army mental tests are an approximate guide to the intelligence of the American people—and whether they are or not I have fully discussed in Pictorial Review for April—they would seem to indicate that out of every 100 men and women voters we have just about the following somewhat discouraging —altho not despairing—material?

The lowest 25 can scarcely finish the grammar grades.

The next 20 are average grammar-school material.

The next 15 can rarely finish high school.

The next 25 can only get through high school.

The next 10 can make only poor college records.

The top 5 only can make brilliant college records.

Further studies may alter these precise proportions, but the Army tests did surely strongly intimate that an immense percentage of the American people who are crying for "more democracy"—which to the unintelligent simply means more power and not more wisdom—could not possibly understand the theory or workings of sound representative democracy if getting into heaven depended upon it.

Do you know that these tests if they approximately measured intelligence would indicate that out of every 100 voters the top 15 or 20 who furnish most of our college graduates and, therefore, nearly 90 per cent. of all American leaders, are a dying race? That the next 20 or 25 who seem to be average high-school material, and who furnish most of our skilled workmen, are starting on the same road to race-suicide, while the least intelligent 25—who can hardly run a go-cart, let alone a democracy —are producing nearly one-half of the American citizens of to-morrow?

Do you know that a large number of women college graduates seem not to make the best wives and mothers because by nature they appear to be of an unmotherly undomestic type who prefer intellectual careers to marriage and motherhood? These women are noble social servants and of vast public good, but biologists believe they are not the best mother-material upon which to found a great racial stock.

Do you know that some college seem to draw more than do others of the marriageable, home-loving, motherly types of young women, by their atmosphere and type of education? This atmosphere and education appeal to this fine class of women, who are endowed with these rich racial instincts, and this type of education should be more and more extended in both our high schools and colleges in order to insure a high education to the best mother-material of the race.

DO YOU know that a man does not like to marry a woman who knows more than he does, and that for this foolish reason, while college men freely marry non-college women, college women are seldom selected for wives by non-college men?

Do you know that democracy and modern life have in the last 150 years decreased the chances of a working man rising to the ranks of leaders by nearly two-thirds?

Do you know that birth-control is the most momentous fact in the history of mankind? Do you know that if wisely used to increase the birth-rate of superiors it will work tremendously for race-improvement, and, if wrongly used, to decrease the superiors, while the inferiors breed with undiminished vigor, it will wreck the race that tries it?

Do you know that, if wisely used, birth-control will make the race more unselfish, more virtuous, and less inclined to war?

Do you know that nothing can possibly improve the condition of the poor like decreasing their numbers through a rational extension among them of birth-control?

Do you know that while 1,000,000 country-born boys and girls produce 100 leaders, 1,000,000 city-born boys and girls will produce *in the same time* 250 leaders? While part of this may be due to the stimulus, education, and richer opportunities of the city, yet several cautious studies indicate it is largely due to the fact that the abler, more enterprising people have moved for generations into the cities.

Do you know that cities wreck nations; that they suck up the richest blood from the country and burn it in the fires of city ambition until by and by the strong blood of leadership is left neither in city nor country, and when leadership is gone civilization goes with it?

Do you know that democracy is at the cross-roads and that it must from now on cease to be regarded as a revealed religion and become an object of ritical study? Do you know that its final test will be its capacity to *breed an increasing supply of* leaders; that if it fails to do this both democracy and civilization will soon become what Lord Balfour said of the human race, "a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest planets"?

Here, then, at last biology has furnished us with a fool-proof chart of many of the innermost processes of national life. To put it plainly, we can "see our finish." For the first time in history a nation knows the following facts:

First, we know how many people there are going to be.

Second, we know how they reproduce.

Third, we know that mental and moral qualities are inherited; that, consequently, the one-fourth which produces the most children will in time determine absolutely the mental and moral qualities of the whole.

Fourth, we know birth-control.

Fifth, we know that "the man who is left" by this new instrument, birth-control, is the only man whose blood—that is whose mental and moral character—is passed to the citizens of to-morrow. The eyes of the whole nation should, therefore, be turned upon this man, because *civilization always moves and moves with incredible swiftness toward the man it is looking at.*

LET us then once more turn the light of science upon this tremendously important man who will carry the torch of heredity to the children yet to be.

There were 104 Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock. No better stock to build a nation ever set out to sea. That was eight generations ago. They later expanded to many thousands. But civilization is conquering its creators. Professor Samuel J. Holmes and Miss C. M. Dodd of the University of California have calculated that at their present birth-rate, within another eight generations—hardly a day in a nation's life—all the Pilgrims' living descendants could be put into another vessel the size of the *Mayflower* and sent back home. While it would probably require the entire British and American merchant marine to carry the descendants of "came over" in that remarkable vessel, a tiny boat of the same size would hold all the human descendants. Pity indeed that so paltry a thing as chests and sideboards should last longer!

If we turn to the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Dames we see the same tendencies laying upon them the hand of racial death.

Mr. Frederick S. Crafts as quoted by Popenoe and Johnson in "Applied Eugenics" studied the genealogy of 12,722 New England families of the old Colonial stock. In 120 years their birth-rate ran down-hill as follows, by year:

1750–1799	children per family		6.43
1800–1849	"	"	4.94
1850–1869	"	"	3.47
1870–1879	"	"	2.77

"There," as these authors remark, "in four lines is the story of the decline of the old American stock." The Census Report also adds its impressive testimony. In 1800, for every 1,000 women there were 976 children under five years of age. These were all of the old strains. In 1920, for all stocks, new and old combined, the number of children had dropped to 476 a year for 500 children per each 1,000 women in 120 years!

Frederick Adams Woods, the biologist, has shown that in proportion to population the city-born boy has two and two-fifths times as many chances of becoming rich and famous as the country-born boy. This is contrary to all popular belief. Mrs. Wiggam studied the birthplaces of 980 of the leaders of American business and captains of industry. She found they were city-born at a ratio of nearly four to one. Mr. Scott Nearing, working on other material, found city-born leaders about two and one-half times as numerous as those born from the smaller towns and farms.

This, however, is not the matter of concern. The serious national problem is that the city by its rich prizes draws the *best* boys and girls from the country. The fearsome and less ambitious usually remain. In three to four generations much of the stock in the city "runs out." They can not attain the' rewards of ambition and continue to raise their share of children. The country is thus soon drained of much of its best.

No man can travel over America lecturing to all sorts of people as the writer has for ten years and not see the process at work. The astounding and saddening thing is that the people in the country are the first to point it out. Let any country-born man go back to his old home and tell the story. I have heard it frequently for years

The intelligent villager will tell you—for of course there are still plenty of intelligent villagers in America—the city has not yet, thank Heaven, got all the brains! The intelligent villager will say: "Yes, there was Judge A., a great man, and his nine children. But he was a city banker, two became city merchants, one rose high at the capital in law, another is at Washington, and the girls all married city men." "And," he will add, "the whole nine put together have scarcely nine children to replace the old family." And on he goes through the list of the leading families of the past two generations.

Here, in this simple narrative, your rural historian has given you one of the great processes in the fall of nations.

College Graduates' Small Families

IN 1850 at Mt. Holyoke, the oldest among America's colleges for women, 85 out of every 100 graduates married and produced nearly two and one-half children apiece. To-day barely half marry and produce less than one child apiece. The Vassar graduates are producing eight-tenths of a child each, while the women from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

Illustrating how easy it is to clean mattresses with the Eureka

More Women Choose the Eureka

NEARLY eight hundred thousand women have singled out the Eureka as their own personal choice. Only their preference, and nothing else, caused the Eureka to lead the world in total number of electric vacuum cleaner sales in 1922.

Today, out of seventy possible selections, every fifth purchaser chooses the Eureka.

Highest Quality—at an Amazingly Attractive Price

The Eureka typifies all that is finest in cleaner construction. Yet, its scientifically simplified design, the great buying power of the Eureka Company, and the tremendous number of Eurekas produced, greatly reduces the cost of each individual cleaner.

The powerful suction of the Eureka thoroughly removes the dirt from rugs and carpets. The attachments are so convenient, and so effective, that they are used regularly for renovating mattresses, hangings, upholstered furniture, etc.

Eureka Advantages Are Known Everywhere

Time and again Eureka has been conferred a Grand Prize or highest award, by authorities in home-keeping sanitation in both the United States and Europe. Yet over and above such weighty approval as this, is the loyal endorsement of 800,000 users.

Write us for the name of the Eureka dealer nearest you. He will deliver a Grand Prize Eureka direct to your home, to be *loaned* you—without cost or obligation—so you may learn for yourself its remarkable helpfulness.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U.S.A.
Makers of Eureka Vacuum Cleaners since 1909
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The Grand Prize (81)

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VACUUM CLEANER
IT JUST'S THE DIRT

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For An Out-of-Door Summer

There are other silk stockings as light, as cool and as well made, but there are none more beautiful than

"Onyx Pointex"

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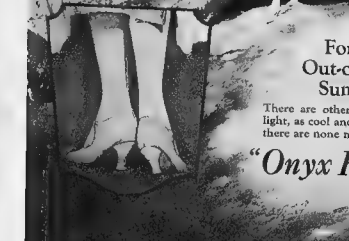

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Sprinkle It Into Your Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath **and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.**

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Trial package and a Foot=Ease Walking Doll sent FREE.

Address

Allen's Foot=Ease, LeRoy, N.Y.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

BETTER BRAINS OR—BEDLAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

Wellesley and Bryn Mawr are giving America just about one baby to three graduates!

The women from coeducational colleges are probably doing little better. Dr. Howard J. Banker, of the Eugenics Record Office of the Carnegie Institution, found the graduates of Syracuse University had up until 1890 about the same birth-rate as the graduates of Wellesley. From this and other college reports Dr. Banker thinks it is not the education that keeps these women from marriage and motherhood, but that unmotherly and "unmarriageable" women are attracted to this sort of "higher" education. Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, the psychologist, finds that among the wives of scientific men the more education they have the fewer children they have. It is not the education that runs out the babies, but this type of highly intellectual woman seems to be deficient in motherly instinct.

The women who win college honors seldom marry and few have children. Possibly they do not love babies less, but love the intellectual life more. This line of reasoning is strengthened by the fact that from the more "homey" domestic types of college such as Kansas Agricultural and Iowa University, which presumably attract a more "homey" motherly type of woman, nearly two-thirds of the graduates marry, and what little evidence we have indicates they have a much higher number of children.

Old bachelors who are voluntarily or from natural selfishness should not be taxed to make them marry unless married men regard it as a justifiable tax on luxury. Spinsters and bachelors who are so by choice should be allowed to hang themselves by their own ropes. But all these facts present the ominous prospect of the rapid decline of American intelligence.

If the American colleges depended upon the children of their graduates for future students they would all soon be empty. They are a dying race. They have a standard family of two children. Dr. Charles B. Davenport has calculated that 1,000 Harvard or Yale graduates will, within six generations, have but fifty descendants—hardly sufficient to make a college glee club! Something close to this is true of all college stock. McKeen Cattell has also found this tendency at work among all scientific men, the leading minds of the race. Ninety per cent. of all America's leaders are college graduates. We can not see the full solemnity of this situation until we consider the next paragraph.

Will the Manual Workers Survive?

YES, but if present tendencies go on unchanged they will decline in intelligence and soon be leaderless. In his "Democracy and the Human Equation," Mr. Alleyne Ireland, the publicist, has published the fact, drawn from the work of Havelock Ellis and Frederick Adams Woods, that from early English history down to 1800 about one great man out of nine has come up from the working classes; in the next 25 years the percentage ran down to nearly one in 15, and by 1850 had dropped to scarcely one in 22. This is probably due mainly to democracy—the opening of the doors to ambition, which soon sucked up the best men from the working classes. Like a bottle of old wine, which, when suddenly uncorked, sparkles and fumes with life, but soon becomes inert and stale, so the masses when freed from oppression for a time bubble with genius. But ambition is sterilized by its success; like caged animals those who rise cease to breed, the supply is soon exhausted, and the masses are left in the same poverty known to man, the poverty of leadership.

No greater problem to-day faces both capital and labor. Civilized conditions success spells failure and progress means decay. Civilization is self-destructive, and unless it finds his wagon to the star of science civilization will always devour its own children. As things are going now, the naimed, halt, and blind will be left.

So far, however, even science has enlisted its highest triumphs on the side of race-degeneration. Strange and monstrous engines of war murder whole populations. Medicine and hygiene preserve the weaklings. Hospitals for the insane, asylums for the improvident, rescue homes, social settlements, and reformatories, like great nets, catch the biological salvage. The anti-Burbanking process even invades the moral world. The good spend their lives saving the bad. We throw safeguards about the feeble of will, those born without self-control, and actively encourage them to reproduce! Even up to a hundred years ago they were shot and hanged by the thousands.

The world is aghast at the wave of crime. But to the biologist who has studied the birth-rates of the civilized during the past century the crime wave offers no mystery. The way of the transgressor has ceased to be hard, and the wages of sin is the chance to multiply.

Formerly the fool perished by his own folly. To-day we give him special teachers to fill his empty head and feed his stomach free of charge—free of charge to *him*, but at a ghastly cost to his betters. Science reduces his death-rate, increases his birth-rate, and by its luxuries and rewards sterilizes its own creators. Man evolved in the open, fighting on two stout legs for his life, and the devil took the hindmost; to-day he sits in a swivel-chair, smokes nicotin, and calmly lets the devil and the hindmost people the world. Science has created a world in which wishes *are* horses and beggars *do* ride, but it tends to create a race which can only survive in a nursery.

We think to repair all this by laws, some new "system" or form of government. As Professor Patrick of Iowa University points out in his "Psychology and Social Reconstruction," a book which every woman in America should read, it takes *few* laws and institutions to make a good society out of good men, but it is doubtful if any laws or institutions can make a good society out of evil men.

Watchman, What of the Night?

FACED with such an array of disturbing circumstances, the reader may be more anxiously, "Watchman, what of the night?" Is there no happier dawn ahead? With this hail of staggering facts showering about me I think there is. There is no biological cloud without its silver lining. The hope that inspires the biologist is that as never before in all history man's destiny is now in his own hands. If he will but hold out both of those hands to science the laws that be for him are more than they that be against him. The stars never deceive him who trusts them. And even at the worst, to men and women of courage, no goal is ever open except the highest.

I can not, of course, in a paragraph outline a new social psychology nor a new biological basis of politics. But these are the central problems that rim the whole new political horizon. Let us then "count our mercies one by one." Man's salvation will lie solely in gaining through science *an understanding heart*.

First, the highest message of biology—the science of life—is that, notwithstanding their terrifying dangers, human sympathy, tenderness, protection of the weak and meek and lowly, special education for the feeble, backward, and uncontrolled, medicine, hygiene, and social uplift *must not only go on but be multiplied a thousandfold*. They are the very *evidences of civilization*. Man's heart and not his head is the finest product of evolution. But impulsive sympathy must be linked with the higher, wider, deeper sympathy of science. Instinct must be subjected to reason or man's heart will burst his head. Social betterment must work with race-betterment or both will fall into the ditch. A race that will not respond to hygienics will not respond to eugenics. The inferiors must be saved for everything but reproduction; the superiors must save themselves basically and biologically for this very purpose.

Second, the break-up in America of the old homestead—that rock of any nation's salvation—combined with the rush to the cities and the mad scramble for the lavish prizes of science and the building of an industrial civilization which thwarts many of man's deepest and oldest instincts, are at the bottom of the whole trouble. They have bred a sterilizing national psychology. We have become a nation of city-dwellers and gold-diggers. The "flapper" is replacing the mother as the national idol. The wedding-ring is becoming a mere temporary ornament. My wife just handed me the following from the morning paper:

"A former Follies beauty, widow of a wealthy publisher, married again to a picture star, being sued by the lover of a business man on the charge of alienating his affections, is engaged to marry an actor as soon as the courts call off her second marriage, and the actor's second wife divorces him, while her husband, a picture star, who married her after his divorce from a famous model, is reported engaged to a vaudeville headliner, whom he will marry as soon as she divorces her husband, a broker, who divorced a society girl to elope with her."

It would certainly be a wise child—should there be one—who could identify his own father or mother out of such a mess of socio-biological potpourri.

However, people are not worse than they were. I think they are better. But when man moves out of his old huts into city apartments, flats, factories, and boarding-houses, he moves into a new psychology. Civic virtues die in apartment-houses. His most imperious instincts are denied. True patriotism decays. Men lose their old loyalties. Men can't be loyal to a smoke-stack. They will not go out and shed their blood on the battle-field in defense of a boarding-house. It takes room to raise either morals or children. A genius has been described as a man who could devise some way to raise chickens in a flat. A still greater genius would be the man who could raise either character or children in one.

Third, in spite of all this I am convinced that a change has already begun in our national psychology, and as a great psychologist said to me yesterday, "The way to foster it is to talk about it." It is a small item, but extremely significant; lying on my desk are five advertisements from fashionable apartment-house owners especially mentioning that children will be

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BETTER BRAINS OR—BEDLAM

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welcome and dogs will not. Two of them offer to rebate a month's rent for every new baby, and one states that a newly married couple not producing a baby within a year shall be encouraged to vacate.

The encouraging thing is that the apartments are for the upper middle class, the strength of any nation. From Washington, D. C., comes word that one apartment-house for better families is being finished with free playrooms for children.

Fourth, deeper than this, however, are the newer findings of science. The happiest thing yet discovered about human nature is the proof first advanced by Frederick Adams Woods, previously quoted, that in man's very hereditary constitution mind and morals are powerfully knit together. Woods has proved in his great work on the heredity of the Royal Families that in the long run the mentally able tend to be the morally good, that people with bright minds are, on the average, better than people with dull minds. He has shown further that good people live longer generally than bad people, and where they have a chance raise more children. The good do not die young, but outlive the bad, and tend to perpetuate their virtues.

The stupendous meaning of all this is not seen until we link it with the last further, far-reaching suggestion, that since parenthood, through birth-control knowledge, is now a voluntary matter, the unselfish, courageous, patriotic, home-loving, motherly and fatherly men and women will, if economic conditions possibly permit, produce the larger number of children. Now, since all these things are linked with intelligence, the race is bound, under scientific birth-control, to become both more unselfish and more intelligent, and indeed less warlike.

This is a tremendous thing. It gives us a whole new political economy. The economic and political energy of the nation should be turned in this direction. I see proofs of Woods's contention in the great family homesteads rapidly springing up in the suburbs about our great cities, where I find numerous happy and literally filled with children of these able human people who have gone to these suburbs to live a natural, human life. In one of New York's most fashionable suburbs recently my hostess said to me, pointing to a hillside palace, "That family has thirteen children; the rich man who owns the deer park has nine; the family with the big swimming-pool in the garden—not for fish, but for children—has nine; the two families across the street have six each, and then I have my own little brood of seven. At our city women's club motherhood is distinctly fashionable."

I verily believe that among our abler families motherhood can be made a national fashion again as it was two generations ago. A proper psychology and a proper political economy *can be created, and that mainly by the new woman*, which will sweep the whole race to higher goals.

The New Hope

LASTLY, beyond all this, a new phenomenon is looming like a rainbow of promise across the sky of human hope. Few have yet seen it. Only one man, in my judgment, Mr. Glenn Frank, the publicist, has fully appraised its power and importance. Speaking with a truly continental eloquence, he has called it "The Approaching Spiritual Renaissance of the Western World," a deep and rapidly awakening sense among thinking men and women that out of the despair of the past decade a new social ardor and order, new social and political objectives, in short a new humanism can arise. Indeed is already being erected upon the foundations which science has placed within the grasp of man. In a book, shortly to be published, Mr. Frank outlines the bases, the motives, and the objectives of this rapidly gathering movement toward a new spiritual Springtime in the hearts and hopes of men.

The world is bleeding but undaunted, and there are still millions of good people. Just before his death the late John Fiske gave us, I think, the most eloquent utterance in the literature of science. It was as follows: "The consummate product of a world of evolution is a character which creates happiness—a character which *creates* happiness—replete within itself with divine possibilities of ever fresh life and ever larger joy, fulfilling truth and beauty in directions forever new."

To the youth of this land is thus given an immortal privilege, the privilege to toil together in the lofty partnership of man and woman toward a race whose character will create happiness; a new well-born, unborn happiness of health and unity for every man and woman and little child, a character which *will* fulfil truth and beauty in divine directions and to godlike purposes forever new.

Whether they will do this or can do it I do not know. Whether men and women have the social coherence, the economic power, the educational ardor, and the political capacity to do it I do not know. I believe they have. But I do know that beyond the horizon lie just two things. America must choose between them and must choose while it is yet called to-day.

One is slow race-improvement through the decrease of the badly-born and the increase of the well-born; and the other is Armageddon.

Millions of Tiny White Sponges to Soothe and Protect Your Baby

A myriad of dainty, soft sponges! That is what Mennen Borated Talcum looks like under the microscope. Those white absorbent particles guard your baby's skin in *three unique ways*.

Your baby's skin is never completely dry. No matter how carefully you wipe the chubby body, the skin folds still hold some *moisture*.

Whether that moisture is perspiration, or urine, or water that escaped the towel—it is poisoning the delicate tissues. All authorities on babies warn against this danger.

But the remarkable action of Mennen Borated Talcum draws the inflaming moistures away from the skin and absorbs them harmlessly!

The second great enemy of skin health in babies is *friction*. The rubbing of clothing and blankets—even baby's own weight and movements—chafe the skin unmercifully. Mennen Borated Talcum overcomes friction by covering the cuticle with a smooth *extra* skin—a protective, friction-repelling film.

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THE PARLIAMENT AT THEBES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"I'll tell you what I will do. I'll get through my work early, and contrive to hang around the squares and gardens of heaven, and any one of these days the Grand Man Himself will be passing by, and He'll see the glint of my old red whiskers, and He'll stop the Archangels and the Powers and Dominions, and come over, so kindly He is."

"'Where have you been hiding yourself, Michael John?' He'll say. 'And how's all your care?'

"'They're fine, Sir. They're grand,' I'll say. 'Sure, 'tis to the queen's taste they are—barring a wee bit of trouble that's not worth mentioning.'

"'And, sure, what's troubling you, my poor lad?'

"'Tis not worth troubling your Deity about. 'Tis not so!'

"'Out with it now, Michael John!' Himself will say.

"'Tis that my little people, Sir, do be worrying hard that man is after them a bit strong, and if Yourself would just direct him to be a wee bit easy'—and I'll tell Him what you all say.

"Isn't that the jewel of a plan? Isn't that the great scheme entirely?"

"We think it's rotten!" champed the crocodile.

"Well, that's all I can do," the Angel said. "If you've got a better plan —"

"We have decided," the lion rumbled, "that if you could help us long, we could. We can stalk him as he stalks us. We will not wait for him to come out; we will descend upon him. We will lie in wait for him in the way. I shall come to the villages with my kind, and the spotted leopards that purr like the rumbling of drums, and the striped hissing snakes, and the rhinoceros shall lumber through the streets, and the great river-horse shall no longer avoid his frail boats, but seek them."

"And my brother the elephant will crush him beneath his terrible knees," the tiger snarled, "and trample his little houses. And the wild boar with tusks like knives will strike at him from the ground. And from the jungle I will rush forth with the moon, and when dawn comes there will be wailing, if any are left to wail, and the small winged things of the jungle will assault him night and day, and there will be terror through the land."

"And there will be terror through the sea," the white bear prophesied. "Our sister the whale will no longer flee, but fight, and the sails of ships will quiver and the bulwarks give. And we will push icebergs in the paths of iron ships. The millions and millions of herring and cod will help. And the swordfish will founder the life-boats. And out of the gray-green depths of the sea the devil-fish will arise, his long, seeking tentacles over the gunwales—"

"Oh, childer, childer dear!" the Angel implored.

"And our cousins the birds will help us," the lion took up the litany; "the eagle and the hawk in their strength, and even the little sparrows in their number. They will buffet with wings, they will peck with their sharp beaks, the innumerable folk of the air."

"And from the north," the tiger promised, "the wolves will come out with their red eyes, their slavering fangs, and the fox will revolt, with his teeth sharp as a dog's."

"And the things of the field will revolt," the bear went on, "the patient kine, the sheep and goats. And the vibrations of battle will put panic on the horse so that he will smash his traces with his hoofs and smash men's heads. And the turmoil will cause the dog so that he will attack those he loves."

"For mercy's sake, childer dear, will you stop breaking my heart?"

"Death and terror on the land!" prophesied the lion.

"Death and terror on the sea!" promised the great white bear.

"MY DEARS, will you let me put sense in you? Will you listen to me a moment?" the Angel pleaded. "'Tis for your own sakes I ask. Will you just listen? What will become of you if you do all this?

"Don't you know that man will come against you with all his weapons and mechanical contrivances, his poison-gas and his torpedoes, and wipe you off the face of your own earth? Childer dear, you have no idea of the terrible fellow he is at all. Myself, Angel and all as I am, when I see some of those fellows coming helt-for-leather in their motor-cars, I leap like a hare out of their way, I do so. And oftentimes I'm shaking in me bags for hours after in I don't mind telling you. He'll kill you surely, childer dear."

"He'll kill us anyway," fluted the elephant. "What matter to-day or to-morrow or a century from now? We die. What of the lion, the silk, with horses like banners, so proud in his green pastures? What of the great buffalo, lord of the plains? Where is he? If we die, let us die together, fighting shoulder to shoulder!"

"Besides, maybe it's worse than man you'd have."

"What is worse than man?"

"Maybe God Himself would come down against you, maybe," the Angel's voice falls to a sacred whisper; "maybe He will uncover His face!"

There is a movement of awe, of terror among the animals. The silent multitude back of the speakers rustles like leaves. The lion speaks.

"Even that we will brave if we can not have justice."

For a little while they look at one another in awed tension. The animals are frightened, the Angel is frightened. One would think they are terrified at their temerity, and are awaiting the avenging thunder of God. The Angel plucks up courage. He gives a little nervous laugh.

"Now, here we are, my dear little people, making fools of ourselves as usual, letting our feelings run away with us. You'd think it was at a political meeting you were, with you giving out manifestoes and ultimata and wanting to die. Let us get down now to facts.

"We are all agreed that we are here by the wisdom of God, and, being here in that wise, are subject to His wishes in every way. Even old Go-by-the-Ground," he looks at the crocodile, "knows that.

"Now, from what I've heard from the Angels who are higher up—from them, let me tell you, that are absolutely on the inside—is that God designs to make out of man the perfect being. He intends to combine your bravery," he turns to the lion, "and your wisdom," to the elephant, "with your beauty," addressing the tiger.

"What about me?" champs the crocodile.

"Och, be damned to you! Man," he goes on didactically, "is essentially a creature of progress. He is the only being that builds houses—"

From the background comes a shrill squeak from the beaver.

"I mean houses with rooms—"

There is the angry drooling of bees.

"What I mean is this: houses with fireplaces and pots and pans and what-not. None of us will deny," he finishes lamely, "the enormous progress of man."

"I deny it," the lion stormed. "Can I forget the great black armies of the south, the gleaming men with the silver camels and the short keen spears? Not even of me were they afraid, those! Their drums resounded through veld and plain. They asked only of the earth what they needed for their food. And when they hunted they hunted fair. They matched their bear strength against our speed and their knowledge against our knowledge. And at night they sang and danced beneath the moon.

"And now they are farm servants to the men who come overseas. They are not clean, as they once were. Their bodies that once were naked and glistening are caked with mud and covered with rags. And some of them are driven into the bowels of the earth, and the sunlight and the moonlight they were born to are kept from them. And they dig diamonds for men who are not satisfied with the luster of stars. And they who once fought me in the open with a spear now skulk with a gun."

"I REMEMBER an India that was," the tiger snarled, "a land of rajas and temples, of brown dancing girls and men who played little flutes. They grew the green sugar-cane, and cotton they might spin on great wooden wheels. And their smiths hammered brass into strange antique shapes. And they worshiped God with singing and dancing in cool temples.

"What are the rajas now, that once were the wonder of the earth, but little bebol princes? And the ranees, the cinnamon-colored queens with the minute silver bells upon their ankle-bones, the despised native women? Are the bazaars filled with the quaint work of smiths? No, but with the meretricious trinkets of the west. And black-coated men seek to turn them from native immemorial gods. And the machine that throws pictures the manners mate, fights against the music and the dancing and the temple bells.

"The beauty I was fond for is passing away."

"In Burma, whence I come," said the elephant, "there are jungles deeper than the jungle of Africa, or the Indian jungles. Great mossy trees, and painted flowers, and great brown rivers rolling to the sea. And the men there are beautiful as women, and the women beautiful as flowers.

"And once they paddled down the great brown river in glistening black canoes. They wore great gaudy sashes and had a flower in their teeth or a flower in their hair. Under the shadow of the great trees they paddled, and when they saw me they made reverence, saying, 'Our lord, the elephant!' On little reeds they made sweet, plaintive music.

"And now the great ancient trees are being cut down and floated on the bosom of the hurt brown rivers. And the peace of the jungle is disturbed with the cough of the motor-boat, and oil is heavy on the warm jungle smells. And the men, beautiful as women, are clothed in soiled white garments; the rounded childlike bodies of the brown women ride under a huddle of clothes. And when I am observed the white man asks, demands, the help of the little brown men to hunt me, to whom they once did reverence.

"From the quiet river I have seen the painted barges of the Pharaohs move along under the sweeps of the negro slaves. Color and majesty and dignity. And the slaaven priests chanted their litanies at the change of the moon. And from the Sahara the desert tribes brought tribute

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

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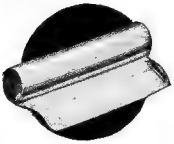

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THE PARLIAMENT AT THEBES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

and treasure to Egypt, the men with the white horses and the black tents. And the nodding dromedaries and camels and their tinkling bells. And the kings raised their pyramids, and the multitude of men like ants listened at sunrise to the great Masonic prayer. And they left the Sphinx to denote their mystery. And Cleopatra, who was Lilith reborn, played with Rome for a doll.

"All these things have I seen: the magic of great Moses, and the flight of the Little God of Galilee; the perfumed Pharaohs; the sinister yellow priests; and Cleopatra, brown as a berry, magnificent as jewels, venomous as a snake.

"And now tourists unwrap the great kings, and hucksters chaffer where once the trains of the prince-merchants of Tyre passed, and we shall never see a Cleopatra any more. But I am not complaining. Men do not swim as well as in the elder days, nor handle a boat as surely."

"I know nothing of painted Pharaohs," said the great white bear, "nor anything of Indian queens. In the north are neither kings nor masons, but day and night and ice, and a little people. In Summer is the great sun, white light, and grass that is green for a little, and the thunder of breaking bergs, and in Winter no sun but the flaming aurora and the white, illimitable miles.

"And the swarthy little people were happy then, in the long nights they sang, and they bowed to the gods in boulder and stream, and set out in the little kiaks in the Arctic seas to hunt the great solemn walrus, or they set off in sledges through the pathless wastes. They were a brave people, a healthy people.

"And came the boats hunting our sister the whale, and the whales taught the little swarthy people songs, and everywhere now they are cunning and degraded and crusted with sin, and a great plague makes them suit blood, and waste to nothingness, and die."

THEY all looked at the horse, but the horse was silent.

"Look back in the folds of your memory," the lion prompted. "Look back well! Can you not remember the great races in the Roman circus? Listen a little! Can you not hear the trumpets of Agincourt?"

"And you, little brother," the bear swung his ponderous head toward the dog, "was there not a time when you lay before a fire in a rush-strewn hall? And now the houses are too little. They tell me—I do not know. And did you not once run barking joyously beside man on his horse? And now horses are out of fashion, are they not, little comrade? And the cars are too fast for your short legs."

There is another silence, and the Angel looked at them piteously.

"I wish to goodness I had some of them clever fellows here could argue with you. I never was much good in an argument anyway, never having had the education. But let me tell you there's angels could prove to you you're all wrong. I wish they'd come here and talk to you, but I don't suppose they'd care much about us and our woe affairs. But—but how about music," he hazarded, "and poetry? Aye, and poetry?"

"As to music," the elephant threw up his trunk in a sneer, "what music can he make comparable to the birds of Summer—the sun going down, and each bird with its separate song, blending into a gently colored symphony, and the chime of the waves with it, and the rustle of the branches in the sundown breeze?"

"Aye, but poetry."

"It will need poetry," thundered the lion, "more poetry than can be ever written to equalize the making ugly of earth. The great cliffs shamed by mean houses, and the splendid glades ruined that a train may pass. And the mouths of rivers spoiled by the slag of mills. And great noble trees hacked down. How many an epic to pay for a great forest dying, shepherd?"

The Angel thrown out his hands abruptly. "You have me!" he says. "You have me!"

He braces with decision, rises to his full height, and suddenly there is noblesse.

"Well, which is it to be?" he asks. "Will you follow my plan, or do you insist I go immediately?"

"We insist."

He pauses an instant. "Very well. I'll go," he says. "I'll go."

HE LOOKS all around the gathering. In spite of his decision and his bracing there is a great emotion brewing in him.

"Now, before I go, let me tell some of you something. Do you, Philip," he turns to the bear, "be getting back north as fast as you can. You poor fellow, you must be murdered with the heat entirely, and you with the arctic furs on. You'll catch your death here. And as for you," he warns the crocodile, "don't be obstinate, there's a good fellow! Keep to the water and you'll be all right. It's only when you get out they can get after you. And my little friends the beavers, where are they? Childer, can you hear me?"

"But what's all this about?" asks the elephant.

"It's just for fear I'm not coming back."

"But why aren't you coming back?" the lion growls.

"Och, it's just a notion. Are the beavers there at all, at all?"

"No, just a moment!" The tiger is on his feet. "I want to hear more of this. What do you mean by notion? You aren't thinking of leaving us?"

There is a quick commotion, a little shudder among all the animals.

"Well, now," the Angel is embarrassed, "it's a hard errand I have before me, and what will be at the end of the chapter, no one knows. I to be arguing with the Great Man and demanding your rights, and He to be losing His temper with me, there's no knowing. So to be on the safe side I'll just say good-by to you now. Many's the pleasant hour we've known, and Springtime coming, and many's the little day we've spent together, and Winter roaring through the chilly air."

"But He never loses His temper, does He? He's always mild."

"Oh, childer dear, ye little know. You all know the Black Man, and when you get the cold wind of his coming you scurry away. He was an angel once, the greatest of them all. Lucifer, they called him, so I've heard old angels say, and the Hebrew or something for him who does be bearing light, such a gorgeous angel he was. But one day he and some of his kin began to argue with the Great Man, and before the words were half out of their mouths they were tumbling through the blue spaces of the stars, condemned to eternal hell-fire. Sure you see them yourselves on Hallowe'en, and them roaring to and from the world and screeching fit to split the sky."

A MOAN of terror ran through the massed animals. The dog raised his head and howled.

"And the wee half-god we all know, him with the horns of the goat, that does the piping in the valleys of Spring, sure he was an angel once. But something went contrary on him, and now he daren't show his face in heaven or on earth, but hides in the branches as wild as a squirrel."

And a little shudder of pity arose.

"Aye, and there were others. There was a crowd of reckless fellows in the days before the flood or after it. I don't know which, and they come from heaven to court the daughters of men, such grand women they had in those days. And the Lord God heard of it, and He stood up and looked at them, and He said just one word. They've never been heard of since. One minute they were there and the next was emptiness.

"Mind you, I'm not saying anything like that will happen to me, for Himself has always been kindness to me. It's always: 'How are you, Michael John?' and 'Don't you ever take a rest at all?' and 'Some time I'll have to take a day and come down and see yourself and the wee ones!' But just, if I don't come back, don't think I've taken a better job. Sure, I'd never desert you, my wee darlings."

"I think," the elephant seemed husky in the throat, "your own plan might be best, to wait for an opportunity and just suggest."

"Better say nothing at all," growled the lion.

"No, childer dear, I'd better just go ahead. I will confess, it was timid of me not to go in the first place. I was thinking of my old skin, I was, and I should be ashamed of myself. Sure there's no disgrace in asking for fair play, and you've been sorely tried. I'll go."

"No, no, no!" wailed the animals

"No, your own plan was wise," the elephant insisted. "If anything happened to you, what would become of us?"

"Yes, what would become of us?" the little ones wailed.

"Do you honestly think my own plan's wiser? You're not saying that to save me from trouble?"

"We're not," the lion said. And "Of course not," added the tiger.

"Just slip in a word when you can," from the elephant.

"Honestly, now, it would be best," the Angel was relieved. "I can talk about your loyalty—and sure I can remind Him of the kine that gave shelter to the Wee Relative in Bethlehem, and the donkey that was proud to carry His weight—and I'll remind Him, too, that I've never asked a favor yet, and if He could just see His way—"

"Well," the elephant thought aloud, "I've got to be getting back to Burma."

"I'm going your way," said the tiger.

"There's nothing to keep me up further," said the lion.

"I'm very much obliged to you all," the Angel was abashed with emotion, "for not insisting. And it's lucky I am," said he, "to deceive you in the deal with and not man. For man would have insisted I'd go, and not given a tinker's curse what would have become of me."

"Aye, man!" sneers the great white bear.

"For mercy's sake, Philip, will you be getting back out of this before I have you sick on my hands! And as for you, Go-by-the-Ground, get back to the river or I'll sink my foot in your tail. Be off with you!"

THERE is the shuff-shuff-shuff over the sand as the beasts scatter, going east, north, west, and south. The Angel stands watching them as they go. Only the horse and the dog remain; the horse nudges him on the shoulder with its mouth, the dog puts a cold nose into his hand.

"Och, my darlings!"

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CREATIONS JOURNAL NEW YORK

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

that I owe you a great deal already. I understand that if you had not been here when my daughter was injured she—she might—God knows what might have happened! I can't think of it. I am told that—I suppose you saved her life. I guess that is what it amounts to. If—if—"

"Never mind, Judge. I did absolutely nothing that any other doctor wouldn't have done. And I didn't know who she was when I brought her into this house. If I had——" he paused, shrugged, and then added, "Well, if I had I suppose I should have done the same thing. I couldn't do anything else."

"I suppose—I realize that I ought to be very grateful to you. I ought to thank you——"

"No, you don't. That is one thing you can't do. Now go along before—well, before this conversation becomes too intimate. Good morning."

But the judge still hesitated. "Nye," he started, after a moment, "you will be kind to her, won't you? If it is necessary you will look out——"

"Yes, I told you I would. She will be safe. There is no one here that——"

He was interrupted. The kitchen door opened wide and Henry Ward Beecher Payson swayed and smiled upon the scene. He held a flat bottle in one hand and with it he beckoned his employer.

"Hey, Doc!" he chirruped, genially. "Just remembered I had a bottle aboard ship. Some of ole Doc Bhey's 'Elixir of Life Only $1," left. Have it? dose with me, Doc? Whash say? Eh?"

Parker and the judge looked at him. Then at each other. A moment later and they were walking down the ruins of the gate, disgust and outraged dignity in the rigid lines of their backs. Ephraim Nye stepped to the kitchen door, and once more seized his disreputable "cook and bottle-washer" by the collar. Without a word he marched him to the foot of the back stairs, up those stairs and into the little chamber over the kitchen. There he pushed him unceremoniously over upon the bed.

IT WAS Henry Ward Beecher Payson who opened the door for Judge Cope, and whenever the latter came to visit his daughter To his polite "Good morn'n', Judge," the great man returned no answer save a disapproving grunt. Doctor Parker, the echo of his patron, ignored him except when absolutely necessary. Miss Dana, the nurse, in whose ears tales of the Payson character—or lack of it—had been repeated by the eloquent tongues of Miss Bemus and other neighbors, was careful to have as little to do with him as possible. Henry was shunned, snubbed and at every way made to realize his pariahdom. Even Captain Mark Bearse, altho he was, as always, a loyal defender of his friend's idiosyncrasies, was impelled to remonstrate in private against what he considered an unnecessary defiance of public opinion.

All that week Faith Copeland remained in bed in the little room adjoining the sitting-room. Doctor Parker came twice a day, her father, neglecting his professional duties at the court-house, spent the most of his afternoons and evenings at her bedside, the nurse was on duty at night. Nye carefully kept away. The few other fey patients who came to consult him he received in the dining-room. Copeland and he seldom met and, when they did, merely exchanged nods.

Captain Mark came almost every other evening for his checker game and Tom Stone occasionally dropped in. In fact the young man's calls were becoming more than occasional; they were almost regular. He was always welcome. Doctor Eph, having performed what he considered his duty by warning Tom that he should not risk his reputation by visiting the fold of Ostable's black sheep, and finding no attention whatever paid to the warning philosophically accepted the inevitable. He found some enjoyment in the experience. It was pleasant, and distracting, to be again in touch with youth and hope and youth's plans for the future.

Tom, of course, always inquired concerning Miss Copeland's condition. Nye, his own interest obtained from the nurse, reported progress. Faith was getting on toward recovery. The sitting-room and bedroom were fragrant with flowers.

On Sunday, a week after her accident, Faith was reported as sitting up for the first time. That evening Miss Dana, her patient asleep, passed by the dining room table, beside which Doctor Eph was sitting, a volume of Dickens in his hand. The nurse seemed to have something on her mind.

Doctor Nye," she said, "I want to speak with you a moment. May I?"

"What was it you wanted to ask?"

"Well—I shouldn't ask you, you know, but I was with you on Mrs. Stone's case and—and you are so different. Please don't look at me like that! I know I shouldn't say it, but you are, just the same. This is what I wanted to ask: Do you think I did wrong in letting Miss Copeland see a—a friend for a very little while? She is so much better and she called to him to come in, and he came before I could stop him——"

"Who was the friend?"

"I was going to tell you. She was in the big chair in the sitting-room. Her father had gone and Doctor Parker had gone and I had gone up to my own room for just a minute. You were out, too. When I came down I found Mr. Stone—young Mr. Stone, you know—in the sitting room there with her. He had come to this door here and Henry had let him in. She—Miss Faith, I mean—had heard his voice, and recognized it apparently and called to him to come in there. And there he was. They were talking together. They are old friends, it seems. I was going to tell him he must go, but she begged him to stay and asked me to let him stay, and—and so I did. But only for a very little while. And, truly, Doctor Nye, I don't think it did her a bit of harm. In fact, she was in better spirits than I have ever seen her. But it has troubled me ever since. Do you think I did wrong?"

The doctor shook his head. "You shouldn't ask me," he said. "She is in Doctor Parker's care——"

"Yes, I know. But—but—do you think I ought to tell him about it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear! I don't want to! I don't like him. And I *know* that seeing somebody besides him and her father was good for her. I know it was."

"Nevertheless you should tell the doctor."

"Well, I suppose I must. But Mr. Stone was so—so cheerful and considerate and he's such a *nice* boy!"

"You can tell Doctor Parker that."

She sniffed. "There are some people you can't tell anything," she declared. "They know it all already. And my saying that is most unprofessional, isn't it?"

The next day one of the Gonzales twins—first set—came down with the measles. The other followed suit. The Dagota grandchildren next door entered in competition. Ephraim Nye, M.D., was in demand, and for the first time since his return was extremely busy with a real, if not lucrative, practise. The dining-room of the Dillingham house saw little of him except at meal-times, and then not for long. Parker was busy also, for the measles microbe, plainly a democratic germ, had visited the homes of several of Ostable's best families.

The following Sunday, late in the afternoon, Doctor Ephraim returned from a prolonged session at the "Portygee nest" to find a note bearing his name.

DOCTOR EPHRAIM NYE—

SIR: I am confined to my room with a slight touch of the influenza. Doctor Hayes, of Denboro, has kindly consented to take care my practise in the main, but, at Judge Cope-land's request, I am constrained to ask you to keep a general eye upon Miss Copeland's condition for the next few days. She is nursing herself as well, I believe, soon be sufficiently recovered to permit her removal to her own home. I, naturally, recommended Doctor Hayes to the judge, but, for some reason, which I confess I do not understand, he seems resistant to accept him as my temporary substitute. In fact it was he who suggested your looking after me. You will come, of course, with the treatment I have been using. The nurse will instruct you concerning it. I expect to be able to relieve you by Tuesday at the latest. Deeply regretting the unfortunate necessity of troubling you, I am,

Yours truly,

CALVIN G. PARKER.

P. S.—I have asked Miss Dana to report to me daily, as I wish to exercise general supervision of the case.

NYE'S first action after reading this pompous epistle was an unusual one for him, he laughed aloud. Then he stepped to the door of the kitchen and, entering, found Mr. Payson dozing in a chair by the tea window.

"When did this come?" he asked, holding up the Parker note.

"About half an hour ago," Henry said. "Burgess Pepper's boy—him that drives auto for Doctor Parker—fetched it down. Come in the car, he did. He says his boss is kind of knocked out with a cold."

"Miss Dana is in the sitting room, I suppose."

"No—no, she's out for a little walk. She said what she needed was fresh air and I told her that all outdoors was full of it. She'll be back pretty soon. Don't hardly never stay indoors, she don't."

"Humph! Is Faith—is Miss Copeland all alone, then?"

"No. No, Doctor, she can't alone. Course not!"

"Well, who is with her now?"

"Oh, Tom. He and she are good company. They get along fust-rate together."

"Tom? Tom Stone, do you mean?"

"Sartin."

Nye twisted the letter in his fingers. "Humph!" he said again. "Does Doctor Parker know this?"

"About Tom's callin'? *I* don't know. Presume likely he does. That Dana girl, she knows. She told me to say nothin' about it outside the house 'cause a lot more folks would want to come and 'twouldn't do for Faith to be entertainin' all hands and the cook."

Twisting and untwisting the letter, he walked slowly toward the sitting-room. The door was closed. He rapped upon it and entered. Faith Copeland, looking remarkably attractive in spite of her pallor, was in the big chair by the window, her

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MR. AND MRS. RUDOLPH VALENTINO

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S Trans-Continental Dance Tour and Beauty Contest

by Hector Fuller

IT was on March 17, in Omaha, that Rudolph Valentino, the famous screen star, accompanied by his wife, began a tour of one hundred of the principal cities of the United States, in search for the most beautiful American girl, who it is hoped will be the leading woman of his next super-picture.

Everywhere he has gone, from Omaha to Oshkosh and from Kansas City to Kankakee the tremendous ovations he has received demonstrate, only too plainly, what a hold this favorite of the screen has on the hearts of the public.

In each of the cities visited, the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Valentino has been preceded by announcements of the Rudolph Valentino Mineralava Beauty Contest, for at every dance at which the star appears he takes occasion to tell the people how wonderful for the complexion and for the perfect health of the skin he has found Mineralava, the Beauty Clay, with twenty-four years' reputation back of it.

Rudolph Valentino and his wife are giving exhibitions of dancing par excellence wherever they go, and after the dance Mr. Valentino selects from a bevy of six of the most beautiful young ladies in the city, previously chosen by a special local committee, the one who he regards as the most beautiful of form and complexion.

"My wife is really responsible for this plan," says Rudolph Valentino, "It was she who first urged upon me the merits of Mineralava, *The Beauty Clay*, and pointed out to me that many of the most noted stars of the stage and screen were constant users.

"She urged me to use Mineralava two or three times a week, not only as a corrective of the weather-beaten effects caused by my strenuous outdoor life, but also to counteract the evils of the grease-paint which I have to use so long and so constantly in my screen work.

"The very first time I used it I found that Mineralava was the one perfect facial clay I had needed to secure thorough cleanliness and fine nourishment for the skin. I found that it revitalized the tissues; stimulated the blood circulation and gave the skin that radiant aspect of a brighter and a persistent youth.

"And so as soon as one hundred beautiful girls have been chosen from one hundred cities they will be brought to New York with all expenses paid and there the most beautiful of this century of girls will be selected.

"Whoever she may be I am surely going to recommend that, if she is to be the leading lady of a great motion picture, she uses Mineralava, the Beauty Clay, constantly, so that her contour may be retained and her skin attain that delicacy of texture and the beautiful hue of radiant health which alone can defy the piercing scrutiny of the remorseless camera."

Thus Mr. Valentino, as well as other stars of the stage and screen, shows how practically they realize the truth of what Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the famous surgeon said when he declared in his book on "Skin-Health" that all the ills that assail the complexion are due to Skin-Malnutrition.

What is needed, is to re-vitalize the tissues, stimulate the tiny facial muscles and bring the fresh blood coursing through the myriad of tiny veins.

That is precisely the effect of a Mineralava treatment. This marvellous clay so penetrates the pores of the skin that it rouses all its functions to renewed activity.

The very first effect of the application of Mineralava is to cleanse the skin of all impurities; the pores of the skin are freed at once from all the foreign matter that clogs them and prevents their breathing. Then comes the freshly stimulated blood to pulsate through all the cleansed tissues, bringing them new life, fresh vigor, and nourishment; fine stimulation and renewed activity. And as the healthy blood brought to the newly cleansed skin by Mineralava does its work the sleepy hollows, which are incipient wrinkles, are smoothed out; the sagging muscles are made firm and the entire surface of the face and neck is so rejuvenated that it seems as if the years had fallen away. New life; fresh and vigorous life for the complexion are certain to follow the first application of Mineralava, and continued and frequent treatments keep the face and neck always young.

This may be done in your own home—and all the time required is twenty to thirty minutes—twice a week.

And Mineralava, the Beauty Clay, does just as much for the skin-health of men as it does for the beauty of women. Its appeal to men is rather well shown by the fact that the Terminal Barber Shops, the best known in the world, established in all of the principal New York hotels, have made Mineralava facial treatments a specialty of their high-class service; in preference to massage, hot water cures or the use of any other unguents or packs.

And part of the pleasant duty of Mr. Rudolph Valentino in his tour throughout the United States in his private car, is to make known in every city he visits the virtues of Mineralava and to recommend its use to all men and women who are seeking that absolute skin-health, cleanliness and health-stimulation, without which real beauty is unattainable.

NOTE:—Our dependable dealers, druggists and department stores are co-operating with Mr. Valentino—by giving Mineralava window displays and by recommending to their customers that they, too, become regular users of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish. Mineralava Beauty Clay may be had in two sizes—the trial 50c Tube containing 3 treatments—or the $2.00 bottle, with brush, containing 18 treatments. If for any reason you have trouble in securing your supply, address Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

A REMINDER

The readers of Pictorial Review have read a series of 12 pages—a page each month during the past year—telling about Mineralava—the Beauty Clay.

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Leaders of the stage and screen have told you of their fine experience through using Mineralava, the Beauty Clay and Face Finish—notably Marion Davies, Julia Sanderson, Zitelka Dolores, Mae Murray, Marjorie Rambeau, Irene Bordoni, Priscilla Dean, Irene Franklin all have recommended Mineralava to you.

We have thousands of letters from home folks, men and women, and young ladies all as enthusiastic about Mineralava as Rudolph Valentino is in his wonderful endorsement above. Read this entire page.

Our suggestion to you now is to tear out this corner of the page and present it to your dependable druggist or department store and order a $2.00 bottle of Mineralava. They are authorized to refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied after you have tried three treatments.

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True aids to beauty, each user finds
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All druggists and departments sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in bottles, 50c and $1.00. Cold and Disappearing Cream, tubes, 25c. Jars, 60c. Traveler size, all creams, 10c each. We mail a *sample* Honey and Almond Cream for 2c, trial size, 6c. Cold or Disappearing *sample* 2c, trial tube 4c. Our "Beauty Land" Booklet, *Free*.

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

injured ankle upon a stool. Tom Stone was seated in the rocker by the table.

Both looked up when he came in and both were plainly surprised and startled. Tom voiced the surprise.

"Why, Doctor Nye!" he exclaimed. "It's you, isn't it? We—I thought it was Miss Dana coming back."

Faith said nothing. Nye briefly explained his reasons for entering his own sitting-room for the first time in almost a fortnight.

"I am only a temporary nuisance," he added. "Doctor Parker expects to be in charge again by Tuesday. I shall trouble you as little as possible, Miss Copeland."

Faith opened her lips to reply, then, apparently changing her mind, closed them again and merely nodded. She was regarding her uncle with odd expression—a troubled, perplexed expression, it seemed. Stone rose.

"I think I must be going," he explained. "I was acting as a sort of—well, guard, you know—while *Miss* Dana took her walk. Good night, Doctor. Good night, Faith."

"Wait a minute!" said the doctor. "It may be that you had better stay until the nurse comes. This young lady should not be left alone."

"But she won't be. You are with her."

"Yes—but she may have some preferences—even prejudices, perhaps. As you are here, Tom," there was the slightest emphasis on the "you," "don't you think you had better stay a little longer?"

Tom hesitated. It was Faith who answered. "Tom had better go, I think," she said. "I shall be all right. I don't mind, really."

So he went. Nye, stepping to the door, detained him momentarily. "When you leave time, Tom," he said, "I should like to talk with you. Oh, not now. Tomorrow will do."

He came back to the invalid and, sitting down in a chair inside her, asked her a few professional questions. She answered them briefly and simply.

"Of course," he explained, "I realize that this is unpleasant for you. It is somewhat awkward for me. Doctor Parker and your father asked me to take charge; that is all. I shall trouble you just as little as possible."

She had been regarding him with that same perplexed, doubtful expression. When she first regained consciousness after the accident and found him beside her, she had been afraid, had said so. Whatever her feelings now might be, fear had no part in them.

"It isn't trouble," she said, slowly. "I realize how very grateful I should be to you. Tom—Mr. Stone—says that you saved my life. I should have died, shouldn't I, if you hadn't acted so promptly?"

"Why—no, I would hardly say that."

"I suppose it is true. I asked dad and he doesn't deny it. It seems so strange. I don't feel in the least as if I had been near death."

"You are a long way from it now."

"I'm glad I don't want to die. And I *am* grateful to you. That seems a ridiculously inadequate way of putting it. It is rather hard for me to—to say what I mean—to talk—"

"To me. Naturally. So you mustn't do it."

"Tom likes you. He says you are one of his best friends."

"Never mind. You must rest now."

"But—I can't understand!"

"Don't try. Some things are not worth understanding. Ah, here's the nurse. She will look out for you now. Good night."

MISS DANA was surprised to see him there, surprised and somewhat disturbed, he thought. He gave her directions concerning the care of the patient and went out to his supper in the kitchen. The situation mystified him. He meant to have a full and frank understanding with the nurse and with young Stone. If Daniel Copeland knew that the latter was seeing and talking with his daughter, then things were all right. If he did not know it—and considering the enmity between the judge and Cyrenus it seemed unthinkable that he did—then things were most decidedly wrong and likely to be more so. Ephraim Nye—did not intend to be responsible for their continuance. He would talk with Miss Dana first and with Tom afterward.

But his supper was not finished when a messenger from one of the measles-infected households came to tell him of another case in the family and beg him to come at once. He did not return home until almost midnight, and the next morning, after a hurried interview with Faith, was obliged to go out again. He and the nurse did not have that talk, and when he came home at three o'clock that afternoon it was too late. The bomb had exploded.

Henry Ward Beecher Payson's ears were still ringing with the shock of the explosion and his vocal organs were quivering with excitement. "My stars, murder, Doctor Eph!" he exclaimed as his employer entered the house. "If I ain't glad to see you there ain't many that be!"

"Not so very many, Henry, that's a fact," he observed. "But I'm glad if you are. What's up?"

"What's up? The Old Harry himself is up! That's who's up!"

"Where is he up this time?"

"Hey? Right here, by time! Right here in this house. In that settin'-room."

"What's that? Is Faith——"

He was on the way to the sitting-room door, but Henry seized his arm.

"Don't go in there, Doctor!" he begged. "Not yet. He's there."

"He? Who? The devil?"

"The judge. Dan Copeland. Oh, there's been the very dickens to pay! That Dana girl she's gone and——"

"Gone! Gone where?"

"I don't know. Gone, that's all I can tell you. Gone for good. Fired. And they've sent for a new nurse from the hospital. She——"

"Now tell me the whole of it, and be quick!" Doctor Eph ordered.

SO HENRY spun his yarn. It had happened about noon. Judge Copeland had come in a great hurry.

"I let him in," sputtered Henry, "and I see right off there was somethin' the matter. He's always sort of red in the face, the judge is, but now he was all lit up inside like a—like a punkin-lantern, as you *might* say. Wouldn't even say a word. Just marched by me and into that settin'-room. In about a minute more out he come again and that Dana girl with him. She was all of a shake and scairt about to death. I was kind of curious, you understand, and was sort of hangin' around, makin' believe dust or somethin'. 'You get out of here!' says he to me. If I'd been a—a dog he couldn't have talked more short. If I'd had a chance to think I'd have told him to go to blazes. No man can talk to me that way, by thunder! No, sir, they can't! But he kind of got me by surprize, and——"

Commanded to hurry up, Henry suppressed his own feelings and went on with his story. He had gone to the kitchen, and Judge Copeland had closed the door after him. He, therefore, was unable to hear what was said in the dining-room, but there had been "a whale of a row." Miss Dana had gone to her room in tears and, shortly after, had left the house, "bag and baggage." A new nurse had been sent for; he knew that because he heard Judge Copeland tell his chauffeur to go to the Wapatomac hospital at once and bring the woman back with him. The judge, so he gathered, had telephoned the hospital already. Yes, he was in the sitting-room now.

Judge Copeland came in from the sitting-room.

"Good afternoon, Judge," said Nye, quietly.

Copeland pointed an agitated finger. "You're here at last, are you?" he cried. "I've been waiting to talk to you!"

"Indeed?" the doctor queried, with every appearance of polite surprize. "To me? And you *want* to do it? Judge, I am flattered!"

Copeland ignored the implied compliment. He waved an impatient hand.

"I want to talk to you," he reiterated

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"Of Tom's coming here to see your daughter? No. Miss Dana could have told you that. I should think. By the way, you have gotten rid of Miss Dana, I understand."

"You bet I have! And it didn't take me long, either. The sneaking little——"

"There, there! Have you gotten rid of me, too?"

Copeland stared. "Of you?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I am—er I supposed I was—the doctor in charge here. Parker wrote me asking me to take charge until he was well again. He wrote that you, yourself, wished me to do so. Was that true?"

"Well yes. I haven't any confidence in that Denboro doctor."

"And you had more in me? Is that it?"

"Why—er—I suppose so. Professionally, yes."

"Then what do you mean by discharging a nurse and hiring another without consulting me? What do you mean by interfering with my patient?"

The judge's mouth opened. "What!" he gasped. "Why—why, it is my daughter that—that——"

"Who is my patient, in my care. You and Parker put her there. You had no right whatever to interfere with Miss Dana, to say nothing of discharging her. For the matter of that, she had no right to accept a discharge from you, or any one but me."

"Do you mean to tell me that I can't say who shall take care of my own daughter?"

"You could have said it to me and then, if I agreed with you, I should have said it to her. As it is, you have—but there! you did it. And I give up the case!"

HE AND his brother-in-law had been standing during this interview. Now he swung angrily, half turned, found a chair, and, sitting down, turned his back upon the enraged judge. The latter gazed at that back in incredulous amazement.

"You—you give up the *case!*" he exclaimed. "You—you mean you you won't——"

"I mean that you may call Hayes or any one else you please. You may do exactly as you please, with the complete understanding that I have no part or responsibility in your daughter's professional care or treatment hereafter. That's all!"

For a full minute the only sounds in the room were Copeland's heavy breathing and the slight rustle occasioned by the doctor's taking his pipe from his pocket and reaching to the stand by the window for his tobacco-can. Then the judge spoke again and in an entirely different tone.

"But—but you—you *must*," he expostulated. "Hayes is no good; he is only a young fellow just out of college. He has had no experience. And Parker is a sick man. Good Lord, Nye, you can't do this thing! Faith can't be left without any one. I—I—why, it was she that insisted upon having you. She said she would feel safer with you than with any one else. When I told her of Parker's illness she said that."

Nye did not answer. Copeland tried again.

"You *can't* do this thing!" he cried, his emotion increasing. "I am—I have been almost crazy; you know it. Man, haven't you any mercy? Think of me! She—she is all I have in this world!"

Nye waved a hand. "Hush!" he ordered. "But——"

"Hush! You say that—she asked for me?"

"Yes, she did. I don't know why. I suppose—well, she seems to have confidence in you. At the time of the accident——"

"Hush! Be still!"

"If you want more money, if it is a question of pay—Good Lord! are you laughing?"

Doctor Eph had risen and turned. It was the expression upon his face which had caused his brother-in-law's horrified expostulation. A little of that expression remained as he answered.

"Not exactly laughing, Judge," he said. "Wondering a little, that's all. Your exquisite tact was always a wonder to me."

"I suppose that's more of your damned sarcasm. With my girl in there—hurt—sick—dying, for what I know—you can stand there and— But I might have expected it. My sister——"

"Sshh!" sharply. "That's enough. Faith isn't dying; she isn't even very sick—unless you have made her so in the last few minutes. Tell me, have you been talking to her about Tom Stone?"

"Eh? Yes, I certainly have."

"In this same considerate, tactful manner? I presume you have. In that case she may be sick, after all."

He walked toward the door of the sitting-room. The judge caught his arm.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"I'm going in there to see what damage you've done. And, listen; don't you dare interfere again! Don't you even speak to her again until I tell you you may."

"Then—then you will stand by her? You will look out for her?"

"I'll stand by, as you call it, until Parker comes back, provided you behave yourself."

He went into the sitting-room, closing the door behind him. Faith was sitting in her chair by the window. He was prepared to find her in almost any condition, fainting, tearful, hysterical—fevered, doubtless. She had recovered remarkably from the shock of the accident, but goodness only knew what collapse her father's brainstorm might have brought about. The judge had, probably, roared into the sick-room like a locomotive puffing hot steam and cinders. Doctor Nye was apprehensive.

But, judging by appearances, he need not have been. Faith was not hysterical, nor in a state of collapse. Her eyes were a trifle reddened and her color was high. In fact, her external symptoms were only those of an attractive and, it might be, somewhat spoiled young woman whose temper was decidedly ruffled. Judge Copeland was accustomed to having his own way, but, up to now, that way had been his daughter's.

"Oh," she exclaimed, as the doctor approached her chair, "it *is* you, Doctor Nye, isn't it? I'm glad. I was afraid—I thought it was dad."

Doctor Ephraim laid a hand upon her forehead. She did not object now, as she had when in semi-consciousness after the accident. Her face was flushed and her pulse was rapid, but the thermometer revealed little or no advance in temperature. She wanted to talk; that was evident.

"Where is my father?" she demanded as soon as the thermometer was removed.

"He was in the other room. He has probably gone by now. He will be back pretty soon, I am sure."

"I don't know that I want to see him. He has been perfectly outrageous. I suppose you know he discharged Miss Dana."

"Yes, he told me."

"Did you ever hear anything so wicked? Poor thing! And he didn't let me say a word. You would think he was some sort of—of an emperor or something. And all because he permitted Tom Stone to come here to talk with me occasionally. A boy I have known all my life—almost. It is the most foolish—why, I never was so humiliated! I am not a child."

"Yes, yes, of course, I know. But the judge didn't stop to think of that, I suppose. And he doesn't like the Stones. Now, you mustn't talk. I want you to rest."

"Of course I shall talk. I only wish dad were here so I could talk to him. Does he suppose because he and old Mr. Stone have been squabbling ever since I can remember, that Tom and I are going to do the same thing? We are not so silly. It is absurd. And where people's names was there in it? It was such a—such a comfort to see some one who was young—alive."

"Yes, yes, I know. I understand. Probably your father will understand, too, when he thinks it over."

"I don't believe it. He is so prejudiced against Tom's family— Wasn't that a car? Who is coming? Is it Tom? If it is I shall see him. I shall."

"No, you mustn't see any one now. You are excited and I want you to rest. I imagine that is the new nurse."

"I don't want to see her! I know I shall hate her. Poor Miss Dana! She was so nice! And not the least *bit* fussy."

Doctor Ephraim was thinking how much trouble might have been averted if the Dana girl had been more "fussy." He blamed himself for bringing her there. Yet she had been particular enough during the typhoid siege at the Stone house. Youth and the kindred sympathy of youth were to blame here, of course. He was relieved, when the new nurse appeared, to find her middle-aged and, apparently, not in the least likely to lean toward romance or sentiment.

FAITH, by this time in a state of tears and nervous exhaustion, was put to bed. The new nurse—her name was Rebecca Ginn; no romance about that—took business-like charge. The doctor prescribed complete rest, leaving a harmless sleeping-powder to be administered if necessary. Before he left the room Faith called him to her bedside.

"You are going to be here now, aren't you?" she asked. "Father said you were while Doctor Parker is sick."

"Yes."

"I am glad. Tom thinks you are a wonderful doctor."

"He may be prejudiced. I taught him a little football years ago and he hasn't forgotten it."

"He told me so. I don't remember much about that. Tom is older than I am. I didn't know him then; he was a big boy and I was a little girl. But a good while later, when we were both at home on vacations, we used to see a good deal of *very* well. I remember you, of course. It seems strange to think you are—my uncle."

Doctor Ephraim took the hot, throbbing hand. Now he dropped it as if it were charged with electricity.

"Good night," he said, brusquely, and went out.

He was very tired, but he was fated to be interviewed again before that evening was over. Young Stone was his interviewer. He came soon after the ar-

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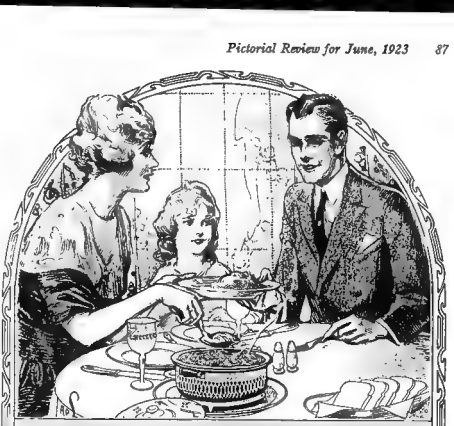

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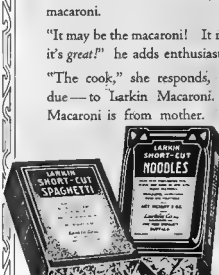

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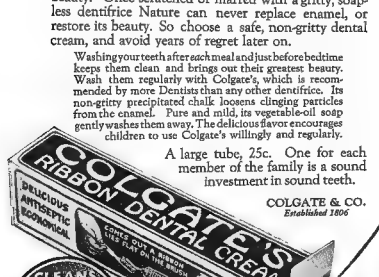

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

rival of Miss Ginn and seemed a trifle surprised to find the doctor at home.

"I imagined the measles would be still keeping you on the jump," he said. "How is Faith?"

She was asleep, so Doctor Ephraim told him, and she must not be disturbed.

"She has had a rather exciting afternoon," he added, and told briefly of the change of nurses, stating it as a fact and offering no explanation. Tom was astonished and, so it seemed to his friend, not a little disturbed

"But why did Miss Dana leave so suddenly?" he asked. "I saw her yesterday and she didn't even hint that she thought of such a thing."

"Probably she didn't—then. She made up her mind this afternoon, or had it made up for her."

"What! What do you mean by that? Was she discharged?"

"Yes."

"Who did it? Parker?"

"No. Judge Copeland."

"The Judge! Why should he——" He started, stopped, and looked sharply across the table at his companion. "Why!" he exclaimed. "Was it—was I—"

Nye nodded. "Your name was mentioned," he said.

TOM continued to stare. Slowly the blood mounted to his face and his eyes began to flash.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that Judge Copeland got rid of that nurse because she didn't object to my seeing Faith? *Is that* the reason?"

"That, or thereabouts."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Why—look here, does he think there was anything dishonorable, sneaking, about it? Does he?"

"We-ll, 'underhanded' was a word he used: also 'conspiracy.' There, there! Hush! Be quiet, Tom! And sit down. Let's talk this over.' I want to hear what you have to say."

The young man glared at him. "You do?" he said. "Well, I—I don't know exactly why I should talk it over with you, Copeland is the man I want to see. I'll talk to *him* right enough."

"Better talk to me first. After all, Tom, this *is* my house, and Miss Copeland just now is my patient. And—er—once or twice you have said you were my friend. If you meant it, then, everything considered, you will talk with me."

Tom hesitated. The doctor, leaning forward, tapped the table with his forefinger as he said, with emphasis:

"Being responsible for what goes on in this house, I, naturally, expect my friends to tell me their side of the story. I have heard the other side."

This pointed statement had its effect. Stone's frown relaxed and he sat down again. "You're right, of course, Doctor," he said. "I beg your pardon. I guess I didn't think of it that way."

"I thought you didn't. Now go ahead and tell me."

"Why, there isn't anything to tell. And, first of all, you've got to understand there hasn't been anything underhand or dishonorable."

Evidently there had not been, from the somewhat unthinking view-point of the young people. Faith knew that Tom called to inquire about her, and had asked to see him. The nurse, as she told Doctor Nye, had been indulgent and, because the call seemed to have a favorable effect upon her patient rather than the contrary, had not objected to its almost daily repetition. But she had *not* told Doctor Parker, which Nye had distinctly told her she should do.

"So, you see, there is some excuse for the judge's action in his case," said the doctor. "By the way, Tom, what would you have done if he had happened in while you were there?"

"Done? Nothing. Stayed, of course."

"Hum. Not long, I imagine. And Faith did not mention your calls to him."

"No-o," with a reluctant shrug. "I suppose she imagined he might make a row. But it wasn't because she was afraid, or thought she was doing wrong. I tell you that. The whole thing is ridiculous, Doctor Nye. Why on earth because my father and hers have always fought should she and I keep up the row—like—like a Kentucky mountain feud? And it's foolishness. We are friends, she and I; have been for a long while. It is——"

Nye interrupted. "Never mind, Tom," he said. "I can guess the rest. Faith said about the same thing a little while ago. You are both right, too, from your standpoint. But it isn't *the* point just now. No matter who was to blame—and it looks as if Miss Dana was the most so—it was a mistake to keep it from Judge Copeland."

"Well, perhaps it was. I am sorry. Yes, I am. But not ashamed, you understand. I shall go to him right away and tell him so."

"No, you won't. At least I hope you won't—yet."

"Why not?" indignantly.

"Because it will make more trouble and have a bad effect upon Faith. Somebody of quick and complete recovery—is the one and only real consideration just now. You can have it out with the judge by and by if you want to, but until she is well enough

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

to be taken home to her father's house. I don't want you to see her again. You mustn't."

Stone was still undecided. "It will look as if I were a frightened kid, afraid of a licking," he muttered.

"More like a man who has made a mistake and doesn't intend to make another, I should say."

"She won't see it that way."

"Yes, she will. I'll see that she does."

Tom, even yet, was not quite convinced. He did not answer. Doctor Ephraim spoke again and in a different tone.

"There is one other consideration," he said, firmly. "I have not mentioned it, because it is personal. This whole situation.—Miss Copeland's and her father's presence in this house—is—well, peculiar. I don't know that that has occurred to you, in all its peculiarity. It is an unpleasant situation for them; you must know that. Ostable has, I'm sure, dropped a few hints to that effect in your neighborhood. But perhaps you have not considered that it is quite as unpleasant for me. I wish to get it over with as quickly as possible. This foolishness of Miss Dana's—and I may as well tell you that I should have discharged her if the judge had not—is bound to have some effect upon Faith. She has been overexcited and, unless I am very much mistaken, she will feel the reaction to-morrow. That means she must stay here a little longer than she otherwise would. Which is—unpleasant for us all. And so you won't, of course, see her again while she is here, and you won't have your talk with the judge until she is in his house and out of this one. After that—well, then you may do as you please, of course."

Stone's expression was changing as he listened. Now it had changed completely. He rose. "I see," he said. "I hadn't thought of it in that way. I'm mighty sorry, Doctor Nye. I wouldn't knowingly make more trouble for you for anything. And I have, of course. It's too bad. But I think you ought to know that Faith don't feel—she isn't—well, you see, of course she was—er—prejudiced against you; she couldn't help it, considering everything, her family and all. But she is very grateful to you now. And she—"

But the doctor would not let him finish. "Yes, all right, Tom," he said, dryly. "Somebody—Johnson, I think—says that 'gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation.' And somebody else says it is a superb one. It shouldn't be wasted. Good night."

Tom held out his hand. "Good night, Doctor," he said. "You can depend on me. I won't come here again until after she has gone. But you'll let me know how she is, won't you?"

"Yes. And I will explain that you are acting under my orders."

THE following morning Faith was feeling the reaction which Doctor Nye had foreseen. She was, however, in a better condition than he had feared and there seemed no reason to apprehend any very serious setback. After paying her a brief visit and leaving instructions with the nurse, he went away to attend to his measure patients. He came home late for dinner.

"Hello! Here's old Copeland comin' again!" he said. "Hard Rocher Payson suddenly exclaimed. "Presume likely I might's well go out to the kitchen and shut the door after me. Then he'll get what he can't lookin' for. I ain't what you'd call a pup, maybe, but I ain't lost *all* my teeth. I can bite fat yet."

He stumped away, growling. Copeland came in, saw his brother-in-law at the table, and nodded. The nod was returned. The judge was on his way to the sitting-room, but Nye spoke. "Sorry, Judge," he said, "but you can't go in there now."

Copeland looked at him. "Why not?" he demanded.

"Because she is asleep and I don't want her disturbed. You can sit here and wait, if you like. I am going out."

The judge hesitated. Then he seated himself at the other side of the table. The doctor rose. Copeland cleared his throat.

"Now—er—that we are both here," he said, "I—er—well, I presume some explanation is due you concerning my action of—er—yesterday."

"Not a bit. We had a pretty clear understanding."

"Yes—yes—er—we did. But I feel that I owe you—"

"You owe me nothing."

"I should not have been so emphatic if it had not been that I object strongly to that young man."

"Tom Stone? Oh, Tom is a good boy. And an exceptionally clever engineer, I am told."

"He may be. I don't know anything about him. But I do know his father only too well. And I will not have Cyrenus Stone's son visiting my daughter."

"All right. There seems to be one subject upon which you and Cyrenus are likely to agree."

Copeland straightened in his chair. "Agree!" he repeated, stiffly. "What do you mean by that?"

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The Armstrong Table Stove is a pleasure to own because its gleaming white enamel does not tarnish. The sparkless tilting plug makes heat control easy. It lifts off—no tugging or pulling.

Ask to see an Armstrong Table Stove—in the distinctive square shape—at your electrical or hardware dealer's. Price $12.50 with aluminum toaster, deep broiling pan, griddle, four egg cups and rack. Write for our folder, "A Week of Menus."

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Formerly The Standard Stamping Company
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ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE
Cooks 3 things at once
Makes Waffles Too!

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150 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Mich.

Alabastine
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

"Oh, just that Cyrenus may be as particular as you are, that's all, I'm busy, Judge. Is there anything more?"

"Why—er—no. Of course I realize that his calls were merely a renewal of a boy and girl acquaintanceship. That is all, of course."

"All right."

"One moment—when do you think my daughter may be well enough to be taken home?"

"By the end of the week, if all goes well."

The judge was evidently surprized and just as evidently pleased. "So soon!" he exclaimed. "I am very glad."

"Well, for the matter of that, so am I."

"You will oblige me by having your bill ready when she leaves. I shall pay it at once."

Nye had taken his hat from the rack. He turned. "You paid Miss Dana, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you will pay the Ginn woman. That is all you can pay for. I told you so before."

Copeland sprang to his feet. "That is nonsense!" he declared. "Do you suppose I shall accept all—all this as a favor? And from you, of all men? I am able to pay my bills."

"You are not able to pay this one."

"Nye, I—I positively refuse—"

"Copeland, you may refuse and be—hanged. Good day."

On Wednesday Parker was well enough to return to his practise, and on the following Monday the Copeland limousine was brought up to the door of the Dillingham house, and Faith, in the arms of the chauffeur and Henry Payson, was carried tenderly out and settled upon its cushions. Doctor Ephraim was away when this took place—had made it a point to be—but when he came back Henry told him of the exodus.

"She's gone, Faith has," said Henry. "Gone back to her own home, and I bet you the judge is glad to get her there. She left somethin' for you, tho, Doctor Eph," he added, with a confidential wink.

Nye looked at him. "Something left me?" he repeated. "What?"

Payson took an envelop from his pocket. "She smuggled this into my hand when I was helpin' lug her out," he said. "'Give it to the doctor, please,' says she, whisperin' so's that chauffeur wouldn't hear her, I didn't know what 'twas, of course, but I took it. It's got your name on the outside, Doctor Eph. Here 'tis. Kind of funny up-and-down writin', ain't it?"

The doctor took the envelop. It was addressed to him. He frowned as he regarded it.

"Regular turnout to watch her go, there was," went on Henry. "Why 'twas gawpin' over her front fence and a couple of the Peasleys was on hand, and—eh? Don't you want to hear about it, Doctor?"

"Not now."

He went into the sitting-room. There he tore open the envelop. He feared to find a check or money; he thought it quite possible that Copeland had taken this means to get it into his hands. But there was nothing of the kind; merely a note from the girl herself. Faith had written:

DEAR DOCTOR NYE:

I wish I might talk with you instead of writing, but I am sure there will be no opportunity for that before I go. I have been thinking a great deal during this last week, and remembering a great deal, too. I remember perfectly well that when I was a little girl I loved my "Uncle Eph" dearly. I can still remember going to ride with you behind the horse with the funny name—"Gooseberry," wasn't it?—and some of the stories you used to tell me, almost word for word.

Tom has spoken so often about you. He can not say enough about your kindness to him and your faithfulness and skill during his mother's illness. I shall remember these things and "Gooberry" and the stories, and, most of all, the fact that but for you I should not be here now, writing this. These things I shall never forget. I suppose I shall not meet you again, or, often at any rate, and for father's sake that may be best. But I shall think of you and always be very, *very* grateful. Your niece,

FAITH COPELAND.

Doctor Nye read this to the end. Slowly he walked over to the waste-basket in the corner and, standing beside it, began to tear the sheet of note-paper across. He had only begun, however, when he seemed to change his mind. He remained motionless for some seconds; then he put the partially torn sheet in his pocket and, walking to the window, stood there, his hands in his pockets, looking out.

AND now the old quiet and dulness settled down once more upon Bayberry Lane, its sidewalks, its homes, and their inhabitants. Henry Ward Beecher Payson grew nimble again.

"Thunderation! It's deader'n dish-water, these days, ain't it, Doctor Eph?" he declared. "There so everlastin' lively round here for a month or so that I almost forgot 'twas ever any other way. But now there ain't no excitement."

"The gang up to the post-office was talkin' about the Powell place last night," he went on. "She ain't been here, Mrs. Powell ain't, for the last two seasons, but they say now she's comin' here to live right along. Winter and Summer. Seems queer for her to do that, anybody with as much money as she's got. Be fine for the town, tho. She's a mighty nice liberal woman, Mrs. Powell is, and a good-looker, too. Why——"

He did not finish the sentence because just here his employer went into the other room. Henry looked after him and rubbed his chin, thoughtfully. Captain Mark opened the door and entered the house at that moment, and to him Mr. Payson voiced his thought.

"Queer thing, that is," he observed. "Two or three times I've started to say somethin' about them Powells and he don't never seem to want to listen. Anybody'd think he had some sort of prejudice against 'em. Couldn't be that, tho, 'cause Mrs. Powell nor her brother-in-law never come here till long after that church-money business was over and done with. I couldn't know 'em, could he?"

"No, no," replied the captain, carelessly. "He was over in the War when Wentworth Powell bought the Nickerson house. Course he doesn't know 'em. Come, lively, Henry! Roust out that checker-board. He's dicked me three games runnin' now and it's time for my luck to change."

BUT in spite of the Payson declaration that everything had happened that could happen, Ostable experienced another sensation at the end of that very week. It was not, of course, such an aristocratic sensation like the accident to the daughter of Judge Daniel Webster Copeland, but to those immediately concerned it was crushing. Manuel Cash, a young Portuguese who lived in the settlement in the woods near the Kream and Dacostas, was drowned. He was a "boat fisherman," making daily trips to the cod-banks in his little catboat, and no one knew exactly how, one foggy day he fell overboard. His wife's younger brother, whose Christian name also was Manuel, heard him cry out and, coming alongside in his own craft, dragged him from the water, but too late to save his life. He left a young wife and two children.

To Doctor Nye fell the sad task of visiting the Cash home and ministering to the widow. She had been a housemaid at the Powell cottage during the Summers when the owners were in town, so Payson said.

"Mrs. Powell thought a sight of her, accordin' to tell," said Henry. "She'll feel real bad when she gets here and finds out what's happened. And two little children, too."

The doctor shook his head sadly. "It's worse than that, Henry," he said. "There will be three shortly—very shortly."

The call came to him a few days later. He hastened to the little shanty in the woods. The two small Cashes were playing in the kitchen, which was also the dining-room. In the queer, stuffy little parlor, with its gaudy chromos on the walls and its hideously upholstered furniture, were gathered a few women of the neighborhood. Manuel, the brother, was there also. The doctor went up-stairs to his patient; Manuel's wife and Mrs. Gaspard were there awaiting him.

An hour later he came down again. The group in the parlor broke out with a voluble broadside of questions. He did not answer them.

"Where is Manuel?" he asked.

"In de other room," they told him. The door to the kitchen was closed. His hand was on the knob; he had turned it—and then he paused.

Some one in the kitchen was speaking. A feminine voice it was, a full, rich voice, soft, refined; the voice of a gentlewoman.

"Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry!" it said. "I have just gotten here; the train was late. When I got to the house they told me. I came here at once. It is dreadful! Poor Mary and the children! Is there—but of course there is. What do they need first? What can I do?"

Doctor Nye opened the door. Manuel turned to look at him. So did the woman who had been speaking. Slowly, as she looked, the color left her face. "Why—why—oh, *Ephraim!*" she gasped.

The doctor's face was as white as hers, but he bowed. "How do you do, Mrs. Powell?" he said, quietly. "Well, Manuel, all's well. It is a boy."

DOCTOR EPH, his hands in his coat-pockets and his pipe between his teeth, was striding along the beach, after supper that evening, below the bluff where Tom Stone had pursued him on a bicycle on the occasion of their first meeting since his return to Ostable.

It was not an evening for a stroll by the sea. No group of Summer men and maidens would have selected it as just the night for a beach party or a marshmallow toast. There was a moon, it is true, but it was hidden by a thick curtain of wet, clinging fog which, for moistening purposes, was almost as effective as rain. The lights in the hotels and cottages were hidden, as was that of the lighthouse across the bay. A chill breeze was blowing. The long stretch of weed-strewn sand was lonely and depressing and deserted. And there were precisely the reasons why Ephraim Nye, himself depressed to the very depths, had chosen it as a place in which to tramp and think and try to decide what to do.

For the mocking devil of Fate, or coincidence, or whatever it might be—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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At the end of the dance

FROM the ballroom floated the strains of a waltz, and from out beyond came the sleepy night-sounds, the faint whispering of leaves in the summer breeze.

The man watched the woman before him in the mellow glow of the lanterns, drinking in her loveliness.

"What is it?" she asked softly. "You look as though you were in a dream."

"I think this is a dream, and you are a dream woman," he answered, "for I never saw anyone so lovely! There is something that makes you stand entirely alone, in a delicate, glowing radiance. I think the greatest charm of all is your wonderful coloring."

The last notes of the waltz were quivering into silence.

"That is the end," she said.

"I think it is the beginning," he answered, still watching her.

"I think it is the beginning," he answered—

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

WHEN you use the Pompeian Beauty Trio you can feel assured that your skin is always fresh and glowing, and that it will remain so almost indefinitely.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin, protecting it from dust, wind and sun. The delicate film that remains on the surface after the Day Cream has disappeared holds powder and rouge so well that constant repowdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is of so soft and fine a texture that it goes on smoothly and evenly. A light coating will last a long time, for this powder has, to a remarkable degree, the quality of adhering.

The Bloom is a rouge that is absolutely harmless. It comes in the desired shades, light, medium, dark and orange tint.

Use the Pompeian Trio together for Instant Beauty, for great care has been taken that all Pompeian preparations blend perfectly.

Remember—first the Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light coating of the Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick is of a rose petal shade and adds yet another touch that will set off your beauty.

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*).....60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER.....60c *per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*).....60c *per box*

POMPEIAN LIP STICK.....25c *each*
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POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM.....50c *per jar*

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and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½ inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2277 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

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Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

The Girl Who Was Out of Date

By MME. JEANNETTE

Really, I can't help losing patience when I see women who might be *so* attractive utterly neglecting the simple means that lie within their reach, of making themselves far better-looking.

Not long ago I had a call from a young friend. She came in wearily and sank into a chair. The brilliant afternoon sunlight fell full on her face, and I was appalled when I saw how pale she looked.

"What is the matter?" I asked, expecting to be told that she was ill.

"Oh, I'm just tired," she said; "so tired I don't care how I look."

I was so indignant that for a moment I could not speak. There is no possible excuse for such an attitude!

To make the best of herself is the conceded duty of every woman, young or old, and a modish gown means very little when the complexion is uncared for.

The pale, drooping woman who looks too fragile to stand a breath of air went out of fashion away in the early sixties. What every man desires now is the freshly glowing beauty of the girl he is sure can be his companion in either work or play, whose charming coloring delights his eyes whether he finds her in the ballroom or in a business office.

All this and much more I told to my lazy little friend and then I said, "Come here and let me see what I can do for you."

First I used a vanishing cream, gently patting it into the skin. This was Pompeian Day Cream. I always use this, for it leaves only a faint, creamy film on the surface and holds powder and rouge so well. Next a coating of the soft, clinging Beauty Powder. Then a bit of Bloom (rouge) blended downward and outward from the cheek-bone; dusting over all with a last touch of the powder. And this I had done to only *one side* of her face!

I turned her around to face the mirror. You never saw anyone so surprised! She looked and looked, turning from side to side, and I don't wonder, for she saw two entirely different girls, and one was so much lovelier it seemed incredible.

"That is what you can make of yourself every day, and it will take only a few minutes," I told her.

I couldn't help laughing at her astonishment; she had never had an idea she could be so pretty. She realized now the mistake she had been making, and watched with the keenest interest, while I made the other side of her face just as charming, adding at the last a touch of Pompeian Lip Stick.

She didn't say very much, but all the afternoon I saw her eyes straying toward the mirror. I hoped then that she would profit by my little lesson, and I know now that she did, for I've never seen her looking pale and weary since.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2277 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of **Mary Pickford**, and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below

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Colorful Egyptian Designs and for Sports Wear the Coat Sweater

THE Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions, No. 304, 15 cents—9d. The sweater in size 36 requires 9 balls Shetland floss, 1 pair knitting needles No. 5, 1 bone crochet hook No. 5. Effective is the design on the front which is knitted in and is something decidedly new in the way of fanciful design for sweaters.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 303, 15 cents—9d. Chic is this knitted sweater with flowing sleeves and linked button fastening at the neck. Size 36 requires 9 1-ounce balls of floss and 1 pair of knitting needles No. 3.

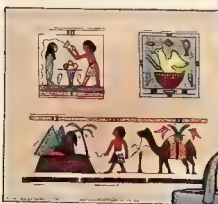
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12818, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 each of 2 different 9-inch motifs as well as 2 yards of a 9½-inch border, also extra appliqué patches. The Egyptian influence has invaded the field of artwork and these motifs and border decorate a bag of cotton homespun, two pillows and a scarf of burlap, illustrated below.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12819, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 2 each of two 9-inch motifs, 2 yards of a 9-inch border and 2 yards of an 8-inch border to be worked in Egyptian colorings. These motifs may be cut from contrasting material and couched down with outline stitch. The bag and scarf of cotton homespun illustrated in the lower left-hand corner show the wide border developed in appliqué for the center and the lines worked in outline stitch. The 9-inch motifs embroidered on two bags and a scarf of homespun are shown at the right of the page, center.

No. 304—New Slip-on Sweater with Knitted-in Design

No. 305—Sweater in Coat Style Effectively Bordered

No. 303—Something New in the Line of Sweaters



No 12818—Egyptian Designs for Appliqué or Embroidery

No. 12818—Bag Decoration

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12816, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, provides 6 large motifs, 6 small motifs, 4 each of 2 corner motifs with appliqué pieces and 3 yards each of 2 borders 2¾ and 4 inches wide. These designs may be carried out in appliqué and outline, buttonhole, blanket and raised satin stitches. The vestee, collar, and cuff set illustrated at the lower right-hand corner of the page is made smart by the aid of these designs.

No 12819—Motifs for Appliqué

No. 12819

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions, No 305, 15 cents—9d. For this charming sweater in size 36 materials required are the following: 8 balls white Shetland floss, 1 ball orange, 1 ball green, 1 ball blue, 1 skein black Shetland floss, 1 pair knitting needles No. 5, 1 bone crochet hook No. 5. The conventional border is knitted in

No 12819—New Borders and Motifs Showing Egyptian Influence

No. 12818

No 12816 — Motifs and Borders in Egyptian Colors

No 12818

No. 12816—Design for Vestee, Collar and Cuff Set

No. 12819—Border Decoration for Bag and Scarf

No. 12817

No. 12818

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12817, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, supplies 5 large motifs with appliqué patches, 3 yards of 2-inch border, 3 yards of a 3½-inch border and 4 corners to be carried out in the Egyptian coloring in blanket, long-and-short, flat satin, outline stitches and French knots.

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Dainty Clothes for Little People Require a Touch of Handwork

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12824, blue, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 6 small sprays, 3 large sprays, 1 large motif and 3 yards of border. The border and sprays were designed especially to fit dress No. 1255, 30 cents—1/6. Sizes 1 to 4 years. The large round motif may be used for a 2-year hat else.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12822, blue, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 9 motifs and these may be carried out in raised or flat satin, outline, and eyelet stitches. The round motif fits a hat in 2-year size. The dainty sprays are illustrated on dress No. 1238, 30 cents—1/6. Sizes 2 to 6 years. If a hat is desired No. 8454, 20 cents—1/-, sizes 3/4 to 3 years, may be used in which case a ruffle is added.

No. 299—Knitted Suit

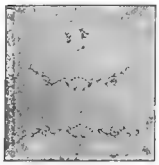
The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 299, 15 cents—9d. Sizes 1 to 2 years. This suit consists of a child's sweater and panties and requires 2 4-ounce hanks of yarn for the sweater; 1 1/4 hank 4-ounce yarn for the panties, 1 pair knitting needles No. 4 and 1 bone crochet hook No. 3.

No. 1238—Shown on Dress 1255

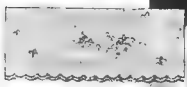
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12823, blue, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes a design for an infant's cape and hood. The design could be developed in lazy daisy and outline stitches, using French knots for the centers of the flowers. The flowers could be of light blue silk floss, leaves of pink, stems and centers of the flowers in rose; while the scalloping and ribbon may be in a delicate shade of pink. Cashmere, French flannel, and albatross are suitable materials with the lining of China silk.

No. 301—Sweater
No. 302—Hat

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 301 (sweater) and No. 302 (hat) 15 cents—9d. Sizes 4 to 6 years each. The sweater, No. 301, requires 10 one-ounce balls yarn, 1 ounce white brushed wool, 1 steel crochet hook No. 1. The hat, No. 302, requires 2 skeins ribbonzine, 1 ounce white brushed wool, 1 steel crochet hook No. 1.



No. 12822—Dainty Designs



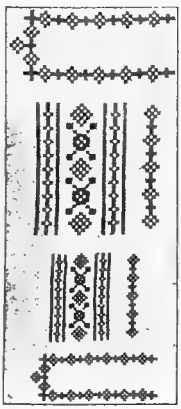
No. 12813—Shown in Detail

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12724, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, furnishes 2 1/2 yards of each of the 3 1/4-and 5 1/4-inch borders and 5 yards each of the 1-inch and 3/4-inch borders; also 3 each of the fronts, 2 1/2 by 7 inches and 4 by 9 1/2 inches respectively. Very lovely is this design when developed on sheer material using colors harmonizing in tone. Especially decorative is this design, for the fronts may be used on a blouse and the borders for skirt and on sleeves. The smaller designs may be used to trim children's dresses.

No. 12813—Design for Infants' Cape and Hood (Left)

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 300, 10 cents—6d, requires 4 hanks or 1 pound knitting worsted, 2 hank or 1/2 pound yarn, 11 spools silkeline, 1 steel crochet hook No. 1.

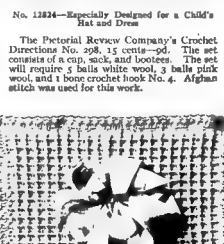
No. 12822—Charmingly Illustrated on Dress 1138 and Cap 8454



No. 12724—New Cross-stitch Borders and Motifs

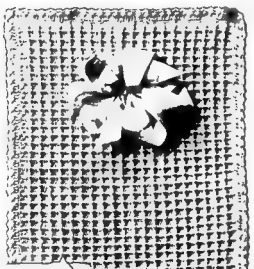
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12823, blue, 25 cents—1/3, provides a design for a crib sheet and pillow to match, also 1 extra design for a pillow to be worked in eyelet and solid satin stitches. For serviceability the crib sheet and pillow to match could be of linen, while the extra pillow may be made of organdy which shown up the design to advantage on this sheer material.

The original afghan was made of pink and white silkilineworked together, finished at the edge with scalloping. A large splashy bow of pink satin ribbon completed this lovely robe which measured 27 by 30 inches.



No. 12824—Especially Designed for a Child's

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 298, 15 cents—9d. The set consists of a cap, sack, and bootees. The set will require 5 balls white wool, 3 balls pink wool, and 1 bone crochet hook No. 4. Afghan stitch was used for this work.



No. 298—Infants' Crocheted Cap, Sack, and Bootees

No. 12823—Floral Designs for Crib Sheet and Two Pillows

No. 12823—Makes Dainty Thin Pillow-slip

No. 300—Crocheted Afghan

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JUANITA REQUA

NEW LIFE TO HAIR *From* TROPICAL TREE

Amazing Length, Thickness and Lustre Follow Use of Rare Seed Found in West Indies

By JUANITA REQUA

I AM writing this from my uncle's plantation in the West Indies, where I came last January to live. Almost the first thing I noticed was that all the women on this island have the most beautiful hair—thick abundant hair that just shines with life and health. My own scraggly locks had already worried me, and today, I, too, have loads of hair that is as bright and nice as I could wish.

No doubt there are many who would be glad to know this secret of the tropics that makes any hair, the thinnest, dullest-lead hair long and luxuriant. Here it is:

Scaling the towering kakoa to gather its hair-nourishing seed

A tall palm called kakoa has a seed that Nature must have meant for people's heads. Just a tiny bit of its pure, white paste has the most marvelous, nourishing effect on hair, Women young and old, and of all types use it here; darkest natives and fairest blondes from England. It enriches and increases the growth of hair roots, deepens pigment, and you soon have a wealth of soft, glossy hair. Hundreds of tourists and visitors to our island know this secret and come for some or send for some every year Our plantation has a number of kakoa palms bearing seed, and every boat brings requests for this remarkable, natural stimulant to hair growth and hair health. So, my uncle has granted me permission to have prepared and packed enough kakoa to send those who want it for their own use.

Until the demand is too great, you may have a supply of prepared kakoa if you will just pay two dollars when it reaches you. This sum covers all the labor of gathering, shipping it 5,000 miles to our office in the States, duty, etc., and leaves those who make it not quite a shilling. Unless your hair receives perfectly amazing benefits from applying kakoa every penny paid will be returned to you. Easy to use (full directions are included) and easy to get at present—mail the handy coupon printed here.

Bringing kakoa to the refinery

REQUA & Co, (29)
220 S. State Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please accommodate me with prepared Kakoa to cost me only $2 on delivery plus postage (enclose a two-dollar bill if you prefer to pay now). My money back unless my hair is brought to abundant thickness, full life and brilliance.

For .....

At .....

City..... State.....

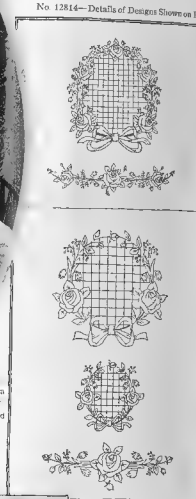
Egyptian and Floral Designs Vie with Each Other Here

No. 12815 Floral Sprig and Wreath Design for Curtains and Valance

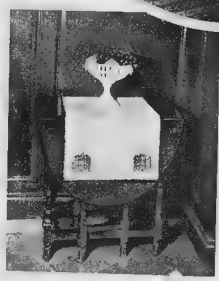
THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12814, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, supplies a design for a bedspread and bolster, also extra cutting-guides for appliqué The crosslines in the center of the wreath are outline stitch

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12815, blue or yellow, 35 cents—1/6, furnishes 4 small wreaths and 2 large wreaths These motifs match design No 12814 Illustration at left shows these design on scarf, curtains, valance and pillow

No 12814—Details of Designs Shown on Bed

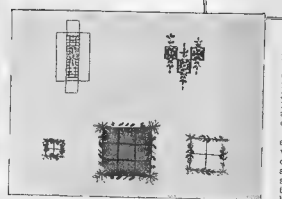


No. 12815 Rose and Fuchsia Designs Make Gay the Scarf Above



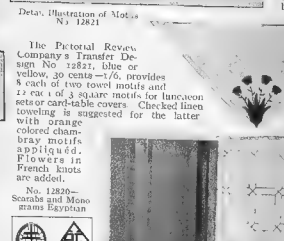
No. 12815 Showing a Most Attractive Appliquéd Round Pillow

No. 12814—Appliquéd Bow knots and Flowers Make Dainty a Bedspread and Bolster



Detail of Design No. 12815

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12817, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, supplies 5 large motifs with appliqué patches, 3 yards of 2-inch border, 3 yards of 3¾-inch border and 4 corners to be carried out in the Egyptian colorings The small border and different motifs are worked in various stitches—blanket, outline, and long-and-short stitch. Appliqué and flat satin and outline stitches form the larger border. Illustrated below on tea-table cover.



Detail Illustration of Motifs No. 12821

No 12821—Unique Luncheon Set of Tea Towels and Appliqued Squares at the Corners. Detail at Left

No 12824—Wouldn't These Towels with Appliquéd Motifs Make a Distinctive Gift for a Shower?

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12821, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/6, provides 8 each of two towel motifs and 12 each of 3 square motifs for luncheon sets or card-table covers Checked linen toweling is suggested for the latter with orange colored chambray motifs appliquéd. Flowers in French knots are added.

No. 12820—Scarabs and Monograms Egyptian

No. 12820—Suitable for Embroidery or Appliqué on Blouses and Bags

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12820, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 4 each of 9 different motifs, representing monograms, scarabs, and other Egyptian designs These are attractive and in vogue for blouses, bags, hats, and sashes. They may be developed in appliqué or embroidery, according to the garment and material in question.

No. 12817—Tulip Motifs Worked Out in Egyptian Colorings

Egypt Brings Beauty to the Modern Tea-table with This Cover

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Modes that Charm from the View-Point of the Latest Styles

Fashion Says: Combination of Figured and Plain Fabrics Is the Vogue, and These Costumes Show How Stunning Is This Decree When Followed

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 108

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Costumes That Will Bloom Radiantly in Summer Fashions

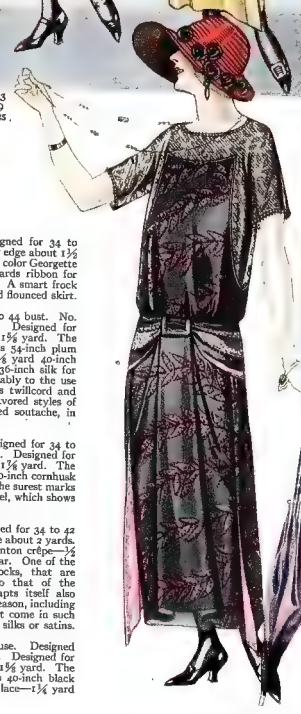
Knife Plaitings Are Everywhere on Costumes, Including the Tiered Effect Skirt Which Shares Honors with the New Egyptian Front Drape Frock

Dress 1682

Jacket 1693
Dress 1629
Braiding 12425

Blouse 1141
Skirt 1530

Dress 1680



Blouse 1587
Skirt 1686

Blouse 1056
Skirt 1685

1682—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch rose color Georgette —2⅛ yards lace for collar and cuffs—3 yards ribbon for girdle and tie-sash—⅛ yard 36-inch lining. A smart frock that displays the vogue for the knife-plaited flounced skirt.

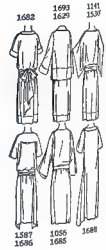
1693—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1629—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch plum twillcord for jacket and skirt section—1⅜ yard 40-inch printed crêpe for waist section—2½ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. This dress lends itself admirably to the use of two fabrics which in this case combines twillcord and printed crêpe. The jacket is one of the favored styles of the season and when braided in self-colored soutache, in design 12425, the effect is stunning.

1141—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1530—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch cornhusk satin chiffon. The simplicity that is one of the surest marks of the smart costume, distinguishes this model, which shows decided novelty in its wing-like sleeves.

1680—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch gold satin—⅞ yard lace for collar. One of the wrapped about the figure, side-draped frocks, that are becoming alike to the slim figure and to that of the woman of fuller form. A model that adapts itself also to most of the thin and supple fabrics of the season, including silk or silk and wool crêpe, the foulards that come in such lovely designs and of course any one of the silks or satins.

1587—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1086—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 40-inch black and red printed silk—1 yard 36-inch allover lace—1¼ yard 40-inch red silk for facing panels.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



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Easily Made Frocks and Blouses That Make Dressing an Art

Here Are the Simple, Straight-line Costumes That Are So Smart When Developed from the New Printed Fabrics of the Season

Dress 1660

Dress 1600
Embroidery 12704

Dress 1683

Blouse 1684
Skirt 1266

1690—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch viola (lavender) crêpe de Chine—1 yard pointed trimming—2½ yards ribbon for binding neck and for bow. An attractive blouse and one that could be worn with the new side-plaited frock skirt with charming results.

1677—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch white silk—½ yard 40-inch printed silk for collar, pocket, turn-back cuffs and band at the lower edge of blouse.

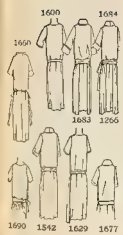
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

Dress 1542

Dress 1629

Blouse 1690

Blouse 1677



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La Mode Stamps Her Approval on the Blouse and Separate Skirt

Now the Blouse Forms with the Separate Skirt the Accepted Costume of the Smartly Gowned Woman—The Latest Types Are Pictured Here

Blouse 1541
Jacquette Blouse 1605
Blouse 1668
Jacquette Blouse 1635
Blouse 1609 Frock Skirt 1616
Blouse 1490 Frock Skirt 1608 Embroidery 12737
Blouse 1662 Jupon Skirt 9873 Embroidery 12737
Blouse 1516 Skirt 1051
Blouse 1672 Frock Skirt 1608
MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 109
1541 1605 1609 1616 1490 1608
1067 1516 1608 1051 1300
1668 1635 1609 1616 1490 1608
2135 1662 1616 1672 1608
Blouse 1067 Frock Skirt 1608
Blouse 1300 Embroidery 12715
Blouse 1135
Blouse 1662 Frock Skirt 1616

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Grace and Loveliness Pervade These New Gowns of Distinction

Blouse 1197

1197 — Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The kimono sleeves are left open showing the arms; caught together at the neck and lower edge. Applied trimming bands that trim the front and back of the blouse are picot edged. If a trimming note is desired, an embroidery design might be used with charming effect.

Dress 1579
Embroidery 12785

Dress 1464
Appliqué 12797

1506—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch taffeta—1 yard 40-inch contrasting for collar and straight bands. The dress closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Simplicity is expressed in every line of this simple frock with its tight-fitting bodice and gathered skirt. A touch of contrast is given in the full collar and bands which trim the skirt.

1579—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch satin—1¾ yard 36-inch lining. This smart frock which exploits the new Egyptian front drape is closed on the left shoulder and under the left arm. The embroidery in design 12785 may be developed in beads and silk floss.

1464—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—½ yard 36-inch satin for binding—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for slip. This frock will appeal to the home dressmaker because of its simplicity and charm. The appliqué placed at the waist-line, design 12797, is a touch of contrast and may be cut from pieces of silk couched down with floss in buttonhole stitch.

1521 — Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 40-inch dotted Georgette—1⅛ yard lace to trim collar. The embroidery in design 12793 may be worked in "Mille Fleur," lazy daisy stitches and French knots.

Dress 1506

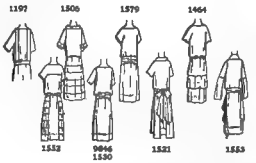
Dress 1552

Blouse 9846
Skirt 1530

1552—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch French voile —⅝ yard 36-inch filet lace for yoke and sleeves. The closing is arranged on the shoulders. The bands on each side give that tiered effect which is being featured so much this season.

9846—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1530—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch brocaded Canton crêpe —1⅛ yard 40-inch satin—1 yard 36-inch lining. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Graceful is the draping of the skirt which effects the ubiquitous uneven hem-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 109



Dress 1521
Embroidery 12793

Dress 1553
Embroidery 12718

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These Are the Chic Sports and Suit Creations of the Season

Blouse 1662
Frock Skirt 1608

Cape 1164
Embroidery 12718

Jacquette
Blouse 1605
Frock Skirt 1608

Jacket 1136

Jacquette Blouse
1635

1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch duvetyn—2 yards 36-inch silk for lining. This material in light Summer weight is fashioning many of the smartest jackets of the season in gay sports colors but the design may be used equally well for any of the new Summer fabrics in silk, crêpe or even cretonne.

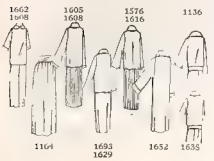
1635—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch brocaded silk. This jaunty jacquette blouse is right-up-to-date when developed in one of the Egyptian printed silks or crêpes that are the fashion fancy of the moment.

1608—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1½ yard 40-inch printed crêpe for the blouse—⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for the collar and cuffs—2⅛ yards 36-inch knitted silk for the gathered skirt—1½ yard 36-inch lining for bodice of skirt. The combination of these two smart materials brings about a most stunning costume effect.

1164—Ladies' and Misses' Three-piece Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe—2⅞ yards 40-inch satin for lining. The handsome embroidery design 12718 adds beauty with very little work, the design developed either in metal threads or heavy silk floss.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. No. 1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 40-inch matelassé for the jacquette blouse—½ yard 40-inch plain silk for collar, cuffs and skirt-band—2 yards ribbon for tie-sash—3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe for skirt—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice of skirt.

1576—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 29¼ inches. No. 1616—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. The suit in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch heavy white sports silk—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin for jacket lining—1 yard 36-inch lining for bodice of skirt.



1693—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. No. 1679—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The three-piece suit in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch silk poplin for jacket and dress—2⅜ yards 40-inch satin for jacket lining—4 yards braid for trimming. This is one of the three-piece costume-suits that girls are finding so convenient, for the jacket and frock may be worn separately.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

Jacket 1693
Dress 1629

Jacket 1576
Frock Skirt 1616

Coat 1652

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Summer's Ideal Choice for the Generously Proportioned Figure

Overblouse 1677
Beading 12749

Jacquette Blouse
1605

1677—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch Georgette—1⅛ yard ribbon. The elaborate beading which trims the fronts of the blouse is in design 12749, and may be developed in iridescent beads. Rows of beads trim the band at edge of the blouse.

1605—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch novelty crêpe—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings. Style and serviceability are combined in the jacquette blouse and a charming costume may result when worn with the new frock skirt.

Jacket 1693
Dress 9976
Embroidery 12718

Dress 1542

Dress 1580
Embroidery 12787

Dress 1480

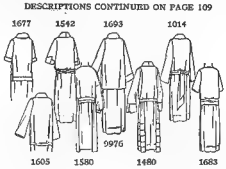
Dress 1014

1693—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back, 32 inches. No. 9976—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The three-piece suit in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch Peiret twill for dress and jacket—¼ yard 36-inch satin for vestee—6⅝ yards braid—2½ yards 36-inch silk to line jacket. The embroidery in design 12718, may be carried out in silk floss or metal threads.

1542—Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch dotted voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plain voile for vestee and to trim collar and cuffs.

1580—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeve sections—3¼ yards ribbon for sash. The embroidery in design 12787 may be developed in ribbonzine or beads.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 109



Dress 1683
Beading 12764

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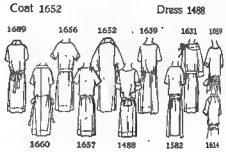
Simplicity of Youth Echoed in Clothes for the Miss

1689—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch white sports silk—3¼ yards contrasting colored braid for trimming collar, vestee, sleeves and pockets—3 yards ribbon for sash. This combination of white and contrasting colored braid is a smart effect for the sports frock. An embroidery motif may be used as further decoration.

Dress 1689

Coat 1652

Dress 1488



1660 — Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 53-inch bordered crêpe—3⅓ yards ribbon for tie-strings. A casing is stitched underneath the dress with elastic inserted to regulate the fulness and to give the blouse effect that is so becoming to the slender, youthful figure. This charming frock is especially suitable for the new bordered fabrics which are now being shown. The designs being elaborate, no trimming is necessary.

Dress 1660

Dress 1656

1656—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅔ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch linen—2⅞ yards ribbon for tie-sash. There is smart simplicity and girlish charm in this little tub frock, and not the least of its attraction is centered in the motif of embroidery on the dress. Blanket stitch in color, harmonizing with that used in the embroidery is employed to outline the neck, edge the cuffs, and to make smart the pockets.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

Dress 1657

Blouse 1059

Blouse 1614

Dress 1582

Dress 1639

Dress 1631

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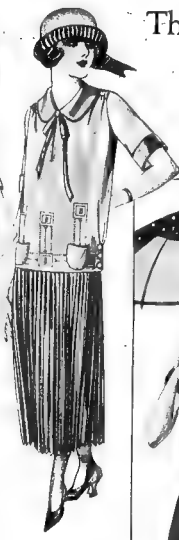
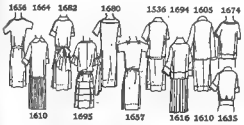
There Are Smartness and Charm in These Youthful Creations

1656—Misses' One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch printed silk—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting silk for trimming the sleeves and pockets—2⅛ yards ribbon for tie-sash. The dress is slashed at the center-front and finished for closing. The printed crêpes now so popular would be ideal for this frock.

Dress 1656



Blouse 1664
Frock Skirt 1610
Embroidery 12718



1656 1664 1682 1680 1536 1694 1605 1674
1610 1695 1657 1616 1610 1635

Dress 1682 Dress 1695 Dress 1680

Dress 1657

1682—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch printed chiffon—1⅝ yard 40-inch plain chiffon. This very charming frock may be fashioned from any of the smart, thin fabrics of the season, and the delightful color schemes in which it may be developed are many and extremely attractive. It is merely a question of individual fancy which one shall be selected. The dress is slashed and closed at the center-front. Elastic is inserted through a casing below the waist-line to regulate the fulness.

Dress and Sleeveless Jacket 1536

Jacket 1694
Frock Skirt 1616

Jacquette Blouse 1605
Frock Skirt 1610

1664—Misses' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 1610—Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in size 16 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine for the blouse—2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe for the skirt, collar, and cuffs—1¼ yard ribbon for tie—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. With little trouble the costume may be made more attractive by adding the simple embroidery design 12718 as a blouse adornment carried out in plain embroidery stitches in silk floss.

Overblouse 1674 Jacquette Blouse 1635

1635—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch printed silk—¾ yard 40-inch plain satin. The fronts are laid in plaits at the shoulders and the lower edge of blouse gathered to a wide band.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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Newest Styles in Apparel for the Tiny Tots and the Growing Girl

Rompers 1591 Rompers 1617 Bloomer Dress 1594 Appl. p. 6 12564

1591—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch chambray—¾ yard 32-inch gingham—⅞ yard 32-inch contrasting for neck and sleeves—1⅜ yard pointed trimming.

1617—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires ½ yard 32-inch light chambray—1⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting. Blanket stitching edges the round collar and turn-back cuffs in mercerized cotton floss.

1594—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires, for rompers at left of page, 1¾ yard 36-inch plain percale—⅜ yard 36-inch dotted percale. An appliqué motif is placed above each pocket in design 12564, and may be cut from patches of contrasting material and caught down with blanket stitches. For the rompers at the upper right-hand corner of page, size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch linen.

1624—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch chints—⅛ yard 36-inch linen—1½ yard frilling

1598—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch figured percale—⅜ yard 36-inch plain to trim. Dainty is the appliqué which trims the band of the dress in design 12796. The motif may be cut from contrasting fabric, couched down with blanket or buttonhole stitches

1590—Child's Bloomers. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch chambray—½ yard 32-inch gingham to trim. The bloomers close at the center-back. For the appliqué design, 12683 is selected and makes an attractive trimming for these bloomers. Contrasting material is used for the appliqué couched down with buttonhole stitch.

Dress 1634

Bloomer Dress 1592 Applique 12796 Bloomers 1590 Appliqué 12683 Bloomer Dress 1594

1509—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch gingham—3½ yards bias binding. This cunning bloomer dress is a slip-on model, slashed and closed at the center-back. The side-closing bloomers are gathered at upper edge to waist-band, and elastic is inserted in the hems.

1684—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—1 yard 36-inch voile. This little frock would be dainty made of crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

1622—Child's One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch silk poplin—2 yards ribbon for sash. Blanket stitching outlines the neck and short kimono sleeves.

1675—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch satin—1¾ yard 36-inch printed silk for lining

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Bloomer Dress 1624 Bloomer Dress 1509

Dress 1622 Coat 1675

Sports Suit 9010

Dress 1491

Dress 1638 Dress and Sleeveless Jacket 1620 Dress 1681 Appliqué 12720 Dress 1671 Overalls 1670

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Fashion Takes Thought to Clothe the Happy Days of Childhood

9084—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook—7 yards frilling—2 yards ribbon. The dress closes at the center-back. Frilling adds daintiness to this cunning frock and tiny flowers trim the sash of ribbon which ties in a soft bow.

1665—Child's Slip-on Apron. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch lawn. Mercerized cotton floss is used for the blanket stitching which is employed as a finish on this little apron.

Dress 9084

Apron 1665

Bloomer Dress 9372 Appliqué 12672

Dress 8444

Suit 1493

Bloomer Dress 1091 Appliqué 12564

9372—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch sateen—4¼ yards bias binding. Sateen is a favorite fabric for bloomer dresses and for the decorative note appliqué is resorted to, in this case design 12672. The motif may be cut from pieces of contrasting material and held in place with the aid of buttonhole stitch.

8444—Child's Yoke Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—⅞ yard 36-inch voile—1⅝ yard pointed trimming.

1408—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch gingham—1 yard 32-inch chambray. The side-closing knee trousers button to the blouse.

1091—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen. The patch pockets are unique with the appliqué in design 12564, cut from scraps of contrasting linen, blanket stitched.

1584—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen—4½ yards braid. A blouse and side-closing knee trousers make up this little suit, the deep open front has an inset shield. Rows of braid contribute the trimming detail to this suit.

1667—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch chintz—⅞ yard 36-inch linen. The dress is slashed and closed at the center-back. New in outline is the pointed collar which is of linen.

1138—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 40-inch voile—3¼ yards ribbon for sash—1 yard narrow ribbon. Cunning little appliqué motifs, design 12796, give this frock a smart little touch and they may be cut from organdy, linen, or chambray, couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

1394—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch cretonne—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for trimming. Practical as well as smart is this little bloomer frock which is slashed at the center-front and finished for closing.

1408—Boys Suit. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch Poiret twill—¾ yard 32-inch pongee for vest and collar—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Suit 1584

Bloomer Dress 1667

Dress 1138 Appliqué 12796

Bloomer Dress 1394

Suit 1492

Dress 1575

Dress and Sleeveless Jacket 1620

Dress 1669

Dress 1663

Dress 1659 Appliqué 12672

Dress 1661

Suit 1006

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7587—Child's One-piece Side-plaited Skirt. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The little skirt is attached to a sleeveless underbody.

7821—Child's and Girls' Princess Slip. Designed for 1 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch radium silk—2 yards lace for the ruffle. The garment slips on over the head and is closed with buttons on the shoulders.

9613—Girls' Combination. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook—4 yards edging to trim—⅝ yard beading—1½ yard ribbon.

9456—Girls' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch figured voile—¼ yard 36-inch plain voile for neck and sleeve-bands. The small girl will be delighted with this design.

Bathrobe 8395 Skirt 7587

1618—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch madras. For the girl who likes mannish styles these pajamas will be just the thing she will want.

1564—Girls' One-piece Gymnasium Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch serge. The front and back sections are laid in plaits and joined to the square yoke. Elastic is inserted through the hems at the lower edge to regulate the fulness.

Slip 7821 Combination 9613 Pajamas 9456

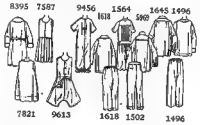
Pajamas 1618 Gymnasium Suit 1564

5969—Men's and Youth's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch madras. No. 1502—Men's Trousers. Designed for 28 to 50 waist. Size 28 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch flannel—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1645—Men's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch English broadcloth. Comfort is the keynote of this practical shirt suitable for wear playing tennis or golf. No. 1502—Men's Trousers. Designed for 28 to 50 waist. Size 28 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch men's wear serge—1 yard 36-inch lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Shirt 5969 Trousers 1502 Shirt 1645 Trousers 1502 Pajamas 1496



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Underthings That Are Definitely of the New Mode

1543—Ladies' Athletic Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch batiste. This very comfortable combination closes in front and the straight upper edge is finished with shoulder straps.

1495—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch longcloth—3 yards lace insertion—4½ yards edging—1½ yard lingerie ribbon. This dainty garment consists of camisole and step-in drawers.

1666—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch batiste—1¼ yard lace insertion—2⅜ yards edging. A combination especially designed for wear with the long-waisted frocks.

1647—Ladies' Corset Bandeau. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yard 36-inch coutil—½ yard 7-inch wide elastic. An especially well-fitting bandeau that even an inexperienced sewer may easily make.

1679—Ladies' Corset Bandeau. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch coutil—1¼ yard 5-inch elastic for side inserts. Closed at the left side-front.

Corset Bandeau 1647 — Corset Bandeau 1679

Combination 1543 — Combination 1495 — Combination 1666

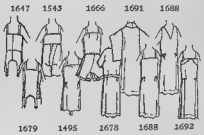
1688—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch lingette—1¼ yard lace banding for slip pictured with camisole top. For slip with V-neck size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch lingette—2¼ yards lace insertion—2½ yards lace edging.

Negligée 1691 — Apron 1678

Slip 1688 — Slip 1688 — Slip 1692

1692—Ladies' Slip. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch batiste—1¼ yard 6-inch lace banding—1⅝ yard lingerie ribbon—1⅞ yard lace insertion to trim slip at lower edge. The introduction of plaits at the sides gives width without the least bulkiness.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



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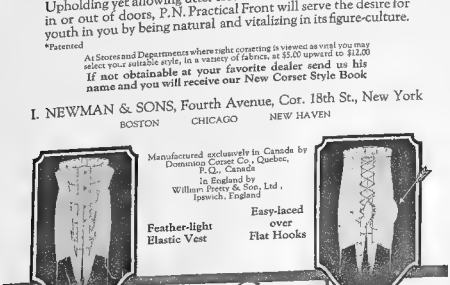

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FASHIONS

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 95

1659 -Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires, for dress illustrated at the upper left-hand corner of page, 1⅞ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—1⅞ yard 40-inch black crêpe—5 yards green braid to trim—2⅜ yards ribbon for sash. If desired, an embroidery band may trim the center of the waist. Dress illustrated at the lower part of page in size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch white silk crêpe—2⅞ yards 40-inch tarragon (green) silk crêpe—2⅝ yards green and white striped ribbon for neck and sleeves—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

1670—Ladies' Blouse Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch bittersweet (orange) handkerchief linen—⅝ yard 40 inch white linen to trim.

1693—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54 inch sheepskin (tan) French flannel—2½ yards 36-inch lining. The embroidery which trims the lower edge of the jacket and collar is carried out in flat satin stitch in design 12596, and is of Indian inspiration.

1654—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch blue figured silk—1¼ yard 40-inch plain blue silk—3¼ yards ribbon for sash.

1655 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch tan printed crêpe—1⅝ yard blue ribbon.

1687—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch blue linen—¾ yard 18-inch vesting—7 yards braid.

1689 -Ladies' Slip-on Dress Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch brickdust crêpe—2 yards 40-inch brickdust figured crêpe.

1475 -Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 36 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch printed crêpe for waist—2¼ yards 40-inch black satin for skirt.

1678—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch white Georgette. Charming is the embroidery in design 12730, developed in feather and back stitches

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

1656 -Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1085 Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch blue crêpe Roma—⅞ yard trilling for collar. Again the Egyptian front drapery comes into evidence and the softly falling side drapes are splendid style foils for the severity of the center box-plait which carries an irregular hem outline and motif adornment that is decidedly new.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

1660—Ladies' and Misses Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch deer (tan) Canton crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch figured Canton to trim—⅝ yard ribbon for tie-strings and bow at the neck

1600 -Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch white silk crêpe. The embroidery in design 12704 is charming in effect and may be carried out in a combination of silk floss and seed beads.

1683—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch cork (tan) crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch lace for vestee and to trim collar and cuffs—3 yards ribbon for sash.

1684—Ladies' Blouse Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1266—Ladies' Skirt Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 36 inch black and white dotted swiss—⅝ yard 40 inch organdy for cuffs and vestee—2¾ yards organdy trimming—2¾ yards ribbon.

1542—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 52 bust Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40 inch white crêpe de Chine. The dress may be embroidered in any of the new Egyptian designs.

1629 – Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40 inch figured cotton crêpe for waist section, girdle and panel—2 yards 40-inch black plain crêpe for skirt section and binding. The plaited girdle and panel are pleasing additions to this smart slip-on dress

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FASHIONS

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 98

1541 —Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch tarragan (green) satin.

1605 — Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch black and white figured crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch plain satin for collar, cuffs, and tie-sash.

1668—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch green and white printed silk.

1633—Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch blue and white printed crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch white silk.

1609—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe. No. 1616 —Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch tan check crêpe—1 yard 36-inch lining for bodice of skirt.

1490—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. The embroidery in design 12757 may be developed in a combination of metal threads and beads. No. 1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch bordered crêpe—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for bodice of skirt.

1603—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch silk broadcloth. Decorative is the touch of embroidery in design 12757, carried out in metal threads or silk floss. No. 8872—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch navy blue satin—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1516—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch white crêpe de Chine. No. 1051—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 40-inch blue and white bordered crêpe.

1007—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch cornhusk (yellow) silk broadcloth. No. 1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch black satin—1¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1300—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white tub silk. The embroidery in design 12715, may be developed in silk floss in colors.

1135—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine.

1608—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1616—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 1¾ yard 36-inch black sports satin for the blouse—3¼ yards 36-inch white sports silk for skirt, collar, cuffs and to trim pockets—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1672—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch printed crêpe for the blouse—2¾ yards 54-inch cork (tan) rep for the skirt and to trim—1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

1553—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe-back satin—¾ yard lace for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining. For the embroidery which trims the surplice closing and the side drape, design 12718 is selected, worked in metal threads.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

1652—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch brocaded Canton—1½ yard 40-inch plain satin for collar, cuffs and tie-strings—4¼ yards 36-inch silk lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

1480—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 36 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch charmeuse—1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette—¼ yard 18-inch vesting—1 yard 36-inch lining.

1014—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch handkerchief linen—¾ yard 18-inch lace to trim top of panel—⅝ yard 36-inch lining.

1688—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¼ yard 12-inch vesting. The beading in design 12704 may be carried out in silk floss or iridescent beads.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

1687—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy to trim—1½ yard ribbon.

1653—Ladies' and Misses Coat. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch figured Canton crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch satin—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1488 — Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch figured voile—2¼ yards 40-inch plain voile.

1059 — Misses' Long-waisted Kimono Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 40-inch bordered crêpe.

1614—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch printed crêpe—1½ yard 40-inch plain crêpe for vestee, collar, sleeve bands, and sash.

1639—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch chiffon for dress—1⅜ yard 36-inch allover lace for sleeves and gathered panels—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining.

1582 — Misses' Long-waisted, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 6 yards 36-inch white voile—1½ yard insertion to trim collar and sleeves—12 yards plaiting—1¾ yard narrow ribbon for bows—3⅜ yards ribbon for sash.

1631 — Misses' Long-waisted, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe Roma for dress and sleeve bands—¾ yard 40-inch Egyptian crêpe for sleeves—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe for kerchief collar

Those "Unknown" Great Women

IDA CLYDE CLARKE'S mail is still heavy with letters asking the names of those eminent women described in the editorial in Pictorial Review for March, 1923, "An Intelligence Test for Women." Here they are, with brief descriptions:

MRS. LELAND STANFORD, of California, who endowed a great University.

ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH BOTTA founded the prize awarded every five years by the French Academy on "The Condition of Women."

ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY introduced the Froebel system of kindergarten in America.

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL is known as "The Medical Apostle of Her Sex."

ELLEN SPENCER MUSSEY is the founder and honorary dean of the Washington College of Law.

BELVA LOCKWOOD was the first woman candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

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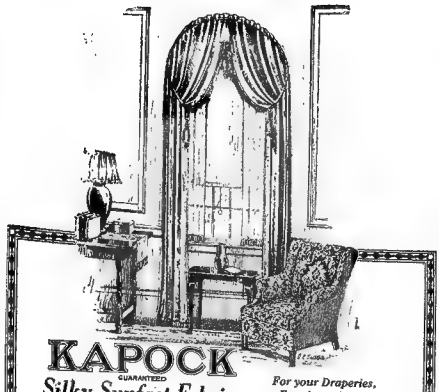

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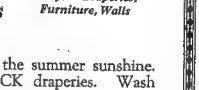

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

1695—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 6¼ yards 38-inch voile.

1680—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—¾ yard lace for collar.

1657—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. This model is designed to be fashioned from the robe lengths that come in striking Oriental designs and colorings.

1536 — Misses' Dress and Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 40-inch heavy sports silk—1 yard 40-inch contrasting color silk—¼ yard fringe.

1694—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 1616—Ladies' and Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 40 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The suit in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch striped French flannel—4 yards braid—2⅜ yards 36-inch silk lining.

1605 — Ladies' and Misses' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 1611—Misses' Frock Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge 1¼ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed crêpe—1⅞ yard 40-inch plain satin—2 yards ribbon.

1674—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch printed crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch plain.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

9010—Boys' Sports Suit. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen.

1491—Girls' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch figured voile—1¼ yard 36-inch plain—2¾ yards ribbon for sash.

1688—Girls' and Juniors' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch printed voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plain—2⅜ yards ribbon for sash.

1689—Girls' and Juniors' Dress and Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch striped silk—1¾ yard 40-inch plain silk.

1681—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch tissue gingham—1¼ yard 36-inch voile—1⅝ yard filet lace. The appliqué motif in design 12720 may be couched down with blanket stitch.

1671 -Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch striped silk crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting to trim.

1670—Girls' Bib Overalls. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch khaki.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

1669 —Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires ⅞ yard 40-inch printed silk—1 yard 40-inch plain silk.

1620—Girls' and Juniors' Dress and Sleeveless Jacket. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch voile.

1683—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

1659—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed crêpe —¾ yard 40-inch plain crêpe. The appliqué motif, 12692, may be cut from colored silks and couched down in blanket stitches.

1575—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch cretonne—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—1¾ yard pointed edging.

1661—Girls' One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 36-inch plaid linen—2½ yards braid.

1066—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 54-inch serge—⅝ yard 32-inch piqué—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

1496—Men's Pajamas. Designed for 34 to 54 chest. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch madras.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

1691—Ladies' Negligée. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch figured crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch satin—2 yards ribbon for ties.

1678—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch percale—1¾ yards braid for trimming.

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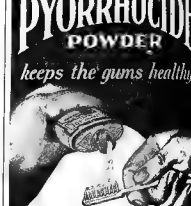

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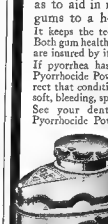

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

the tormenting, grinning demon which had used him as a butt and a plaything so often —had done it again. He had come back to Ostable, the community where he had been so popular and then so universally execrated, from which he had been dragged in disgrace to prison—he had come back there to make a new fight. Of all the places on earth he had deliberately chosen this place because, as Captain Mark Bearse had shrewdly surmised and characteristically expressed, it had "put a label" on him and he intended trying to make it take that label off.

In one way the "label" of his native town meant little to him. Life, as a whole, meant little or nothing. He did not care to live, but, living, he must keep an interest in something, and an open fight against public opinion in a town like Ostable promised to be interesting, perhaps even grimly amusing. There were ninety-nine chances in a hundred against his winning, but that made little difference. It was the fighting itself which would be worth while.

Faith had gone, and the ghosts must be laid again; that was all. But just as he had again squared his shoulders for the fight, down he went before this new blow. Out of the happiest period of his life, out of the time when that life held a glorious future, came the one woman in all the world whom he had fervently prayed never to see again. Not that he had forgotten her, for he should never forget her. She was the one memory he should cherish always. But with all his heart he had hoped that she had forgotten him.

And yesterday, in the dirty, shabby kitchen of the Cash shanty, she had faced him, known him, and called him by name. She, too, like him—but without his reason, for no reason at all so far as he could see—had come to Ostable. And Henry said she was planning to stay there permanently. It was unbelievable, it was overwhelming. He had once sarcastically asked the shocked Parker if the latter believed in a personal devil. Ephraim Nye, himself, was beginning to believe in one now.

WHEN he had known this woman she had been a girl and he a young man. Her name then was Katherine Minot. Her father was Corcoran Minot, the Boston banker, a fact which renders further statement concerning his wealth and social position unnecessary. He met her first during his senior year at Harvard. It was at a dance. He did not attend many dances, but he did this one and she was there. It is not in the least astonishing that he should have fallen in love with her. She was beautiful, charming, and a great favorite. But it is somewhat surprising that she should have been so strongly attracted to him, the tall, rather thin young fellow with the tumbled hair and the quiet smile, who said so little and made no effort to be popular nor entertaining. He was good-looking enough, and, when he chose to talk, was witty and original, but he was quite as likely not so to choose. Obviously to favorably impress the opposite sex was the very least of his desires, and perhaps that is why that contrary sex was so impressed.

Katherine Minot liked him at that first meeting. They did not meet again, however, for several years. Her paths and her associates were not those of a young fellow working his way through medical college. When they next met he was an intern at the hospital and she was playing Lady Bountiful to the beautiful little folk in the children's ward. She had then, as when they met in Cambridge, a number of masculine followers, but no one of them was especially favored. She had not married, she was not engaged, and, altho all who knew her wondered who the lucky man might eventually be, and agreed that he would indeed be lucky, no one could yet point a finger with certainty in his direction. All of which goes to prove that Katherine Minot, like Ephraim Nye, was independent and accustomed to do her own thinking.

So these two met once more and, within the year, the fingers, hitherto hesitating, were pointing toward Doctor Ephraim. There was no public announcement of an engagement, but it was generally believed that an understanding existed between the two. Katherine's interest in the scraps of humanity in the children's ward was very keen and the doctor's interest in that ward was overwhelming. She was more beautiful than ever, sweet, gracious, and radiantly happy. Doctor Nye seemed amazingly contented with life. His associates and the nurses smiled knowingly. With his certainty in Ostable's professional future and the prospect of Corcoran Minot's daughter for a wife who wouldn't be happy, they wanted to know. Yet there was an obstacle to this question. Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran Minot were by no means happy. They had but one daughter and that one was certainly not prepared for her. Doctor Ephraim Bassett Nye was not a part of those plans.

Then, as a guest to that hospital, came Fanny Copeland of Ostable.

Miss Copeland was, as Mrs. Shubal Bush explained to Aunt Lindy Pepper during their conversation of the evening following Doctor Ephraim's return, at that time extremely pretty, attractive,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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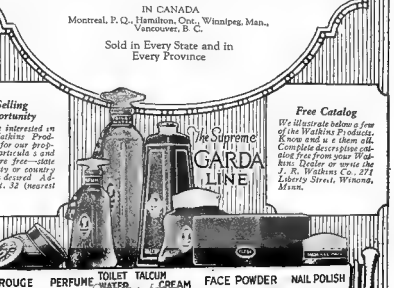

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When there shall be no more Marthas

Every town has its Marys and Marthas. Mary is freed from household drudgery; Martha is "cumbered about much serving."

Some day all the world will realize that most house work can be done by little electric motors, costing 3 cents an hour to run. Then there will be no more Marthas.

This monogram is the symbol of General Electric Company, an organization of 100,000 men and women engaged in producing and improving the tools by which electricity does *your* work.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

and very much spoiled young woman. In her native town and the adjoining towns she was what the novelists so frequently—and people in real life so seldom—term a "belle." Life for her had been one good time after the other. She was accustomed to having her own way and, being persistent, usually got what she went after. She brought to the hospital her good looks, her vivacity and persistence, as well as a set of nerves pretty well shaken by dancing much and sleeping little. Her own doctors had diagnosed her case as one requiring rest, care, and special treatment.

Doctor Nye found her case an interesting one, but his interest was purely professional. Miss Copeland found him interesting in a more personal way. Flirting was one of her accomplishments, but to find a young man entirely impervious to her exercise of that art was rare—and intriguing. Like any rarity, it added to his attractiveness. Fanny very soon decided that she wanted Doctor Ephraim Nye, wanted him very much indeed. So she set about getting him. It did not take her long to learn of Katherine Minot and the rumors connecting the latter's name and that of the young physician. So far from discouraging Miss Copeland these rumors merely made her more determined.

THE Corcoran Minots had a friend named Christopher Powell, a bachelor, very wealthy and of a family securely established in Boston's best circles. He had long been classified as "E. & D." —eligible and desirable—by parents of daughters approaching the marriageable age. So far he had followed the advice of our first President and avoided entangling alliances, but now, verging upon the forties, he had fallen a victim to Katherine. His name, his fortune, and himself could have been hers if she had said the word. Her father and mother would have rejoiced had she said it, but apparently she was going to say "Ephraim Nye" instead. She had not, however, as yet said it openly. Therefore the Minots did not give up hope. Neither did Mr. Christopher Powell. Least of all, altho from motives not in the least concerned with the Powells or Minots, did Fanny Copeland.

Doctor Nye had spoken with Katherine concerning his new patient. "A girl I used to know at home," he said. "Her case interests me." Katherine, visiting her juvenile friends in the hospital, was introduced by the doctor to Miss Copeland. The latter recognized in her charmingly gracious visitor an adversary whose defeat would demand every resource of strategy, minor and major. She began her campaign by being as fascinating as she knew how to be, and she had practised much. She told Katherine of her liking for Doctor Nye. "He and I are such friends," she said; "*old* friends, you know. We used to see *so* much of each other." She begged her visitor to repeat her visit. "Do come often, won't you?" she pleaded. "Any friend of his is sure to be a friend of mine." And, after Miss Minot's departure, she told Doctor Nye that she thought her perfectly entrancing. "I fell in love with her," she declared. Ephraim, guileless soul, was delighted to hear it, and carried the news to the lady of his heart.

So the visits were repeated, and always, when the two were together, Miss Copeland managed to be a bit more confidential. She was prettily confused when she spoke the doctor's name. She hinted at understandings in the past, at romantic passages, and she left to be inferred a great deal more than she said. Katherine was puzzled, and, in spite of herself, a little disturbed. She did not really believe, of course; she trusted her lover absolutely, and, being frank and proud, did not deign to question. Yet she was troubled. She could not understand. And at home, always, quietly but surely, was asserted the pressure in favor of Christopher Powell.

Fanny's campaign was progressing as she meant it to progress. And she was not in the least conscious of doing anything wrong. She was, by this time, madly infatuated with Ephraim Nye and correspondingly jealous of Katherine Minot. She was fighting for the man she loved and consequently ruthless.

For never did battle of man compare
With merciless feminine fray.

She played each card carefully, and when the time came led her ace of trumps. She wrote a letter to her rival, a pitiful, heart-broken letter. "He was—and is—everything to me," she wrote. "Now I am beginning to believe that you are going to take him from me. I want him to be happy; his happiness is dearer to me than anything else in the world. But, ah! what—*what* will become of *me*? Don't tell him I have written this. Promise me he shall never see this letter. I don't know why I am writing it; I am desperate, I suppose, and sick and so miserable. But you won't tell him, will you? I trust to your honor not to tell him."

Katherine did not tell him, nor did she answer the letter. But she could not be—quite the same in her attitude toward Ephraim Nye. He noticed the change and he could not understand it. Also he watched the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

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to make your home and garden beautiful with blooms from our imported Dutch bulbs. Amateurs or real experts when Elliott bulbs are used. You can easily fill your house with color and fragrance from Christmas to Easter, or you can shower your garden with loveliness when Spring drifts up from the South.

Dutch Bulbs—The World's Best

The bulbs we import from Holland, where the world's best bulbs are grown, are selected from the stocks of the leading growers there. Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissi and Crocus of matchless beauty spring from these famous Dutch bulbs, which generations of expert breeding have brought to perfection.

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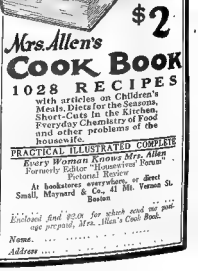

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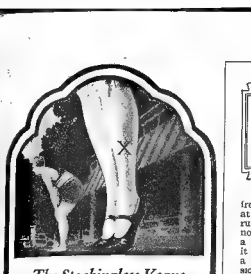

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NaTone Lemonated Shampoo—nature's hair wash, cleanses and beautifies. At dealers or direct 50c.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

sitting down, tried to face a future which held for him nothing—nothing except his work and a memory.

He did not give up all hope, not immediately. He wrote her a long letter, a letter in which he asked her pardon for offending by even daring to seem distrustful or jealous. He wrote her that he trusted her wholly, that he loved her with all his heart and soul, and still believed that she loved him. This letter—he sent it to Havana in care of the yacht—was returned to him unclaimed. The Minots did not return to Boston for many months. Before these months were over he read in a Boston paper the announcement of the marriage of Katherine Minot to Christopher Powell. Not long after that he married Fanny Copeland, and, because she so earnestly wished it, he bought Doctor Blodgett's practise and came with his wife to Ostable to live. Then followed the years of life there, of growing popularity and seeming contentment and prosperity, of secret worries and increasing forebodings; then the crash, his wife's death, and then the dreadful nightmare of trial and prison.

ALL this, or such of it as he knew, he rehearsed and re-rehearsed as he tramped the beach in the foggy blackness of that Summer night. And ever that question remained to be answered: What should he do now? She would be here always he and she would inevitably meet from time to time; she would hear his miserable story, with all the embellishments of local gossip—probably had heard it long before. But she had not known—that was evident—of his return to Ostable. The expression upon her face when they met was proof sufficient that the meeting was as great a surprize and shock to her as it had been to him. What should he do? Give it all up and go away to make another beginning elsewhere? Or stay and fight it out? To go would be equivalent to surrender; but what of it? She would understand why he went; to save her from the necessity of seeing him daily. No! No, she would not really understand. She would think that, ashamed and guilty, he had run from her like a coward.

The question, nevertheless, was still unanswered when, some time after midnight, he entered the Dillingham house and went quietly to his room. It was unanswered at breakfast-time, when Henry again commented upon his lack of appetite and declared that, so far as regards were concerned, "I might as well be dishin' up vittles for one of them canary-birds. Yes, and better," he added, "for bird-seed ain't so expensive nor nigh so much trouble as fish-hash."

That evening Captain Mark Bearse was on hand early, but the checker game was a farce. The captain not only won, but won so easily that he took no satisfaction in the victory.

"Will you play another game now; and play it?" the captain asked.

Nye straightened in his chair. "Yes," he said, shortly, "I will play the game."

That checker game, however, was not destined to be finished. It was well under way and the captain was rapidly losing his men when footsteps were heard on the walk outside. Henry Ward Beecher Payson stumped to the outer door and opened it.

"Well?" the pair in the sitting-room heard him demand ungraciously. "What—?" His tone changed to one of considerable surprize and unwonted politeness. "Why—why, good evenin', Ma'am," they heard him stammer. "Yes—yes, Ma'am, he's here. Step in. I'll speak to him. Er—er—they ain't nobody sick up to your house, is there? I hope there ain't."

A woman's voice replied, a voice which Captain Bearse did not recognize. He turned to Nye.

"Who on earth's that?" he whispered. "I—" Then he stopped short, because of the expression upon his friend's face.

"Who is it, Eph?" he repeated, after a moment. "What's the matter?"

The doctor did not answer. Henry appeared in the doorway, a somewhat excited but most genteel Henry.

"Doctor Ephraim," announced this Henry, the gentility freighted with importance, "Mrs. Powell has come to see you. Mrs. Christopher Powell. Can you see her now; or shall I ask her to set down?"

Nye's facial expression was extraordinary, so the captain thought. Bearse was much excited. The sister-in-law of the rich Wentworth Powell was distinctly a figure in Ostable. Her Summer "cottage," which she had inherited at the time of his death along with a fortune variously estimated in the late hundred thousands or the early millions, was the finest residence in the township. Her wealth, her social position, her travels abroad, and now her return to Ostable, all these had been much discussed during the past week.

Of course this call of hers upon Doctor Nye was concerned with the Cashes, for Manuel Cash's widow had been a household servant in the Powell cottage even while Wentworth Powell lived. But, nevertheless, for Mrs. Christopher Powell to visit the house of Ephraim Nye, M. D., was an event, and one which might mean much for the latter's professional future in the community. Yet Doctor Nye did not appear happy nor expectant. He had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

The remarkable success of tan Bandeau Corset has been phenomenal. It is of long straight line with delicate elastic and brocade at the back for greater convenience in putting on. Note the inset of elastic at side which adds to comfort the short or long waisted figure and assure perfect comfort whether standing or sitting. The cross bones over the diaphragm and light bones over the back preserve the perfect contour of the figure. Particularly popular for sports and negligee, and especially desirable for Misses.

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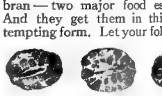

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Any Woman May Now Be Beautiful

By Madame Maree

The slow tedious methods now commonly employed in trying to acquire beauty should be forgotten and in their place these few formulas should be used faithfully for results which you have so long sought.

For Promoting Hair Growth

The open secret of really forcing hair to grow is the proper stimulation, not merely of the scalp, but of the hair roots. This is done scientifically, and in a really wonderful way, too, by the following which you can easily make yourself: a bonne consisting of one ounce of bay-rum, one ounce of glycerine and one pint of water. This makes up a lotion for the lost hair-power I have ever known. The hair should be washed at least every week or so. The very best shampoo one can get is to dissolve a teaspoonful of eggol in a cup of hot water.

To Have a Spotless Complexion

You will find that the sallowness, red spots, freckles and other blemishes of the face, arms, hands, neck and shoulders will promptly disappear, and in their place you may have as exquisite a complexion as you could ever hope for, by simply mixing together one ounce of sinione, obtainable at any drug store, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and half pint of water. Apply frequently and liberally as a cream.

You May Look Years Younger

Remarkable success has been obtained in removing crows' feet, deep and shallow wrinkles, lines of age and sagging cheeks by the use of my following formula. It makes the skin snowy vigorous and plump and the change to youthfulness is striking. Simply mix two ounces of orgol, which you can get at your druggists, with half pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. Use this every day.

Removes Muddiness in Few Minutes

It sounds very remarkable to say that one may get rid of blackheads, big ones and little ones, in only a few minutes, but such is the case if the following method is used. Sprinkle some mercolin powder on a sponge made wet with hot water and rub this on the blackheads. The result is surprising, every blackhead and skin pore impurity is dissolved away instantly.

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Superfluous hair should be dissolved away, instead of burned off, as is now so commonly done. The only thing I have ever known that would "dissolve" superfluous hair is simply sulfo solution. By applying this, even the stiffest hairs on very tender portions of the body are removed without leaving the slightest mark, red spots or irritation. It is ideal.

If your druggist should be out of any of these famous beautifiers you can get them by writing Dr. Cooper Pharmacal Co., 640 Thomson Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Select the beautifier you feel the most need of. Send $1 (or $2 for two) and you will soon be more than repaid for your outlay. Include a regular 50 cent box of their wonderful face powder. But try the druggist first.

DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

risen to his feet, and the look upon his face was such that at once facing the shock of bad news rather than good. He looked paler, and older, and drawn. And he did not speak.

Henry tried again. "Shall I tell her to set down and wait, Doc?" he repeated.

The doctor hesitated a moment longer. "Ask her to come in, of course," he said, quietly. "Mark, I—well, I'm afraid our game—"

But Bearse was already on his feet. "Why, sartin sure, of course, pard," he broke in. "I—er—I was just goin', anyway. Don't you pay any attention to me. Oh, good evenin', Mrs. Powell. Good evenin'. Real glad to see you back in Ostable. We'd heard you'd come."

She had entered the sitting-room and they met at the doorway.

"Why, it is Captain Bearse, isn't it?" she exclaimed. "I am so glad to see you. And how is your sister?"

"She's middlin' real smart, thank you. Well, Eph, I'll run along. See you later. Good night."

He was going, but she detained him. "I am afraid I have interrupted your game," she said. Nye was already picking up the checkers. "You were playing, weren't you?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, we was playin' a few checkers, but there wasn't any money played for the past few months. It always affected him like a challenge, a challenge to be promptly accepted. His eyes snapped.

"I used to be, and I am, and I always ca'late to be, as long as he's willin'," he announced crisply

She smiled then. "I am quite sure he will always be willing," she said. "Thank you!"

When he reached home he told his sister about it. "But what in the nation did she thank me for?" he asked.

"Why, for tellin' her, I presume likely," suggested Mrs. Hopkins.

"Humph! She needn't have. I'd have told her I was Eph Nye's friend any time—and welcome; she can bet her spare topmast on that! Yes, or anybody else. She's just as good-lookin' as ever, Martilda. Hasn't grown any older in the last two, three years. How do those Summer women do it?"

Mrs. Hopkins sniffed. "I don't know," she observed; "but I do know that there's nobody like a fifty-year-old widower to notice that they do."

IN THE sitting-room of the old Dillingham house Ephraim Nye and Katherine Powell faced each other for the second time in so many years. After the captain's departure she turned to him.

"Doctor Nye," she began, hesitatingly. "I—I suppose my coming here must seem strange to you. It does, of course. But—but—"

She paused. She was by far the more agitated of the two, outwardly at least. His lips were tightly set, but when he spoke his tone was coldly polite, nothing more.

"Sit down, Mrs. Powell," he said. "Pardon me just a moment."

He crossed the room and closed the door to the dining-room. She had taken the chair which he indicated and he, returning, sat down in that which he had been occupying behind the table with the checkers upon it.

"Now, Mrs. Powell," he said.

She was looking at him, and her own lips trembled. "I—I came," she began. "I came—"

"You came to see me about Mrs. Cash, of course. Henry tells me she is one of your servants."

"Yes. Yes, she is. That is, she was with us—with me when my brother was alive—and since. So was her husband, Manuel."

He nodded. "Yes," he said. "Well, Mrs. Powell, I am glad to be able to tell you that Mrs. Cash is getting on well, remarkably well, considering the shock of her husband's death. You may have nothing to fear on her account, I feel sure."

"I—I am glad."

"Naturally. Is there anything else I can tell you concerning her case?"

She hesitated. Then she leaned forward. "Ephraim," she said, impulsively, "I did not come to see you about her."

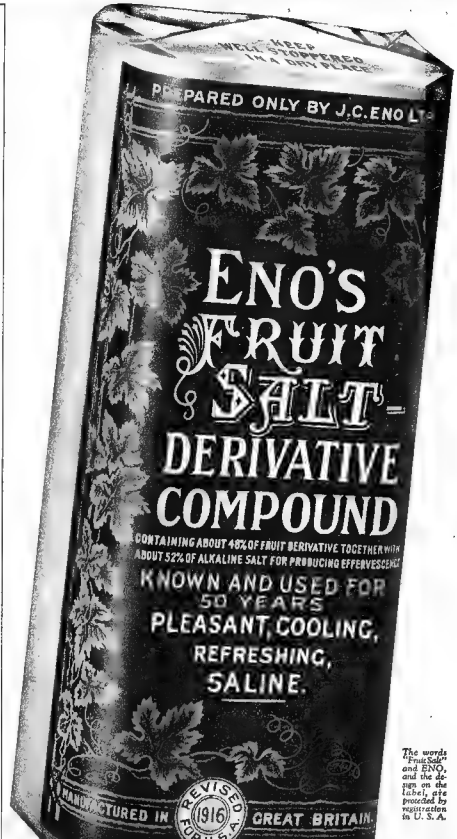
"No?" he queried.

"Oh, you know I didn't! I came because —because I had to—and—and ever since yesterday—ever since you and I met there in that house, I have been thinking, and wondering—and—and Ephraim, why are you here? What are you doing here, in this town?"

"I am my native town," he replied. "I used to practise here. I am doing the same thing now."

"Yes—yes, I know, but— Oh, of *course* I know it was your native town! I know all that. Who should know it better than I? But why have you come

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

back to it? Why are you in Ostabie? Ephraim, *please* tell me."

He lifted a checker from the board and dropped it again.

"Surely you were told of my being here," he said.

"No. I didn't know until I met you—there in that room yesterday. We had just arrived, and they told me of Manuel's drowning and about poor Mary. I had the chauffeur drive me over there at once and—well, you know what happened."

He nodded. "I see," he said. "Odd that my name was not mentioned."

"Perhaps it was. I believe some one did say something about a Doctor Nye, but I did not pay much attention to it. I did not connect the name with—with you. I had not heard a word. And when you opened that door I —"

She did not finish the sentence. He lifted and dropped the checker once more.

"I imagine you may have heard more about me since," he suggested.

"Yes, I have heard a great deal, of course."

"Of course. And interesting, I am sure."

HIS tone was frigidly sarcastic, and she colored and drew back. But only for the moment.

"Oh, Ephraim," she cried, "don't speak to me in that way! It seems to me that I have a right to be interested in—in an old friend. I came here to—to— Oh, you must understand why I came!"

"I understand perfectly that you should not have come. This house—my house—is the one place you should not be in, now or at any time."

"Why not? But that doesn't matter. Ever since— Oh, I have been thinking of nothing else. I have heard so *many* stories."

"If the neighborhood vigilance committee is on duty to-night you will soon hear some new ones, I imagine."

"What do you mean? Oh, never mind! I want to know the truth. Why did you come back to Ostable? Please tell me!"

He toyed with the checkers for a moment longer. Then he raised his eyes and looked at her. "Why should I tell you?" he asked.

"Why should you *tell* me? Ephraim!"

"Exactly. Why should I tell you? You say you are interested because of our old friendship. That friendship belongs to the past. It is dead and buried and it can not be resurrected. You must realize that."

"I don't realize any such thing. We—we never can be friends in—in the way we once were; that belongs to the past, as you say. But we can be friends, the other sort of friends."

"No, Mrs. Powell, I came back here to Ostable to practise medicine because—well, because the situation here seemed to offer some—well—novel features which the rest of the world did not offer. And I craved novelty, or I thought I did. It promised to be interesting, and so far it has lived up to its promise. This latest development is somewhat superfluous, I admit. If I had known that the Mrs. Powell of the Nickerson estate was—who she has turned out to be—I—well, I should not have come, of course."

"Then you did not know?"

He smiled. "Did you imagine that I *did*?" he asked. "I had heard the name of Wentworth Powell. Naturally, I did not connect it with that of your husband."

"Wentworth was his older brother. He bought the Nickerson place eight years ago. He is dead now. I spent several Summers here after my husband died. You knew that, I suppose, dearly?"

He nodded. "I had heard of Mr. Powell's death," he said.

"He died five years ago. Oh, Ephraim, how strange it is, you and I coming here to live, and neither knowing!"

"It would have been more strange," he observed, "for me to come, knowing. And for you also, I can imagine."

"Yes. Yes, I suppose so. I don't know."

"It is not too late, however. I can go away."

"Go away! Where?"

"That doesn't matter, does it? I have been considering the question ever since yesterday. It might on some accounts be very much better for me to go."

"Why? Because I am here?"

"Yes."

"Do you hate me as much as all that? I—Ephraim, I have never felt resentment against you. I was hurt, deeply hurt, and I did not understand, but I never hated you."

"Nor I you. But that is scarcely worth discussion now, is it? It is dead and buried, like the rest. If I had decided to go away it would have been because I was afraid of something just like this, your coming here to-night."

"But I came to see you, to have you tell me the truth about—about all the stories I have heard. They have told me so many things. About your living here alone, and working among the—Portuguese—and—and the poor people. About your having almost no friends and—and—I wanted to know why you did it, and if it was true."

"Well, you know now. It is true."

"But you have *some* friends. Captain Bearse said——"

"Oh, yes! Mark is a friend of mine.

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

He is a reckless individual and not overparticular. Then there is Henry."

"Henry Payson? The one-legged man who opened the door for me? Yes, they said he worked for you here. But they speak of him as a perfectly dreadful creature!"

"Oh, he is! That is why he and I were attracted to each other. There, Mrs. Powell, I really think you should go. If my righteous and godly neighbors saw you come you may be sure they are watching the clock at this minute. You must go now! And," with deliberate emphasis, "you must never come here again!"

He rose, but she remained seated. She was regarding him intently.

"You have changed," she said. "You are very bitter. I understand, of course. But I am so sorry. And the rest of it—all the terrible stories I had heard before? I wish—I suppose I can not expect you to tell me the truth about those?"

He did not answer. She went on:

"When I heard them I would not believe," she said. "Of course I wouldn't. We were in Venice at the time, and some one in Boston wrote my husband and sent the newspaper clippings. I was furious. I said I knew you and that those things were lies. Then we heard of the trial and—and all the rest. Even then I would not believe."

Still he did not speak. He was looking at her, who, and seemed to be waiting.

"But, by and by, I heard more and—and——

"And you believed at last."

"I don't know. I can hardly believe even yet. But they told me you admitted it. They said you would give no explanation at all. And then—and then——"

He interrupted. "Mrs. Powell," he said, "what they told you was true. I did admit it, was sent to prison and served my term there. I am back here in my native town, with the distinction of being the local jailbird. It is a distinction, for we have no other at present. My only rival, a half-breed gentleman who robbed hen-yards, died a few months ago. I am alone in—in my glory. That is why I suggest that your visiting me is unwise, and why I must insist on your going."

SHE rose now and faced him. There were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, I am so sorry for you!" she cried. "Oh, Ephraim, I am *so* sorry!"

He smiled once more. "Your pity is humbly acknowledged—with thanks."

She shook her head sadly. "You are very hard," she sighed. "But it shall not make any difference. Whatever the memory of our old friendship may or may not be to you, to me it is—is the most precious thing in my life. I came here to tell you that I was your friend and should always be. And, now that I have seen you and we have had this talk, I am more determined than ever. Ephraim, you are not going away from Ostable because I have come here, are you?"

"No, I am not."

"I am glad of that."

"I am going to stay because—well, because Mark Bearse has just reminded me that 'quitter' is merely another word for 'coward.' Just now I feel a certain prejudice against adding 'coward' to my other pet names. I came here to fight, and I shall fight it through. But you must not be concerned in that fight. Your name must not be connected with mine. You must not let any one know you have ever known me and you must not see nor speak to me again unless in the way of business in connection with your servant."

Again she shook her head, and now she, too, smiled. "I am afraid you can't help yourself, my friend," she said.

"You are not my friend. You can not afford to be. And I shall not let you."

"You can't help yourself. Why you are here, wasting your life when you might be doing so much elsewhere, I can not understand. I suppose I never shall. But I know you need friends and I think I can make my friendship help you. Oh, I can be stubborn, too, when it is necessary. Now I am going."

"Mrs. Powell——"

"You may call me that, if you insist, but I shall call you Ephraim."

For the first time his calm was shaken. His agitation showed in his face and voice.

"You must not! I'm declared, fiercely. "You will make it harder; that is all. You may drive me away in spite of everything. Don't you see? I want to help me—and you will only hurt yourself."

She smiled once more. "Good night, Ephraim," she said.

Henry Payson had gone up to bed. As the doctor opened the outer door a splash of rain beat against it. Mrs. Powell saw it.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "It is raining and I brought no umbrella."

"But—didn't you come in your car?"

"No, I walked."

"Walked? Well, that was prudent! You do realize the value of public opinion, after all? And charity, I suppose, are like other people and will talk."

She was offended, as he had meant her to be; but she divined his intention. "No, you can not make me angry," she said. "And you may lend me an umbrella."

He hesitated. Then he went to the closet he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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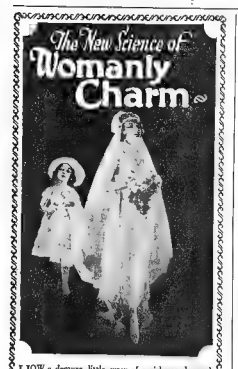

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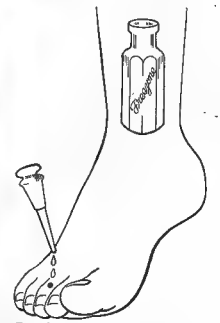

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

took an umbrella and his own hat and coat.

"I will walk home with you," he said.

She looked at him. "You need not," she protested. "I know Ostable and I am not in the least afraid."

He shrugged his shoulders. "If you did know Ostable," he observed, "you would know that the real test of bravery is to be seen in my company. However, it is late and very dark, so you will be reasonably free from that risk. Come."

THE mile and a half to the Nickerson gate they walked almost in silence. She spoke once or twice, but he scarcely answered. At the gate she thanked him.

"Mrs. Powell," he said, "I want you to understand that I meant all I said. I am obliged for your interest in me and the offer of your friendship, but you must not see me again."

"It is for my sake you say that, I suppose?"

"Certainly. To everything respectable in Ostable I am tabu. I am the town leper, and the town will tell you I deserve to be. You know what happened to Father Damien."

"I rather think you are the Father Damien. Mary Cash told me many things to-day. You have friends in her neighborhood, at least."

"I know that you mean to be kind. We were—well, our old friendship, to which you were good enough to refer—"

"Can never be again; of course I know that. We were young then."

"And now one of us is a hundred at least, and—what he is. And you are what you are. No friendship, of any kind, is possible between us."

"Nonsense! Wicked nonsense!"

"No; sense. Sense and sanity. But—thank you, and good night—Katherine!"

Henry Payson heard his step upon the path and opened the door of the Dillingham house. Henry was arrayed in a cotton

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1923

State of New York
County of New York } ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William P. Ahnell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the PICTORIAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—The Pictorial Review Company, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Editor—Arthur T. Vance, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—William P. Ahnell, Deal, N. J.

2. That the owners are: The Pictorial Review Company, a corporation, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

W. P. Ahnell, Deal, N. J.

C. W. Nelson, 2211 Broadway, New York City.

E. D. Trumbull, 780 West End Avenue, New York City.

M. Trumbull, 780 West End Avenue, New York City.

R. Lewin, 609 West 114th Street, New York City.

P. Bluhm, 95 Madison Avenue, New York City

A. T. Vance, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

B. A. Macpherson, 200-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are.

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. P. Ahnell,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1923.

[Seal] Willard A. Surbier,
Notary Public, Queens Co.,
Queens County Clerk's No. 832.

(My commission expires March 30, 1924.)

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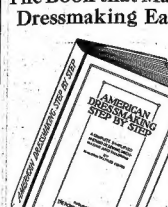

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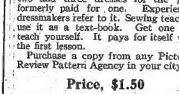

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

nightgown and his face expressed intense indignation.

"Why, Henry!" exclaimed Nye. "You are up again, eh?"

"Up!" repeated Mr. Payson, shrilly. "Yes, I be. Rousted out of bed, I was, about ten minutes ago. And I've got the darndest thing to tell you. Seems as if you and me was possessed with the Portygee plague, as you might say. Another one of them Dacosta young ones is down sick with the colic morbus or somethin', and nothin' will do but you've got to go streakin' down there right off. I told 'em you was tired to death, hadn't had no sleep scarcely, and—eh? What did you say?"

Doctor Nye was taking his medicine-case from the shelf. "I said, 'Thank God!'" he replied.

"Eh? *What!* What you thankin' God for? Do you realize you've got to walk two mile in the rain and be busy, like as not, the rest of the night?"

"Yes. That is why I am thankful. Good night, Henry."

HENRY found it hard to wait for a favorable opportunity to question the doctor. But when, at last, that opportunity came it brought only disappointment. Nye refused to discuss the visit of Mrs. Powell. What was worse, he ordered his hired man not to mention that visit to a soul.

"But, Doctor Eph," pleaded Henry, "it's good advertisin' for you. Them Powells are the biggest kind of big bugs."

Doctor Nye did not appear impressed. "I had an idea that I was sufficiently advertised already," he observed.

"*Hey?* Not that way, you ain't. Why, you don't understand, Doctor Eph. If Saint Peter himself come to this house—if there was some of his folks sick, you know; I mean if such a thing were possible—"

He hesitated. Nye, filling his pipe, put in a word. "His mother-in-law once had a fever of some sort, I believe," he suggested.

"Sho! She did, eh? I want to know! Well, all right, if he came here to get you to go and tend to her it wouldn't stir up much more talk in Ostable than Mrs. Chris Powell's comin' here would. And the right kind of talk, too. Why, I remember when Wentworth Powell bought that place of old Cap'n Lorenzo Nickerson's. The price he paid for it kept all hands talkin' for a month pretty nigh. And the talk would have lasted longer only that it switched around to the money he was spendin' fixin' it up. I never see Mr. Chris Powell, of course. He died of his wife come here to live along with his brother. But from what I hear *he* was a fine, liberal-handed man, same as Bluey Batchelder knows consider'ble about him. His yacht come into Orham harbor one Summer when Bluey was over there workin' at the cold-storage fish-house. Mrs. Powell wa'n't with her husband aboard the yacht; she was to home or over in Europe or somewheres. But he had a gang of men, rich friends of his, cruisin' with him, and, accordin' to Bluey, money wa'n't no object to any of 'em. Tut, tut, tut! Jerushy, don't talk! Whew!"

Doctor Nye did not talk. He lighted his pipe instead. Mr. Payson went on, the wistful light of memory in his eyes.

"Bluey got a chance to go aboard that yacht with the rest of 'em, you understand. "He fetched a mess of mackerel aboard for the steward. The owner and his crowd was all ashore, and Bluey was allowed to look around. 'Cordin' to his tell that yacht had enough high-toned stuff in her manifest to—to float her in the first place. The steward—he must have been a good-hearted, generous sort of fellow like his boss—he says to Bluey, he said, 'Do you like champagne?' Bluey says, 'Yes. What's it taste like?' 'Some folks have to learn to like it,' says the steward. 'I always had the name of bein' a quick scholar,' says Bluey. Well— He, he, he! that's how it started. He, he! Oh, dear! Well, some people have all the luck, don't they, Doctor Eph? Eh? What did you say?"

"Nothing, Henry."

"Oh, I see! Yes—yes. Bluey vows he'll never forget that steward. If ever there comes a chance, he says, for him to pay back some of that man's kindness he'll do it. He couldn't pay it then, you see, because when the time come for the town lockup the yacht had gone. But you can see what a high-toned man that Mr. Chris Powell was, can't you?"

"Perfectly, Henry."

"YES. And his wife she's just as fine. In a different way, of course, but just as generous and interested in makin' other folks happy. Now, when Althy Bemis finds out she's been to this house there'll be some talk stirrin', you bet! Course we —you and me, Doctor Eph—we know she come on account of them Cashes, but there's no need for Althy to know that. You leave it to me. I'll let that Bemis woman think that—"

"Henry!"

"Yes, Doctor Eph."

"If you mention, or even hint, a word

CONTINUED OF PAGE 120

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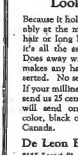

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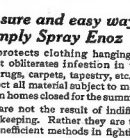

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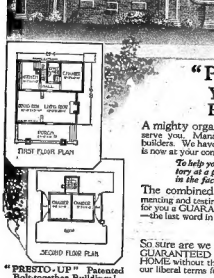

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

of Mrs. Powell's coming here, I shall—well, you and I will sever diplomatic relations."

"Eh? We'll do what?"

"We'll part company. Understand? You're not to speak of it to any one."

"Oh, Doctor Eph, you don't really *mean* it?"

"I certainly do."

"Tut, tut, tut! Well, all right. I'll keep still because you order me to. But, I declare, I do think——"

"Think as much as you like, but don't speak!"

So Mr. Payson, loyal even in the depths of disappointment, remained silent concerning Mrs. Powell's call. To Captain Mark, when he came, Nye issued similar commands. The captain accepted them, altho he, too, thought his friend overscrupulous.

"That's rubbish, Eph," he declared. "There's nothin' to be ashamed of in havin' a woman like Mrs. Chris Powell come to see you. You ought to be proud. So had she, for that matter."

The doctor regarded him in silence for a moment. Then he said, slowly, "Mark, if you weren't fool enough to be a friend of mine I should probably kill you. As it is, suppose we change the subject—and keep it changed."

Bearse, of course, did not understand, but he did not mention the Powell name to Ephraim Nye for many a day. He thought and speculated much, but, being a man of common sense, he kept his speculations to himself. And he bade his sister tell no one of his encounter with Katherine Powell at the Dillingham house the evening of the interrupted checker game.

It was inevitable that the doctor and Mrs. Powell should meet again, and soon, and to that next meeting Nye looked forward with apprehension. What would be her attitude toward him? Would she be sensible, or would she foolishly allow pity for him and sentimental memories of a time when she had imagined that she loved him to influence that attitude? Would she be distantly formal, as all Ostable would naturally expect her to be, considering who she was and what he had been? Or would she insist upon greeting him as a friend, call him by name, and set tongues wagging and gossip guessing from one end of the county to the other, until some one somehow tripped upon the fringes of the truth, and his story and hers, garbled and twisted, became common talk?

That should not be; his mind was made up on that point. If she showed the least tendency in that direction, he would leave Ostable immediately. He would invent some obvious excuse, an excuse in which her name could have no possible part, and go. To play the quitter for his own sake was a thing he would not do; for her sake—that was quite different.

But when they did meet, in the parlor of the Cash home, she was politely formal; that was all. She addressed him as Doctor Nye, and her conversation dealt entirely with the Cash baby and the baby's mother. If Mannel and the neighbors remembered her exclamation of "Ephraim!" on the occasion of the first meeting, there was nothing this time to remind them of it. In fact, her manner toward him was all that respectability, as personified by Miss Bemis or Judge Copeland, would or could have wished it to be. He stepped across the threshold of the little house, after his visit was over, with a sigh of relief. She had reflected, considered, perhaps made more inquiries and been told more "truths" concerning him, and had decided that common sense rather than sentiment should be her guide henceforward. That was what he had hoped, of course; that was perfectly right and as it should be.

THEIR next meeting was at the post-office. As a usual thing, the daily mail brought little to him, but this time a medical book for which he had sent came by registered post and necessitated his signing the receipt. It was the height of the Summer season and the office was crowded. He elbowed through the crowd, bowing occasionally in acknowledgment of greetings, the latter, however, not numerous. Behind him always were whisperings, but he was used to these.

Then, near the delivery-window, he saw her standing. She was one of a group, conspicuously the center of it. The Honorable Daniel Copeland was talking with her, and there were three or four others representing the *élite*, temporary or permanent, of North Ostable and Ostable Center. She was smiling and chatting gaily, and he thought, with the same sense of wonder which the sight of her always aroused, how beautiful she still was and how young she seemed, and was not young, of course; there were but a few years' difference in their ages, but compared to him, as he felt, she was a girl and he an old man. Time had touched her so lightly; upon him it had leaned with all its weight.

Cyrenus Stone brushed by him. "Hello, Nye! Nice day, isn't it?"

The hail was, like most of Stone's greetings, anything but whispered, and it attracted attention. The group surrounding Mrs. Powell turned their heads. Judge Copeland turned his, saw his brother-in-law, nodded distantly, and turned away.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

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again. Most of the others did not even nod. Katherine Powell, however, looked at him, smiled, and spoke his name.

"Oh, Doctor Nye!" she exclaimed. "Good morning. I wanted to speak with you."

To his dismay he saw that she had broken away from Copeland and the rest and was approaching him. Of all things in the world, to address him in this public place, to come over, as she was coming, with extended hand, thus attracting the attention of every one there—it was worse than thoughtless; it was recklessly foolish.

But there was no escape. He could not pretend not to hear, for all in the vicinity had heard and were looking at him. He could not run away; he could do nothing except stand there and wait, and, since she insisted upon it, accept the proffered handshake.

"I'm so glad I met you," she said, while the post-office listened. "I wanted to tell you to tell Mary she must not think of coming back into service with me yet awhile. She is anxious to come and she won't pay attention to me when I tell her she mustn't. But she will mind you. She has, as we all have, confidence in guidance by you, Doctor Nye. I am going to Boston for a day or two, and I am leaving them all in your charge. You will look out for them, won't you? Thank you very much."

He bowed, answered briefly and hurriedly that he would do as she requested, and was turning away. But she would not let him go.

"Oh, one thing more," she said. "That prescription you left for the tonic. Manuel lost it somehow or other. Can you give me a copy? If you could give it to my chauffeur now he could have it filled and take it up there at once. Would you mind coming out to the car with me?"

She did not wait to ascertain whether he minded or not, but led the way through the crowd to the door, turning to speak to him over her shoulder as he followed. At the door she waited for him, and the crowd outside the post-office saw them descend the steps together, she smiling and chatting and he doing his best to appear calm and at ease.

As they stood by the car together he expressed a little of his real feelings.

"Don't you know that you shouldn't do this?" he whispered, impatiently. "To speak to me or be seen with me are the very things you must not do. I told you so."

"Perhaps you remember that I told you you couldn't help yourself," she whispered in return. "And I really don't think this will do you harm, exactly. If I had called you Ephraim now—" Then, raising her voice, she added, "Good morning, Doctor Nye. I am very much obliged to you."

He was greatly troubled, of course, by this public recognition and fearful of what she might do or say in the future. All his apprehensions returned. But the fears were groundless, apparently. When they next met, and at casual meetings thereafter, she was just as cordial but not more so, and never in public did she by look or word, intimate that theirs was more than mere and recent acquaintance. As for private meetings, there were none. He saw to that, and, he was obliged to admit, she did not seem to seek them. She was sorry for him and meant to help his professional standing in Ostable, so much was plain, and altho he might resent her pity he could not quarrel with her.

And she had been right when she declared that the scene at the post-office would do him no harm. There were certain symptoms of its having been helpful in a way. Prominent citizens, members of the Summer colony, hitherto unconscious of his presence, now recognized him and bowed when they met. Once or twice, when Doctor Powell was away or busy, he was called to attend a sufferer in homes other than those of the least prosperous or

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DOCTOR NYE OF NORTH OSTABLE

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fashionable. Respectability for the most part shunned him, but it did not make the shunning so much of a religious ceremony. He noticed this, he could not help noticing, but it altered his own behavior not in the slightest. When sent for he went, but he never went oftener than was absolutely necessary. He returned all greetings, but he never bowed first.

Yet he would have been surprized could he have heard some of the comments and discussions of which he was the subject. For a time Doctor Ephraim Nye, his scandalous reputation and brazen effrontery, had dropped to second or third place as topics of local conversation. They were superseded by Manuel Cash's drowning, the return of Mrs. Christopher Powell, and persistent rumors of some important business enterprise which Judge Copeland and a group of wealthy and prominent men were engaged in formulating. No one outside of the inner circles knew what this enterprise was, but rumor whispered that it would create a sensation when known and be of immense benefit to the township of Ostable.

BUT now the talk was swinging to Doctor Ephraim once more. And, as indicative of a slight but marked change, the things said were not wholly derogatory. Here and there some one ventured to intimate that the blackness of his character might possibly be streaked with gray. Even in the home of Mr. Shubal Bush such a possibility was hinted at.

It was Mrs. Bush who hinted.

"There must be," she said, "somethin' good about Ephraim Nye when folks like Mrs. Powell and the Holworthys and the Johnsons and—and their kind are so nice and polite to him. And *I* heard—I was tellin' Althy Bemis so—that Mrs. Johnson said he cured her bronchitis when Doctor Parker only made it worse. And we all know how he pulled Faith Copeland round after that accident. And he fetched Cyrenus's wife through her typhoid. And the Cashes and the Dacostas and the Roses and all their tribe swear by him. His practise is growin' all the time. He may have stole and gone to jail and all that, but—but there must be somethin' to him, just the same."

Her husband rose in disgust.

"Women-folks make me tired!" he declared. "Give a man a face that wouldn't stop the town clock and a slick tongue and you'll forgive him no matter what he does. Praisin' up a jailbird! Why don't you say somethin' good about the honest folks? I don't hear you goin' around braggin' about me much of any."

Mrs. Bush said nothing, but Aunt Lindy said "Humph!" and, like so many of her remarks, it was enough of its kind.

TOM STONE'S calls at the Dillingham house were, if not as frequent as during the days of Faith Copeland's sojourn there, still frequent and regular. He dropped in at least twice a week. It seemed to Nye that the young man's spirits were not as high as they had been. He had developed a habit of absent-minded silences, allowing a conversation to drop in the middle. When reminded of the lapse he would start, laugh, and explain that he was tired, had been working pretty hard and was half asleep, or that his bridge was on his mind and he couldn't shake it off; some excuse of that sort. But the Denboro bridge was, so far as Nye could learn, progressing well. It was plain to the doctor that something was troubling his young friend. He imagined he might guess with what or whom it was connected, but it was not his business to guess. The nearest he came to doing so was when he dropped a hint that Tom seemed rather down in the mouth. Stone declared that he was all right and that nothing was the matter.

But there came an evening when he not only admitted that something was the matter, but told what that something was. Doctor Nye was alone when he came to the house. Henry had gone to the post-office, and it was an "off night" so far as Captain Mark and checkers were concerned. The doctor himself opened the door in response to Tom's knock, and it needed only a glance at the visitor's face to see that the storm was ready to break.

It broke almost as soon as they reached the sitting-room. Nye lit his pipe. Tom took a cigaret from his case, but instead of lighting it tossed it into the waste-basket and turned to face his companion.

"Doctor," he blurted, "I want to talk to you."

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"Everything is wrong." Tom declared. "Everything worth while. And it needn't be, either. It's just pig-headed, stubborn foolishness. Look here, Doctor! I am a fairly decent, respectable fellow, don't you think? As fellows of my age go, I mean."

Nye's eyes smiled this time, but his answer was gravely given. "Why—fairly so, I should say," he said. "I'm not supposed to be a connoisseur of respectability and the virtues, but I should think you might get by."

"And my business prospects aren't bad, either. You don't know about them, of course, but, honestly, they're not. I'm not likely to be rich for a good while, if ever, but I'm doing pretty well now and, with any sort of average luck, I'll keep on doing better."

"Glad to hear it."

"Thanks. I suppose you wonder why I am telling you all this. It sounds pretty cocky, I admit, but I'm not trying to show you how good I am. I'm just—well, confound it, Doctor Nye, I've been ordered off the Copeland premises as if I were a tramp, and—and I'm sore. Sore—and mad clean through."

He looked that way. Nye nodded comprehendingly. His guess concerning Tom's trouble had been the correct one, evidently.

"I see," he said. "Well, Tom, I suppose it was not Faith who ordered you off."

"Faith!" indignantly. "I should say not! She isn't that kind."

"The judge then?"

"Yes, confound him! If he were my own age I—I——"

"Of course. But if he were he would hardly be Faith's father. Tell me about it—that is, if you care to."

"That's what I came here for. I'm going to tell you the whole business. I've just got to talk to somebody about it. If I say anything at home father blows up like a mine. Why, if he knew of the little tête-à-tête Judge Copeland and I had this afternoon he would—blessed if I know what he *would* do! Murder me first for going near the Copeland house, maybe, and then kill the judge for daring to tell me not to go there. Not quite as bad as that—father likes me, all right—but just say 'Daniel Copeland' and his knife is out."

The doctor nodded again. "And whisper 'Cyrenus Stone' and the judge takes the war-path. 'A plague o' both your houses.'"

"You bet! That's it! It's—what was it? Padua?—and the Montagues and Capulets all over again. Humph! I'm talking too much and getting nowhere. You remember when you raked me over the coals for coming here to see Faith without the judge's knowing it? Yes, well, I said I wouldn't come again, and I didn't. But a day or two after she was taken back to her own home I went up to call. I didn't get inside the door. The maid took my name, and the nurse—I suppose it was that Ginn woman who took Miss Dana's place—sent down word that Miss Copeland could see nobody. That was all right—then, but I tried two days later and got the same answer. And that afternoon one of the Holworthy girls told me she had seen Faith that very day and that she was almost well. So I tried the day after that and got no further than the front step. *Then* I began to smell a rat."

Doctor Ephraim took his pipe from his mouth. "You have a sharp nose, Tom."

"Ye-es," sarcastically. "About as sharp as the large end of an egg. Oh, I know I was a fool not to have caught on sooner, but I didn't. And yesterday afternoon, as I was driving down past the drug-store on my way home from Denboro, I saw Faith herself in the Copeland car. She was alone; the nurse, it seems, had gone into the drug-store on an errand. She saw me and waved. You bet I piled out of my own car and ran over to speak with her. She didn't talk long, for that confounded Mrs. Ginn came out and interrupted, but she *did* tell me that she had been seeing callers ever since she left here and that no one had told her of my coming. I was mad and so was she, and she told me she'd expect me this afternoon. I said I would be there. Well, I was, but——"

He paused and, catching the doctor's eye, smiled ruefully.

"Some one else was there, too?" suggested Nye.

"Yes. I had gotten as far as that same old front step; it seems to be my high-water mark. The maid was telling me that Miss Faith could see nobody—the regulation yarn—and I was telling the maid that she would see me because she had asked me to come. That was as far as we had progressed when the judge came up the walk behind me."

"Quite a dramatic situation," Doctor Nye observed. "Did he ask, 'To what am I indebted for this visit'? That is the regulation stage greeting, isn't it?"

"Perhaps so, but he didn't ask it. I said, 'Good afternoon, Judge Copeland.' He grunted. Then I said, 'I met Faith down-town yesterday and she asked me to drop in and see her to-day.' I thought I might as well hand him the plain truth right at the beginning."

"I see. It pleased him, of course."

"Pleased him! He looked as if he could bite me. Then he said, 'You can't see her.' I said, 'But she asked me to come.' He said again, 'You can't see her.' I said, 'But, Judge, she asked me particularly—' He cut me off in the middle. 'I tell you you can *not* see her!' he said. I was beginning to boil up by this time and I said, 'Why not?' Then he gave it to me straight. 'Because this is my house and I don't care to have you in it.'"

"Humph! Well, that was frank."

"I'd say it was. It was then that I began to wish he was my own age. But *I* tried a little frankness, too. 'So far as you are concerned,' I said, 'I should never care to get in, but your daughter invited me and so I came. And I may as well tell you this, Judge Copeland, as long as she wishes to see me I shall see her. If not here then somewhere else. Good afternoon!' He slammed the door then and I came away. I think that's all."

Doctor Ephraim's smile had broadened considerably. Tom, noticing it, colored, and then added, with a short laugh which was a compound of reluctant amusement and irritation, "It does sound funny, I suppose. But it wasn't funny to me then, and I don't think the pompous old bluff himself enjoyed the joke very much. And he'll find it is serious enough, too. Does he suppose that Faith and I are going to pay any attention to *him?*" He waited a moment, and then asked, impatiently, "Well? Why don't you say something?"

HIS friend pushed the ash-tray and the match-box across the table.

"Better have a smoke, after all, hadn't you, Tom?" he suggested. "I find smoking is a pleasant way of letting off steam."

Stone shrugged, grinned, and lighted a cigaret. "But do say something," he begged. "Do you think I was too fresh? I—I couldn't help it, hang it all!"

"No-o, I don't know that you were. Perhaps it was just as well to have matters clearly understood. But—what do you want me to say?"

"I don't know. I had to tell some one about it, and I would get no sympathy at home. Not from dad, anyhow—and mother would agree with him, of course."

"Tom—you needn't answer unless you want to—but is there anything serious, more than ordinary friendship, between you and Faith?"

Tom hesitated, looked up, then down.

"No-o," he muttered, "not yet."

"Not yet. I see."

"Of course I don't know how she feels—except that she likes me; I do know that. But if—if—well, neither her father nor mine nor a million more like them are going to keep us from seeing each other. When she says she doesn't care to have anything to do with me that will end it. Nothing else shall."

There was no doubt that he meant what he said. The doctor took his pipe from his mouth and rubbed it meditatively.

"My advice to you, Tom," he said, "is to wait a while."

"*Wait!* And not see her? Well, hardly!"

"I didn't say that. If you and she want to see each other I imagine you will, no matter what any one else says. But wait. Don't do anything rash."

"What do you mean by rash?"

"I mean—provided you and she decide that—well, that you are made for each other and intend to marry, don't elope, don't run away, or anything like that. Not except as a last resort, at any rate."

"Why should we run away?"

"Well, it *is* done occasionally. And very often in too much of a hurry. Wait! You can afford to, both of you. And—it may seem presuming for a—a derelict like me to say—after all, your people and hers should be considered to some extent."

"Considered? You mean Judge Copeland should be considered? Why?"

"Because he is her father. And he—I suppose you won't believe it possible—may be almost as fond of her as you are. And you know she is fond of him. Then there are your own father and mother."

"Look here, Doctor! If she says she will marry me, and—and I mean to ask her—then nobody on earth shall make me give her up."

This fiery declaration struck sparks in an unexpected quarter. Doctor Ephraim's eyes flashed.

"Give her up!" he repeated, sharply. "Did you imagine *I* would tell you to do that? That *I* would! Of course you won't give her up! Fight for her! Don't let any one—or anything—come between you. Did you think *I* would advise you to make a wreck of your life? Why—Humph!" He stopped short, drew a long breath, and leaned back in his chair. "I think that's all I can tell you, Tom," he added. "My advice is to wait and make sure and then—well, then do the straight and aboveboard thing that seems best to you both. I've talked too much; it is a disease I hoped I had recovered from."

The third instalment of "Doctor Nye of North Ostable" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published June 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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